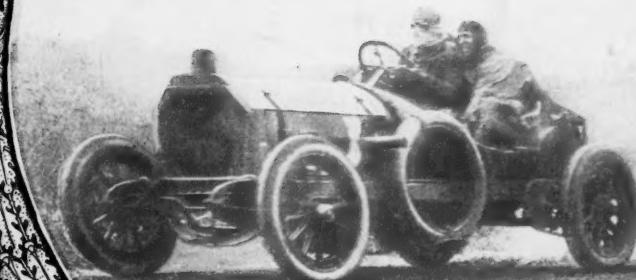


PUTNAM'S AND - THE - READER

JANUARY

THE CALL OF THE CAR



VOL. V.
NO 4

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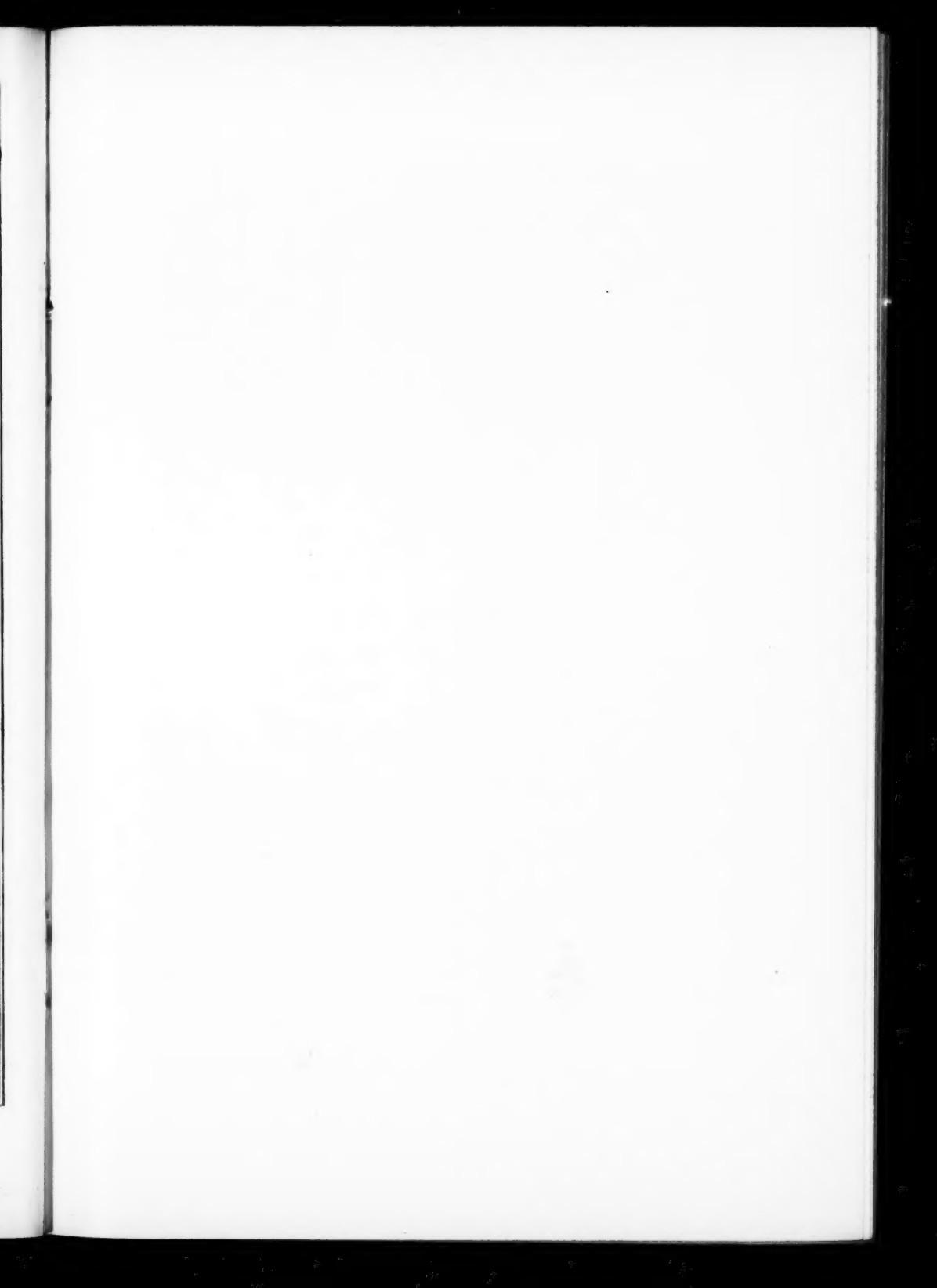
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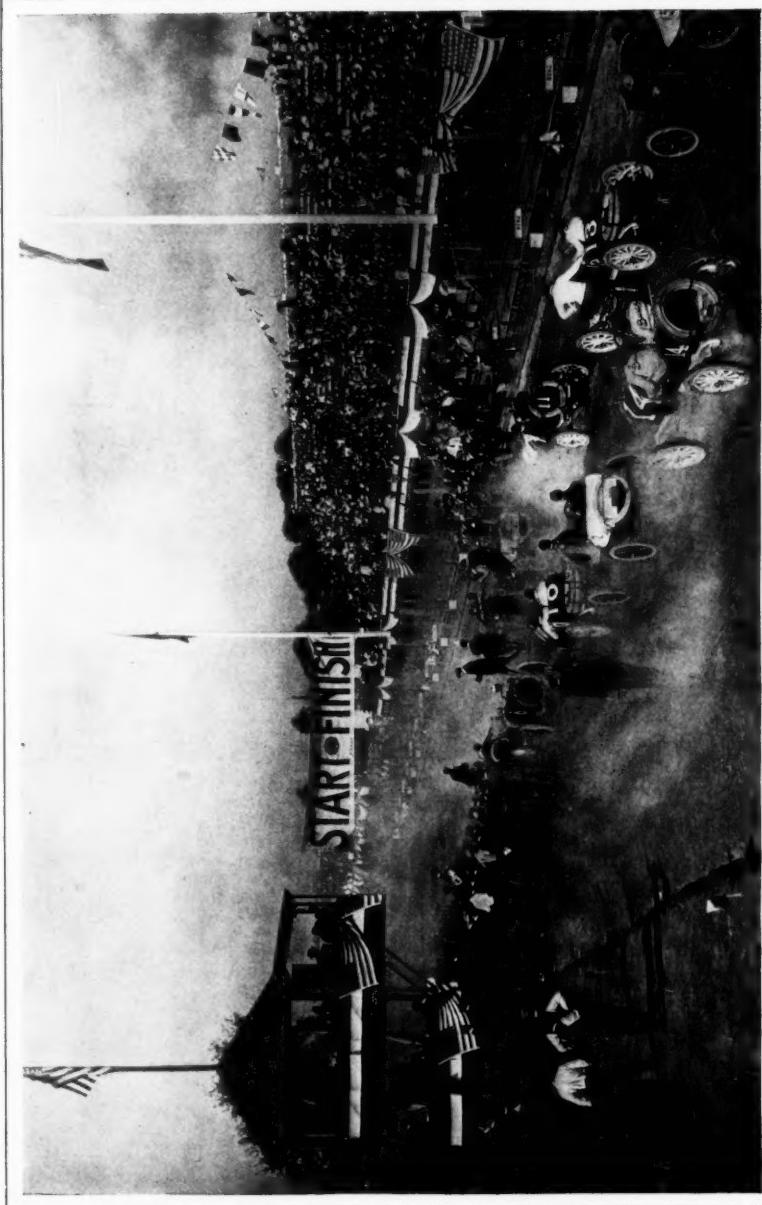
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Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

THE START OF THE SMALL CAR RACE AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1908

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE READER

VOL. V

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THE CALL OF THE CAR

RECORD-BREAKING AUTOMOBILE RACERS AND THEIR
ACHIEVEMENTS

By MINNA IRVING



HE life of a chauffeur who drives for glory is a strenuous one. When he is not trying to clip a second off his own or a rival's record on the track, or dodging cops on endurance runs or speed tests, he is rushing to and fro between factory and salesroom, trying out high-powered new machines, tuning up old racers or building something new in bubble-wagons; for most of the noted whirlwind drivers are just plain ordinary demonstrators or testers, when they are not out for records. A few of the older ones are automobile engineers, but the young fellows are mostly all looking forward to the day when they will build gasoline engines as well as run and repair them. The more ambitious ones are saving their

money for a course in mechanical engineering; but as many of the cash prizes offered in the different events fail to materialize, this is slow work for most of them. The cups and other trophies won go to the firm, but the drivers get the medals and some of them have quite a string of these gold and silver souvenirs.

There is considerable misconception as to the amounts paid to drivers, based on a few instances where they have received special pay for special races. The general public has a mistaken idea that a popular driver coins gold in every speed contest, and has nothing to do between times but ride around in a fast car and enjoy himself; but his earnings, in fact, are not those of a famous jockey. Some good drivers receive as high as seventy dollars a week; but the average men who drive racing-cars in America to-day are factory men on

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regular salaries, which in a majority of cases do not exceed from thirty-five to forty-five dollars a week. For the important races they may some-

ance of the Napoleonic type, not so much in features as in expression. Unconquerable resolve, burning ambition, the desire to "win out," regard-



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR.

Mr. Vanderbilt is the foremost promoter of automobile racing in this country, and giver of the cup for the race which is named for him

times get a little extra pay; and of course they receive their travelling expenses, just as any other employee of the company does. There is such a tremendous desire among automobile operators all over the country to have an opportunity to win fame and glory in great racing events, that there are hundreds of applicants for the driver's seat of every racing car, and many of the "crack" operators will drive for almost nothing for the chance to get before the public. This has brought the prices of drivers down with a rush.

Observing the men at the wheels of the different machines in any big event, one is struck by the predomin-

less of consequences, have left their marks on those lean, strong, weather-beaten faces waiting at the line for the starter's signal. Not reckless, but absolutely fearless, every man is ready to offer up his life to the spirit of speed. A driver who was seriously injured while practising for the Briarcliff race said as soon as he recovered consciousness: "This makes nineteen times in nine years that I have had broken bones, but I'm going to keep right on racing."

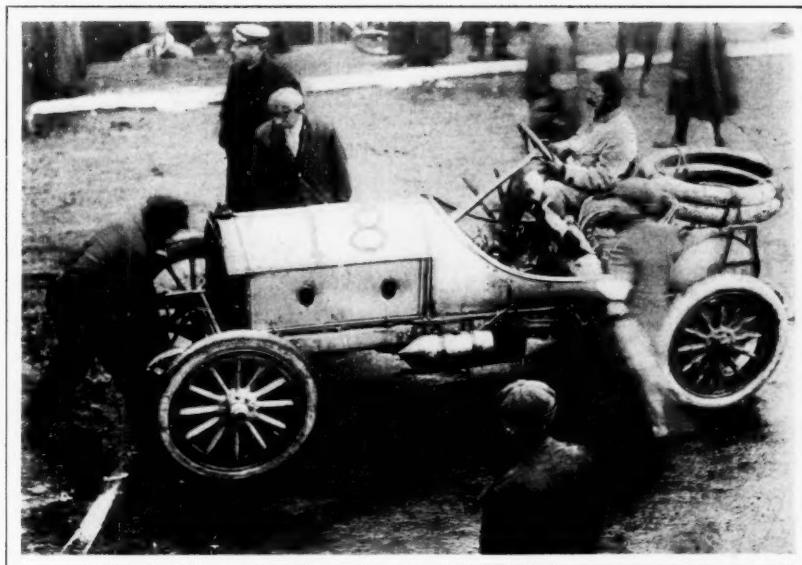
George Robertson's narrow escapes from death on the track would fill a volume.

Speed contests and endurance runs certainly weed out the weaklings; no man who is a coward can hope

to drive a racing-car to victory, and several drivers now in the public eye have proved themselves to be possessed of courage, endurance and heroism equal to any ever displayed on the battle-fields of history. J. B. Ryall won the hill-climb up Giant's Despair at Wilkesbarre, in May, 1907, driving with a sprained wrist and taking twelve seconds off the world's record for such a feat. Later on, in the twenty-four-hour endurance race at Brighton Beach, the same man drove with a broken leg in a plaster cast strapped to the car. He clung to the wheel all night in this condition, and for one hundred miles of the distance he travelled between dark and daylight, averaging one minute and two seconds to the mile. After driving sixteen out of eighteen hours, he called upon Charles Rifen-

him off out of pure humanity. Any one who saw his face in the ghastly glare of the arc-lights, drawn and distorted with agony and streaming with sweat, will not soon forget it.

Another striking instance of grit was seen at the elimination trials in the 1906 Vanderbilt race, when "Monty" Roberts, the youngest entrant, drove sitting in a pool of gasoline. The seat of his car was sunk in the tank, which developed a big leak from a stone which flew up from the road. When Roberts left the car he was not only so badly burned and blistered that he was unable to walk without assistance, but was so soaked from head to foot with the dangerous fluid that a carelessly lit match or burning cigar held near him would instantly have converted him into a human torch.



FOXHALL KEENE, JR., IN THE CAR WHICH HE DROVE IN THE 1908 VANDERBILT CUP RACE

Early in the race Mr. Keene's car caught fire and was destroyed

berg, his racing-partner, to relieve him, but found the latter had fainted from exhaustion. Ryall only retired from the track when the officials insisted he was unfit to continue, and ordered

Four years ago, when the first Vanderbilt Cup race established automobiling as a sport for millionaires, there were only a few first-class American drivers to enter the lists



GEORGE ROBERTSON
Who won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup Race
in a Locomobile car



HERBERT LYITLE
Who finished second in an Isotta car in the
1908 Vanderbilt Cup Race



Photograph by Spooner & Wells

MONTAGUE ROBERTS
Who drove to Cheyenne the Thomas car that
won the New York to Paris race



Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

FELIX NAZARRO
Who finished third in the Fiat car in the 1908
grand prize race at Savannah.

against the pick of the fast European professionals; but since that time their names are legion, and new favorites are constantly coming to the front, and new records are being made and broken every day. Four Vanderbilt Cup races were won by Frenchmen piloting French machines; but American cars and American drivers have improved immensely since 1906, and George Robertson's victory in this year's race shows that home talent is able not only to lift the cup, but defend it from all comers.

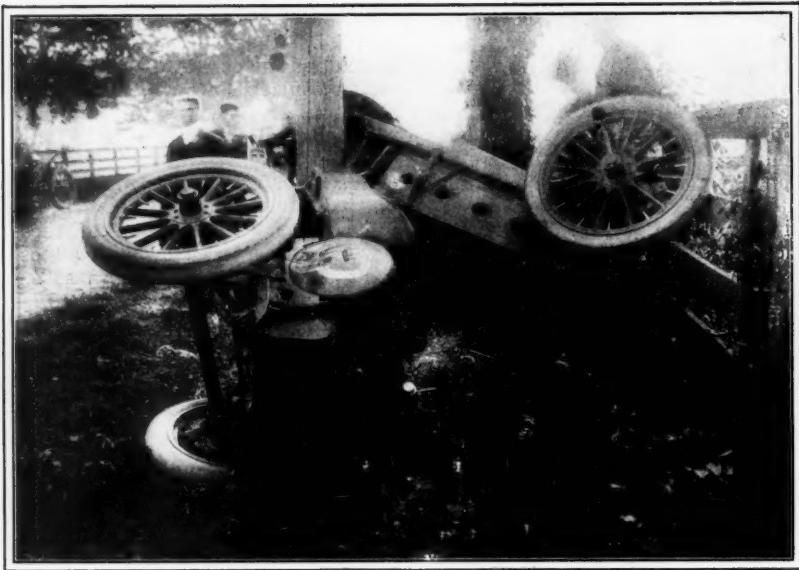
To the professional driver, the car that has carried him to victory is his pet, his baby, the apple of his eye and the idol of his heart. What spectator who witnessed the accidental burning of Auguste Hemery's cup-winner on the Sunday morning after the Vanderbilt race of 1905 can ever forget the plucky Frenchman's dramatic despair when his beloved car was consumed. He raved and wept, and had to be forcibly restrained from throwing himself into the flames that soon reduced the machine to a twisted and blackened mass of metal fit for nothing but the junk-heap. With his own hands Hemery had put the engine together from the bed up; every nut, bolt and screw had been tested and fitted with infinite precaution, and all the parts assembled with affectionate care. To his emotional Latin nature, the throbbing machinery was endowed with life and intelligence, and the dark-blue bonnet covered the seat of a living soul, and its destruction was a veritable tragedy.

Some drivers talk to their cars and humor them when they are cranky, just as a jockey talks to a high-spirited horse. Maurice Bermin treats his car like a chum, and can be heard talking to it as if it were alive. "Monty" Roberts also has this habit when he is on a long run alone with a favorite machine.

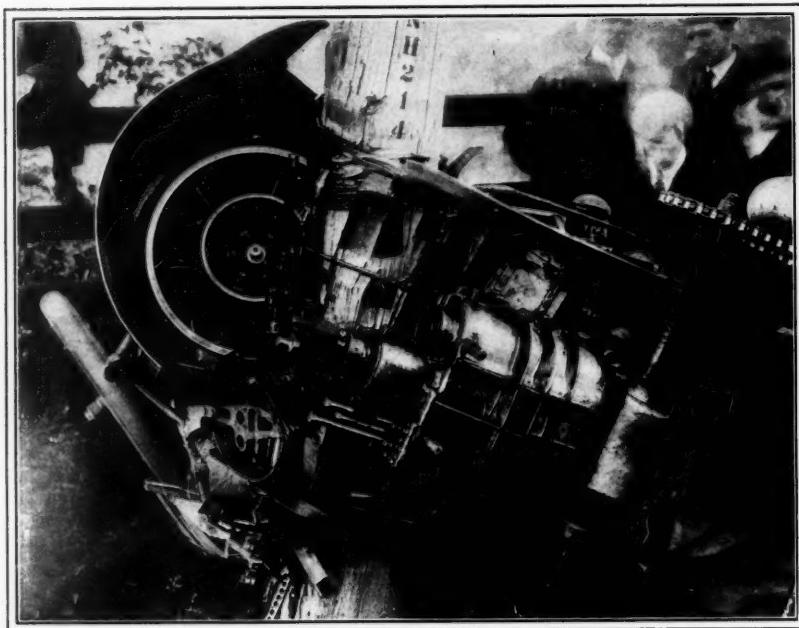
"I talk to the engine," he said, "and tell her how good she is not to break down."

Both men are twenty-four-hour race winners. Roberts won the Brighton Beach endurance run this year, spinning round and round the oval like a squirrel in a cage for twice around the clock without relief—a frightful strain on the nervous system. A man's own mother hardly knows him when he staggers from his steel steed at the end of one of these terrible races—eyes swollen almost tight shut and swimming in blood, face deeply lined and black with oil and the dust of the track, lips cracked and burning, and hands and legs trembling as if with palsy. His first need is water—long, cooling draughts to wash down the dust in his parched throat; and the next is sleep—a deep, tranquil, dreamless sleep, mercifully blotting out the red tail-lights of the car ahead, and the dancing, glaring electrics on the grand stand, which have flashed on his aching eyeballs in a blinding blur so many times in that mad whirl—pitifully drowning, too, in grateful silence, the thundering roar of the flying cars, punctuated occasionally by the crack of an exploding tire, and the persistent hum of the thousand voices of the morbid multitude waiting hour after hour for a tragedy.

It takes weeks for a man fully to recuperate after he has shaken hands with Death in a twenty-four-hour race. But he is up and at it again as soon as he is able to grip the wheel—the keen rivalry, the excitement, the applause, the very danger are stimulants he cannot live without, once he has tasted them. The smell of gasoline is to his nostrils what the battle-smoke is to the soldier or the salt sea-breeze to the sailor—it is the very breath of life. A driver may leave the track for two or three years, but he is sure to return to it: the call of the car is bound to be heard and obeyed. Roberts is one of the youngest of the cyclonic chauffeurs. He was born in Barney Oldfield's town of Pittsburgh twenty-five years ago, of English parents, and served his apprenticeship at the steering-wheel with Lewis Nixon, graduate



A RACING CAR'S "STRANGLE-HOLD" ON A TELEGRAPH POLE



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ABOVE CAR

Before the Vanderbilt Cup Race the steering gear broke and the machine headed for the nearest pole



Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

DE PALMA IN A FIAT CAR IN THE SAVANNAH GRAND PRIZE RACE

of the Naval Academy and builder of ships and army automobiles. Great things were expected of him when he was nominated as one of the Thomas team in the 1906 Vanderbilt race, but he never got beyond the elimination trial, coming to grief on the notorious "Hairpin" curve and retiring with broken ribs and a sore heart. He naively ascribed his bad luck on this occasion to the fact that he was twenty-three years old at the time and his car was No. 7—a hoodoo combination hard to beat. After Roberts made good at Brighton Beach last year he was chosen to launch the New York to Paris race around the world, but was recalled at Cheyenne to compete in the Briarcliff event last April, in which, however, he again disappointed his friends. The New York to Paris race was won by George Schuster, who carried the Stars and Stripes into the French capital after covering some of the worst roads in the world. Roberts was nominated to represent America in the Grand Prix of France this year; but, after his poor showing at Briarcliff, he was withdrawn in favor of Lewis Strang, winner of the Briarcliff trophy, and went to Dieppe as Strang's reserve driver.

Race-drivers are an ingenious lot, and often save precious time in a

speed-contest by repairing a punctured tire with a plug of chewing-gum; but the only race ever won with a looking-glass was run by Charron in the Paris-Amsterdam-Paris race. The Panhard factory had built for him a big eighty-horse-power double cylinder. (This, of course, was before the present 120-horse-power Grand Prix machines were dreamt of.) Charron, having broken his two forward gears, finished "backward" on the reverse, seeing the road in a looking-glass held by his mechanic. He rode 1502 kilometres to victory in thirty-three hours, four minutes—not a bad record considering automobile racing was then in its infancy, and that he had to travel backward part of the way.

The Vanderbilt Cup drivers are the pick of motordom in this country. A driver who can withstand the winnowing process of the elimination trials is sure to be heard from afterward in a way to make his friends proud of him. Lytle, Tracy, Mongini, Campbell and Bernin are cup veterans who are still hammering away on the track, and will probably keep going until old age puts them down and out, or Death calls the race, as in the case of poor Cedrino. George Robertson, Guy Vaughan, Dan Teetor, Harry Michener, George Magee (known

to the motor-world as "Al" Bellows, twice a participant in the Gordon Bennett Cup race), "Al" Poole, Leo Beck and Lewis Strang are all drivers able to round corners on two wheels, and hit only the high places. Strang, who was easy winner of the Briarcliff trophy over twenty-one competitors all more experienced than himself, is little more than a boy, and got his training as mechanic for Walter Christie. The youngest driver out for track honors is Ray Howard, who was barely eighteen years old when he entered the Brighton Beach event in the summer of 1907.

Then there are the gentlemen chauffeurs, who follow the sport for pure love of it. Eliot Sheppard who boldly entered the lists of the Grand Prix against the pick of European drivers in 1906, Walter Christie with his celebrated direct front drive whirlwind, John Haynes, E. R. Thomas, Charles Warren, Charles Coey (the Chicago twenty-four-hour champion), Stewart Elliott, Foxhall Keene and many others, willing to spend time and money and risk life and limb for speed's sake—all these are readily recalled by every motorist as prominent in every great speed event.

Though training camps are established along the route of every great race, they are for repair purposes

special effort to prepare themselves physically for these gruelling events. The foreigners paid some attention to their diet for a day or so before the Vanderbilt races and abstained from any heavy food just before the contests. They also put on leather suits and steel caps as a rule, but the American driver prefers an old sweater and a soft hat which has been washed many times in the tank and is dear to his heart because he can pull it into any shape that feels best to his head.

But the automobile race-driver gets his training just the same in the series of humiliating defeats and accidents he is pretty sure to experience before his efforts are crowned with victory. Each disappointment gives him a valuable lesson in foresight and the care of his car. A loose nut or bolt, a weak axle-bar, a defective cylinder is often the price of victory or of life. Wagner was forced to retire from the 1905 Vanderbilt race with a lost gear-box cover and bearings seized, Lytle ran into a fence, Jenatzy broke a cylinder, Cedrino went off with a disabled engine, Campbell lost his gasoline tank—he said it was because his car was No. 13—and Christie collided with Lancia and shattered both rear wheels, while Nazzaro, king of the Grand Prix a few months later,



THE GRAND STAND DURING THE 1908 VANDERBILT CUP RACE

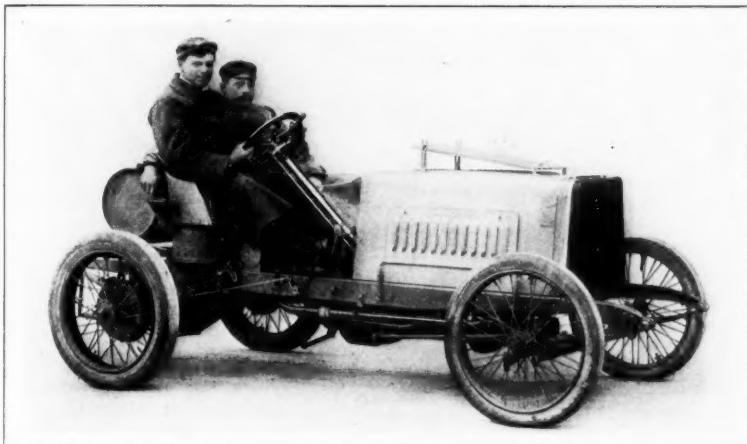
and the accommodation of the mechanics rather than for the drivers. Most of the drivers take no particular care of themselves, and make no

was away back at sixth when the race ended. Yet all of these men made good afterward, profiting, no doubt, by bitter experience. Nazzaro

driving a Fiat car won third in the Grand Prize race at Savannah on Thanksgiving-day.

The sport has its dark side too. Many a tragedy has cast its gloomy shadow over the track and the road.

breaking his own best record, Stricker killed while practising for this year's Savannah race—every track has had its human sacrifice, and every road-race its libation of blood poured to the speed-Juggernaut. I



HEMERY AND DEMAQUEST

In the 1905 Vanderbilt cup winner which was destroyed by fire

When a man takes the wheel and pilots the flaming, smoking, snorting steel monster under him over a crowded track or along a crooked course in a wild saturnalia of speed, Death is waiting for him at every turn, behind every fence or telegraph pole, in every ditch and at the bottom of every declivity, ready to leap out and surprise him. Any car—including his own—may at any minute become a thunderbolt of destruction. It is this knowledge of the fearful odds he faces that often makes an inexperienced driver show the yellow streak and put on his emergency brakes at the corners.

Every one of them has seen men die at the wheel, and one of them told me he has seen fifteen meet a violent death on the track. Frank Croker hurled into eternity at Ormond Beach, Ernest Keeler's back broken at Point Breeze, Smelzer dragged Mazeppa-like by the heels to death by his flying white car at Morris Park, Cedrino instantly killed while

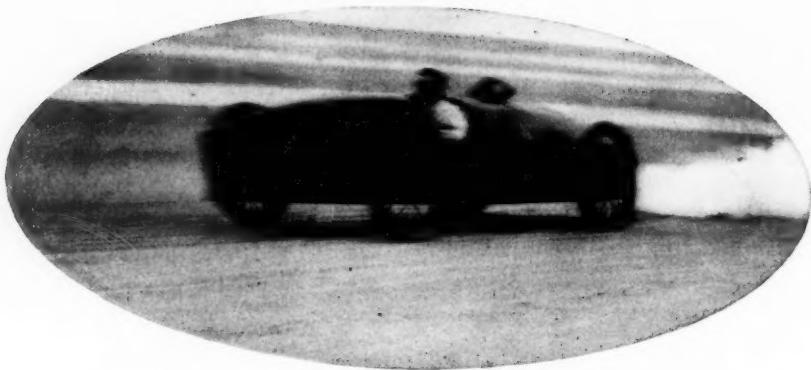
asked a fast driver once if he did not feel afraid of meeting with an accident that would cripple him for life.

"We don't get crippled," he said drily; "we get killed."

But with the great improvement in the cars the danger is becoming less and accidents fewer, though the driver's dreams are still troubled with visions of going through a fence and landing in a heap of tangled wires and wheels on the other side.

At present the racing chauffeur's greatest need is a wind-guard that will be light and strong while not obstructing his view of the road. Glass is too heavy, and offers too much air-resistance, while wire is hard to see through distinctly. He now suffers agonies from the strain on his neck and back from holding his head up against the terrific wind-pressure induced by his own great speed.

The foreign driver will have to look to his laurels hereafter. Recent events have proved that Americans are fully equal in nerve and skill to



MARRIOT IN A STANLEY STEAMER

In this car he covered a mile in 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds

the daredevils over the sea, though they are handicapped by want of practice, and under present conditions it is impossible for them to get the same amount of practice that the foreigners do. A foreign race-driver, once he has distinguished himself

for fast driving, is not required to do anything else but practise. He oversees the construction of his cars, he may even build them himself, but beyond that he is never required to touch a tool. He is not asked to test any cars but his own, and



A "FREAK" CAR

This machine was made by Christy, and is peculiar because of the position of the engine and the fact that the power is applied to the front wheels

with his mechanic he spends his entire time tuning up his machine over good roads where no eagle-eyed constables are lurking behind speed-traps. He thus gains a marvellous dexterity and coolness, discovers weak parts in his car, and learns to take sharp corners with the throttle wide open and brakes up.

Every French, German and Italian driver there has been doing nothing else but drive a racing-car since he first laid his hand to the wheel; but the American entrant, only a few weeks previous to the event, has been mending old cars in a shop, perhaps dressed in a pair of greasy overalls. Consequently his muscles and his nerves lack the training of his foreign rivals; but he is just as fearless, just as eager to win as the daring foreigners and with a good car under him he is now the peer of the best of them, and a dangerous rival in any international event, including the Grand Prix.

Automobile race-drivers do not, as a rule, love each other, and track collisions are not always due to accidents. A track crowded with whizzing machines presents splendid opportunities to pay off an old grudge.

Have you ever taken a practice

spin with a race-driver when he is tuning up for the contest? Don't, if you are nervous; but if you want to know what Jove feels like riding on a thunderbolt, then do! The driver is a meek-enough chap when he is tinkering broken machinery, but the minute he lays his hand to the wheel—presto, change!—he becomes a different man. A reckless demon looks out of his eyes, and a sardonic grin overspreads his face. He is devilish in his impudence, and takes possession of the road, hurling defiance at every other motorist he meets. No one is so lofty or so low as to escape his grim pleasantries, and many an angry fist is impotently shaken after him, only to be greeted with a shriek of derisive laughter. The

only thing for which he shows respect is a trolley-car; other traffic he regulates in a high-handed manner acquired only by long practice, and he seems to take delight in seeing how near he can come to a collision, and avoid it by a hair's breadth. But his nerve never fails him, and he never overestimates his own skill; and when you are landed safe and sound at the starting-point, ten to one you, too, are a speed-maniac.



WAGNER

Who won the 1908 Savannah Grand Prize Race
in a Fiat car



Registered in Panama, 1907, by W. A. Fishbaugh, Empire, Canal Zone

PROMENADE ON THE SEA WALL, OLD FORT, PANAMA

THE ROMANCE OF PANAMA

REMAINS AND REMINISCENCES OF PAST CENTURIES

By HUGH C. WEIR



IKE the harsh, metallic strokes of a hammer fell the words of doom: "The prisoner is sentenced to die at sunrise, for conspiracy against the Spanish crown!"

Over the sixteenth-century Panama court-room dropped the silence of pulse-tingling tragedy. The bound man before the tribunal of justice straightened to a ramrod stiffness and his eyes shot a circle of crisp contempt around him.

Grimly, the cordon of musket-thumping guards closed about his shoulders, and Vasco Nunez de Balboa—discoverer of the world's greatest

ocean, he who wrote the first chapter in the white man's history of the Pacific—was led to the executioner's ax as a nation's reward for his world-stirring exploit.

I went one day to Culebra and Balboa's cliff—the crumbling pinnacle of bluff from which his eyes first swept the power-dazzling vista of the Pacific, still as devoid of pathway as on that wild September day of 1513. Within a stone's throw, the steam-shovels of the canal-builders were vomiting their tons of rock and dirt, and the crunch of air-driller and screech of locomotive and crash of dynamite blast were making day hideous.

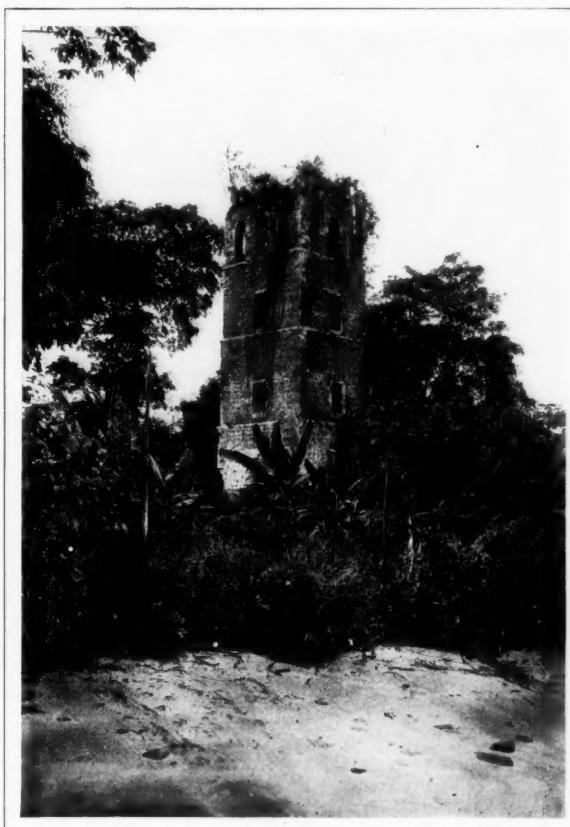
"Gold Hill" the bluff is called, because of a legend which tells of tons

of the magnet-metal under the roots of the palm-trees. It is at the foot of the scarred cliff, where the Niagara-thunder of the Culebra Cut sweeps through the wilderness, that the hand-to-hand grapple of Man and Nature reaches its surging climax—strangely enough, under that point

the Pacific followed as a natural segment of the circle of conquest.

It was here that Balboa found the second feature in the two-edged climax of fame—and death.

On that day, whose setting sun would have seen his expedition southward bound for the conquest of Peru,



From a photograph by Fishbaugh

RUINS OF THE PANAMA OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO

where white men's eyes first saw its ocean-goal.

From the discovery of Balboa, the Panama of the Pacific—the Greater Panama—dated its jungle-birth. Also, with the winning of the Pacific, the winning of the golden land beyond

the demon of jealousy thrust a fatal pitfall in his path. The rival hand of Pedrarias, Governor of Panama, crunched heavily on his shoulder, and he was whirled shore-ward and prison-ward as a menace to the power of Spain.

Had he outflanked the malice of his rival, his heel would have been at the throat of the Incas a full decade before Pizarro, the rifled wealth of the Andes would have been at his feet, and two continents would have grovelled before his sword. He would have been master of the Pacific even as he had been its discoverer.

Shrugging his shoulders, the engineer in newly laundered white duck, who had been recalling with me the story of Balboa's end, stared out over the straggling half-moon of present-day Panama, as we lounged on the veranda of the Hotel Tivoli. From our vantage-point, the yellow city glared at us—a great blotch of sun-baked color, sprawling between the green billows of the jungle and the blue shadows of the ocean.

"What a tale it could tell!" mused my fancy-roaming historian. "What a tale of men's bravery and men's knavery, of blood-lust and gold-lust, of naked blades and naked passions!"

He whirled toward me, the tilted



FORT ST. LORENZO, PANAMA



From an engraving in Herrera's "History of the West Indies"

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA

match at his cigar-end forgotten. "Balboa was but one man in four hundred years of red-blooded men, who have dared and won—or lost—on Panama soil. Old Panama was the Gibraltar of the New World.

The wealth of two continents poured through its gates!"

"Yes?" I probed, with the memories of my Prescott sharply astir.

"Spoils of Spanish conquest. Panama was the natural transfer point to the Atlantic. It was the jogging mule-train across the Isthmus, with its gold bars and ingots, that led to the Canal of to-day."

My companion's voice tingled with a crisping emphasis. "Before the trail of the steam-shovel came the trail of the sword. Panama was baptized by the blood of the explorer and the fire of the buccaneer before it reached the concrete of the engineer. Behind the Panama of the Canal, the Panama of Shonts and Stevens, of Goethals and Roosevelt—

have you ever tried to picture the Panama of Columbus and Vasco da Gama and Balboa and Pizarro? Ay, and the Panama of the sea-rovers and the sea-spoilers,—when the Isthmus was swayed by the Spaniards and flayed by the pirates,—Drake and Morgan and their dare-devil crews?"

My historian came abruptly to a pondering halt. In silence, we stared down the circle of the hill driveway, dissecting his words as we watched a razor-boned cab mule come lurching toward the hotel steps.

"One, then, should carry a pocket-Prescott for an appreciation of the real Panama?" I suggested finally.

The engineer took eager issue. "Not at all! Nature has written the story more vividly than man. Follow her scars of the past. They will speak to you more eloquently than a dozen volumes!"

They did. And what a seething panorama they rolled before me! Not until the statue of Christopher Columbus in Colon Harbor faded from my view and the steamer shaped her course for that other statue in New York Harbor, which men call Liberty, did I realize the real significance of the words.

I had followed the crafty Pizarro to the jungle-buried stone tower, where he offered victory-beseeching vows on the day of his departure for the conquest of Peru. I had emulated the pillaging Morgan in his climb to the age-wrecked dungeons of Fort San Lorenzo, which the buccaneer had won over the bullet-torn bodies of half his men. I had searched the serpent-breeding walls of old Panama, blackened by the torch and reddened by the sword of the pirate-conquerors—where the cowled priests of the Inquisition had swayed two continents by the whispered horrors of the underground torture chambers.

By the rim of the Atlantic, I had explored the site of abandoned Porto Bello, rotting under the talons of the jungle—the festive market-centre of the seventeenth century, where the plunder of the north and the south

had flowed to the Spanish galleons, where had come the hawk-eyed merchants of the Old World and of the New, the swash-buckling cavaliers, and grovelling mountebanks, and painted women of fortune, and rollicking sailors, and chained slaves, and blanketed Indians, each with a rôle in the swirl of the wilderness-drama—the prologue to the twentieth-century romance of the Canal.

Athwart the time-mellowed kaleidoscope of Porto Bello, flashes also the present-day menace of San Blas. Curving out into the surf of the Atlantic like a ragged turkey's foot is the mysterious land-point which the veteran Panamanian nears with narrowed eyes and knitted brow. Behind its frowning tree-belt dwell the famous and infamous Indians, who have made the name of San Blas blood-red in Isthmian history.

The bronzed wanderer of the tropics tells you that the San Blas natives are the only unconquered tribe of red men in modern history. Never have they bent the knee of homage to a foe. Only a dozen miles from civilization, never have they acknowledged the yoke of the white man, maintaining always a bullet-emphasized defiance.

Skirting that wilderness-territory which they call their own, the San Blas braves early in the days of the Spaniards drew a dead line. Armed sentries were posted through its windings to halt the invader with a warning or a bullet. Never have they been withdrawn. It is a tradition of the Isthmus that a white man has never remained alive in the San Blas territory without an Indian escort.

In appearance, the San Blas native is the absurd opposite of his martial reputation. He is seldom over a squat five feet in height, wooden-faced, wooden-jointed, slow of speech, slow of action, with stolid eyes dropped vacantly to the dust.

In a morning ramble through the Colon market-place, I spent a half-hour of sharp gestures and sharp words in a wasted effort to draw a

cocoanut vendor from the San Blas region into conversation. He was master of pigeon-English, voluble enough with his muddled words when I asked the price of the wicked-eyed parrot at his elbow, but a post when I ventured the subject of his people and his history. When a Panamanian half-dollar, dangled enticingly before his eyes, failed to open his lips, I knew the task was hopeless. Later, I found that the effort is always so. The San Blas Indian has never broken the rule of silence.

In the smoking-room comradeship of the steamer, I chanced to meet the white man who has probed deepest into the secrets of the San Blas wilderness—who has the name of having rubbed elbows with Death in more guises and from closer angles than any other man in bullet-humming Panama.

And yet for days, my ship-board digest placed him as a harmless botanist or missionary. There was nothing in the man or in the name to show that he had wrested a dozen fortunes from the jungle, or that he had tramped daily and bunked nightly with Death in doing so. Can you picture Joe Black—mining engineer, gold prospector, Indian fighter—in the short, soft-voiced, diffident man, with a slow, shy smile, much given to corner dreaming, a hesitating, retiring figure in his felt hat of Quaker breadth, precisely fitting black suit and low-cut, “lay down” collar?

While the gray twilight shadows were slipping over the deck one evening, he wistfully unrolled a crumpled, long-packed Confederate flag. Rather than lower it after Appomattox, his father had gathered his war-thinned family and made a new home on Mexican soil. Caressed by the silken folds was the much-thumbed photograph of a young woman. The smiling features were those of an Aztec princess, descendant of the conquered Montezuma, who rules to-day the jungle-survivors of the perished nation, huddled in the eastern mountain-fringe of Mexico.

It was not until our last evening that I found she was his wife. What story throbs behind that strangely mated union, I never knew. When I left him in the Jamaican moonlight, he was buried with his thoughts and his romance, staring silently out over the silver waves.

It was Black who told me of the wilderness gold of the San Blas country, less than a score of miles from the Canal, which for centuries has mocked white man's greed.

“Six months ago, I sent an exploring party into the San Blas gold-belt,” said Black abruptly, as his restless hands locked themselves over his knee. “Six weeks ago, my men came back to me—ragged skeletons. Two of them were limping with bullet wounds. Twice they had fallen into the hands of the Indians. On the first occasion, they were marched out of the country at the point of the rifle. On the second, they were bundled into a canoe and set adrift in the Atlantic—without oars. If they had been caught a third time, it would have meant death.”

“Did they go back?”

Black looked at me wonderingly. “Of course: they are American engineers—and their work was n’t done.”

He sipped his kola thoughtfully.

“Did they find the gold?” I asked.

The little man across the table nodded simply. “The richest placer gold found in Central America for years. ‘Millions in it,’ probably—just beyond our reach.”

“You mean——”

“On the map, two inches will take you from Panama to Venezuela. As a matter of disagreeable fact, four or five hundred miles of unknown jungle lie between the Canal Zone and South America. The San Blas natives live at the edge. If they were attacked, they would retreat into a wilderness which a white man has never traversed. To conquer them would mean the loss of four or five thousand lives—on the part of the conquerors. In the meantime,

the Indians are masters of the gold supply."

When Black spoke again, it was to utter a prophecy in that curiously grave voice of his. "Some day, one of the greatest gold-fields of the globe will be found in the Central American jungle"—he paused with a strange smile; "but the man who finds it will probably leave his bones on the spot! If I were free—"

But he didn't finish the sentence. The blank was more eloquent than words.

On a day when the rain-crisped morning breeze was whipping the waters of Colon Harbor, our motor-boat zigzagged oceanward from the dock, bound for the orange ball of the sun and the underground dungeons of San Lorenzo. Under a high pressure of gasolene, the jungle-fortress and the mud-village at its foot are a sharp two-hours' run from the Colon water-front.

To within half a mile of the foam-churned shore our boat wormed its way, and a native dugout, with a trio of shirtless rowers, carried us through the breakers to the fringe of sleepily nodding palm-trees and the gaping circle of villagers and dogs.

It was here that the pirate crew of Morgan made hostile landing in the sword-slashing year of 1670, bound for San Lorenzo's arms—and treasures.

It is a ribbon of a path that twists downward from the moat to the ocean-edge, with frowning tree-clumps and jagged boulders at every turn—and in the days of Morgan a garrison of three hundred men behind the walls at the end. As we slipped and stumbled up the rugged trail, the difficulties of attack loomed larger and larger.

Half a dozen determined men behind that mass of rock at the right, for instance, where the green lizard is blinking, or crouching on that ledge at the left, where you see the clump of orchids, could hold a hundred at bay. Yet Morgan carried

the fort and put the garrison to the sword in a short day's work!

A sharp, right-angled turn of the path carries you from the gloom of the trees to the summit of the Chagres bluffs. Before you, so near that you recoil, tower the three-hundred-year-old walls of San Lorenzo, weather-blackened, vine-hidden, moss-caked—as grimly massive, in spite of the ravages of Nature, as when they faced the ravages of Man. Yawning at your feet is the weed-choked moat, and just at your elbow the lowered drawbridge and arched gateway are crumbling to decay.

Half a dozen steps within sprawls a broken pyramid of rusted cannon-balls, still in that spot where they were heaped by the doomed garrison two centuries and a quarter ago. Just beyond, is a jagged patch of great, swaying weeds, a man's height above the ground—in the shadows suggesting the last, desperate stand of the Spanish soldiers before the onrush of the buccaneers.

The shrill voice of my guide brought me sharply from the past to the present. Between his jabbering words, the Indian was pointing alternately to the ground below him and the rude, brush torch in his hand. Turning with a grin, he swung briskly off into the blackening shadows at his rear. When I followed uncertainly, I found him beyond a downward bend of the wall, holding a cautious match to the uneven torch. At his shoulders, the mouth of a descending tunnel was thrown into vivid relief by the yellow flame. With a silent gesture he stepped backward into the darkness.

When I reached his elbow, the tunnel had broadened into a long, narrow, underground chamber, and dripping water spattered on the stone slabs at our feet. As we stared forward, there came from the shadows a sudden, sharp flapping, like the shaking of a dusty rug. The next instant, a rush of flying bodies scuttled by our torch. We had disturbed the dozing bats.

Now I was beginning more clearly

to appreciate the details of the chamber, and the series of yellowed iron rings on the wall, toward which the native was nodding. I took a step nearer, then another, and held the rings in my hands. They were the leg-irons with which the Spanish tyrants had bound their prisoners.

to me that I could trace the grooves in the rough floor made by their frenzied limbs in their death-struggles. Never was daylight more welcome than when we stumbled out into the clouded courtyard!

"There the ghosts come," muttered my guide, with sweeping



From a drawing in the possession of Thomas Coram
SIR HENRY MORGAN, GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA

Through the shadows stretched a long, grim row, riveted to the stone blocks with heavy, round-headed spikes. As I bent my head, I saw that the opposite side was lined in similar fashion. I had found the subterranean torture-chamber of the Spaniards. Here chained men had rotted to a ghastly death, losing reason—let us trust—before life. It seemed

arm extended toward the watchtower that squatted upon the wall. "Sometimes, when the night falls dark and the wind is strong, they walk by the cliff." As he dropped his torch, he crossed himself very gravely.

Ghosts? What a logical thought to carry from this fortress of eternal twilight!

Secretary Joseph Bucklin Bishop of the Isthmian Canal Commission was summarizing musingly the show-points of special interest at Panama. "The savannah-drive, by all means," he said finally. "Yes, you must take the savannah-drive. This is the ideal approach to the Panama that was. The original city was destroyed over two hundred years ago, you know, when Morgan raided the Isthmus. The present site is six miles farther north."

It is impossible, however, for a carriage to reach the jungle-ruins of old Panama. The last mile must be covered on foot, through a winding path of red clay, while you leave behind the vehicle which has carried you past rippling savannahs dotted with the homes of the wealthy Panamanians, Paris-educated mulattos.

Beyond the four roofless walls of the ruined tower of St. Augustine, the city which once ruled the Pacific is traced only by straggling heaps of masonry. The pirates did their work of destruction well. And yet it was through a freak of fate and not through force of arms that their pillage was made possible.

When the buccaneers appeared in sight of the walls of Panama, the garrison sallied beyond the gates to give battle. In the city was a drove of restless cattle chafing for lack of food. As the pirates advanced to the attack, the Spaniards cut the ropes, and turned the surging animals loose upon the hostile column. The musketry, however, had fired the intervening brush. Suddenly a leaping wall of flames stretched itself before the charging cattle. The animals were forced to a dazed halt, and then turned back in greater frenzy than before. To and fro, among the panic-stricken Spaniards they pounded, their plunging hoofs driving the garrison in hopeless rout, as the buccaneers, with victorious shouts, forced their way through the flames and into the defenceless city.

Thus did Panama the Golden, the swayer of the western continent, meet its end.

To go back to the halycon days of the dead nations of the Intecs and the Aztecs, and place a value of millions upon the treasure-trove, whose golden current wound through the Panamanian jungle, is much like trying to read in the dark. The men who have spent a life among the hieroglyphics of stone and parchment, tell us that the necklaces and bracelets and anklets of those erstwhile masters of the western continent, if thrown on the modern market, would bury the twentieth century output of precious stones. It is certain that when the Aztecs and Toltecs held Mexico, gold was more plentiful among them than copper is in the United States to-day. Authentic history relates that often the most common household utensils were fashioned of beaten silver.

It is a conservative statement that the loot which flowed through old Panama was as great as the expenditure for the present-day Canal. Many authorities would place the amount much higher. It is reasonably certain, however, that the plunder wrested by the Spanish sword from the Montezumas of Central America and their brethren of South America, would reach five hundred million dollars.

Nor is this the most startling angle of view. Historians unite in the statement, that gigantic as was the loot of the conquerors, the treasures hidden by the conquered—which have never been found—were fully ten times as great!

The man who knows the tropics first-hand receives as unvarnished truth the tales of buried cities and buried treasures, which the modern American digests as the fanciful dreams of a novelist who has been burrowing into Mexican history. There are a dozen mining engineers at Panama, whose paths have led southward into Peru or northward into Mexico, who will tell you that the tattered Indian trying to sell you yams or bananas could lead you to hidden mines rich beyond the visions of man. Prescott will tell you the

same, if you delve into the ponderous volumes he has given to the subject. Even the greed of a Pizarro or a Cortez failed to find all of the jungle-wealth of the kings who once ruled above and below Panama the Golden.

And again, when the Spaniards met the conquerors in their turn, the sword of the buccaneer missed millions where it found thousands. To cheat the pirates, great chests of gold and silver—bound for the court of Spain—were cast fathoms deep into the blue waters of the Pacific. When the doom of Panama was seen, three galleons, heavily laden from the Peruvian mines, were anchored in the harbor. Within an hour, great, ragged holes had been chopped in

their bottoms by the crews, and they were sunk forever from the sight of man, bearing their sword-won treasure with them. We were drifting over the spot in a government scow when I heard the story.

There are other tales of similar trend that you can find by the score. Every man who has tramped the tropics a year has another which he thinks is new until he meets the man who heard it twenty years before. Occasionally, you find the story that has come true and hear the tale of the treasure that was found, but not often, for the craft of the red man and the white man who swayed Panama in the days of long ago was deep and subtle and picked its hiding-places well.

SHATTERED IDYLLS

By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY GEORGE MARVIN GRIFFITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. W. ROBSON

II



T nine o'clock on the following morning I appeared promptly at Villa Ceresio. Miss Bertha was already in the garden on the lookout for me and raced off to summon her father and sister.

Miss Harriet was most becomingly gowned in an affair of white flannel with big blue buttons, blue belt and blue hat.

She barely acknowledged my bow, without a word. She could scarcely have greeted me more curtly; and yet, at a second glance at her face, it came to me that she would not have

responded to a boatman with just such a nod. It was noticeable, too, that she had hardly seated herself before she bestowed two swift glances in examination of my costume. Evidently she had expected some intentional change and she was right. I had added a pair of gold cuff-links with my monogram and was wearing a ring with a small stone. At the first glance she noticed the ring and at the second the cuff-links; of this I was sure, although her expression evidenced no trace of surprise. For a while she kept her head turned away from me, gazing over at Cavallino to our right, where we had met for the first time. In a flurry of emotion I gave a few frenzied

pulls at the oars. Her father and sister stared at me in astonishment; she continued gazing in the direction of Cavallino. Only when I began rowing quietly again our eyes met and lowered. Lugano, Villa Ceresio, Monte San Salvatore, Professor Forest's side-whiskers, all began making *la grande ronde* in my poor brain.

In the meantime the boat which plies between Lugano and Oria went puffing past us.

"We ought to have taken the steamboat!" grumbled the old gentleman.

"Oh, but it does n't stop at Castagnola, papa," exclaimed Miss Bertha.

Thereupon they began talking about the Robertses, and Harriet took part in the conversation. She proposed passing Castagnola by without stopping. Against this her sister protested vehemently and her papa sided with her. Bertha declared she was in love with Miss Roberts and admired her brother as much as did the Professor. Her father declared that Mr. Roberts was a cultured and intelligent young man and that his collection of ancient jewelry was really magnificent. The suspicion suggested itself that for this worthy gentleman the most magnificent jewel was the much more modern Miss Roberts, since he took such good care never to speak of her. Miss Harriet remarked sharply, almost affectedly, that she preferred the jewels for sale along the Seine to any found by the Euphrates, and that Mr. Roberts's first fault consisted in be-

ing so extremely obnoxious, his second in having Miss Roberts for his sister. Probably the wiles which that lady had practised on her papa had not escaped her notice, for she was absolutely pitiless in speaking of her as a flaxen-haired doll, the embodiment of sleepy slothfulness.

Bertha was vivacious in defence of her dear friends. Professor Forest was exceedingly uneasy and growled like a sulky old bear being prodded. He dared not quarrel openly with Harriet, but blurted out surlily that his daughters were in duty bound to be courteous to his friends.

"I had no idea you regarded them as your friends," she said, turning paler.

"Certainly they are," retorted her father. "I am under great obligations to Mr. Roberts for much valuable information concerning Syro-Phoenician ornaments, and I consider it a most fortunate coincidence which brought about our acquaintance at Pontresina, after that disastrous descent from Piz Zanguard. At the time you were only too glad to accept—"

Here she interrupted him:

"One of his sister's rugs, yes, indeed," said Miss Harriet. "You are right, papa. It was an act of extraordinary magnanimity."

We were nearing Castagnola. Miss Harriet was plainly distressed and no longer vouchsafed me a glance. Instead of making for the beach, I kept turning the boat's head gradually in the direction of Oria, trying to catch her eye; meaning thereby to signify that I had no intention of landing at Castagnola without her



MISS HARRIET

orders. The professor kept motioning in the opposite direction, trying by inarticulate grunts to indicate the place for which I was to steer.

Still I kept looking at Miss Harriet, determined not to pretend to comprehend and obey, until she had given the word. Our eyes met fully and I saw that she understood me. The lovely blue orbs gazed at me as if startled, and it occurred to me that she was on the point of asking whether I had pulled a boat on the Thames also; but no words were spoken and I rowed toward Castagnola.

Several minutes passed by and no sign of the Robertses. Bertha was voluble in her various suppositions as to the cause of their non-appearance. Her father and sister sat perfectly silent. Finally the old gentleman jumped up, declaring he would see what was the trouble. Miss Bertha also prepared to accompany him; Miss Harriet said she would remain in the skiff. I looked up at her with a beating heart. Her brows were knitted in annoyance, not, I felt assured, at the idea of being left alone with me.

Not a glance of encouragement did she grant me, but I was resolved to speak at all hazards. It was a walk of at least eight or ten minutes from where we had landed at Castagnola to the cottage occupied by the Robertses.

When the professor and his younger daughter were out of sight I said to Miss Harriet in French,

"Mademoiselle, I cannot trifl with your confidence any longer."

She started. "Ah!" she said. "You are the Italian writer?"

"Yes."

"I suspected as much at once, yesterday," she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "Why are you acting this comedy? I had been given to understand that you were a gentleman, sir. Has it afforded you so much amusement to make game of us? Naturally I cannot remain here a moment longer."

"Oh, indeed yes, dear lady, you must remain! I had no thought

of making game of you, I assure you. It was only what we would term in my tongue a little vendetta," I added smilingly. "Don't you remember that you took me for a fisherman, when I was putting away my hooks and lines? Your eyes expressed your contempt and, after once experiencing it, no one could rest easy under such disdain."

"But it was not disdain, sir. It was probably surprise. It is possible that I should regard an honest fisherman with much more respect than a poet who plays the gay deceiver."

"I did not want to deceive you, mademoiselle; say, rather, I wanted to undeceive you. I longed for an opportunity of proving to you that I was not so far beneath your notice as you supposed. At first it may have been pride that prompted my actions; but soon far finer feelings banished all that. I am happy to be able to assure you that it was a most fortunate thing for you that you made my acquaintance."

"And why, sir, may I ask?"

I saw that she was touched and was waiting impatiently for an explanation.

"Be seated, mademoiselle!" I entreated. "I will not speak unless you sit down."

She resumed her former position, and I continued after a moment's hesitation.

"I understand a little English, mademoiselle, especially when spoken by Americans."

Miss Forest sat bolt upright.

"Why, sir!" she ejaculated. "Really? And you listened to our conversation yesterday? Do you consider that worthy of you, sir? No, no, no!"

She covered her face with her hands to conceal her struggle between vexation and laughter.

"Be merciful, mademoiselle," I begged; tell me,—that Monsieur Jack whom I resemble so strongly, is he perhaps a—a monkey?"

"For your sake he should be," replied Miss Forest, laughing outright, though without uncovering

her face. "But, as it happens, he is n't."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; forgive me, and now listen to me. I have certain facts I must acquaint you with concerning these Robertses."

"Really?"

Her hands dropped at her sides and she stared anxiously at me.

"The man is an abominable scoun-

She was silent and I felt as if sitting on live coals.

"Do believe me!" I exclaimed. "I beg of you to believe me. I am no slanderer! Can't you see that? Don't you feel it? I had rather leave you this instant, with no hope of ever seeing you again, than have you think me a rascal. Addio, signorina!"



"I SAT DOWN ON THE BOW OF THE BOAT"

drel," I burst forth, "and the woman is his slave. They are not brother and sister. Whatever ties unite them are too dishonorable to mention. They are not English. Even the name Roberts is an assumed one. The fellow has got it into his head that he can make you marry him, mademoiselle."

"And how have you learned all this?"

I saw that she still distrusted me.

"I learned it yesterday," was my answer, "on the way from Lugano to Castagnola. They talked of nothing else. That is how I learned your name and nationality. I know, Miss Forest, you are asking yourself whether you ought to believe a stranger who is entirely unknown to you, are you not?"

I was on my feet on the beach, determined to depart, not deigning to think of the skiff.

"Stay, please," Miss Forest half whispered, sweetly. "I do believe in you."

I sat down on the bow of the boat with a murmur, "Thank you."

In the silence that followed I heard the hurried steps of the Professor and Miss Bertha returning.

"Thank heavens!" said Harriet. "They are alone. There are so many things I wanted to ask you, but now it's too late."

In fact, just at that moment Professor Forest and his daughter appeared on the beach.

They were not alone. Behind them marched Mr. Roberts in the latest style of outing apparel.

"I'm so sorry," he said to Miss Harriet after they had exchanged cold greetings. "My sister is feeling unwell and sends her sincerest regrets."

He was handsome, distinguished, and was seated close to Miss Forest, but I would not have changed places with him. Nothing could have been frostier than her manner.

This, however, he affected 'not to notice; on the other hand the Professor suffered visibly from its manifestations, endeavoring to distract Roberts by showing him all the politeness in his power. Again his daughter met my look and our eyes spoke. How glad I was that the others still believed me a boatman; that she knew me and kept silent!

As we were passing around the little headland on which stands the hamlet of Gaudria, and came in view of Valsolda, Miss Harriet asked me in Italian if the countryside she caught sight of across our bow was not Oria, and Mr. Roberts made haste to say that it was Osteno. "It is Oria," I replied, whereat he declared, in English, that I was a perfect blockhead. The young lady smiled and I bit my lips.

"Quite a fine boat, this," he remarked a little later; "I should like to own it."

"You might buy it," suggested Miss Harriet with a barely perceptible smile.

"Oh, yes. But if I took the boat I should certainly not take the boatman. He does not impress me at all favorably. Seems to be an impudent numskull. How does he impress you, Miss Forest?"

She blushed deliciously, and I still redder, I fear. Our eyes avoided meeting but I heard her reply, uttered in a jesting tone,

"I have the greatest respect for him, especially as he is our boatman and not yours."

"Ah, yes, yes!" the other returned with a forced laugh. "The profoundest respect, of course! But really do you think he's good looking?"

"I think he's honest, and the most attractive quality to me in any man is honesty."

The lovely blue eyes were turned on me and said: "Did you ask more? You'll have to be content with that."

No, I wanted no more and I was blissfully contented; I mused what an intelligent, quick-witted, wise and frank young creature she was, and how proud the man should be who could win her for his wife.

Mr. Roberts did not let himself be discouraged by her frigid demeanor. He talked continually with her father, with her, with Miss Bertha, of a hundred different things, but first and foremost of himself, his own good qualities and his defects. According to him his greatest fault consisted in having a heart too big and tender. For which reason he had never been able to amass a fortune. No, he was not a rich man. Was he not perhaps inclined to be proud of not being wealthy? He hoped it was not that. For that matter could any man call himself well-off nowadays unless he had an income of at least four thousand pounds a year? He could not boast of so much as that. His income was not so greatly inferior to that sum, but it was not quite that. That was why he still toiled. He intended passing still another year in the Orient. Then, when he was able to offer a certain beloved lady all the enjoyments of existence, he would return from the East, and if he failed to win the love he sought, would come back to dwell on some lonely strand of Lake Lugano and here write out the poem of his life, for poetry was the only other passion of his being.

Harriet and I glanced at each other from time to time while he was declaiming, and more than once, when our eyes met, I caught a smile lurking about the corners of her lips.

Midway between Gaudria and Oria Miss Bertha caught sight of the ring on my left hand and I could read the

surprise legible in her bright eyes. She whispered something in her sister's ear which brought a blush to the latter's cheeks. Her sister must have bidden her be quiet, for, though she persisted in staring at the token, she held her peace.

At Oria Mr. Forest proposed landing and rambling the rest of the distance to San Mamette on foot. The sky was cloudy, making it an ideal day for walking. Miss Harriet approved of the suggestion and Roberts forthwith sprang ashore, followed by the Professor and Miss Bertha. Thereupon she declared herself delighted that her father should have the benefit of the exercise, but that she would stay in the skiff until we reached our destination. Mr. Roberts would have re-embarked at once, if she had not insisted so sharply on his accompanying her father that he dared not object.

My heart throbbed again with joy and I was about to thank Miss Harriet, but she prevented me and hastened to explain that she had a most serious question to put to me. She desired to know whether I had been able to discover any particular intentions on the part of Miss Roberts. She said no more, nevertheless I understood perfectly. I replied that to the best of my belief Miss Roberts had been commanded to inveigle a certain personage, but that she obeyed much against her will.

While we were talking the boat passed beneath the windows of my

tiny villa. The maid and the cook were at one window and greeted me with broad grins. My serving man was watching us from the garden, hiding behind the shrubbery. My sister was ensconced in the corner of an upper window. Immediately I divined the truth that my sister had not been able to keep from sharing my secret with the servants. I could distinctly hear the cook exclaiming that I had a signorina "all alone" with me in the boat.

"Your country house, I suppose?" said Miss Forest. "What a lovely site!"

I dilated on the pleasure it would give me if she would but linger here for a moment, how glad I should be to show her my flowers, my books; tell her, too, a few of the dreams that come to one looking on the mountains and the lake.

"It is impossible," she murmured. "Then, too, it would be only to make things sadder, were we to become better acquainted, since in all likelihood we shall never meet again. But I noticed an orange-tree in your garden and I should dearly like a tiny orange spray."

"Never meet again!" I exclaimed and ceased rowing.

She did not speak and seemed to me decidedly touched. For a moment we gazed at each other in silence, then she smiled gently and said:

"What was it my father remarked yesterday? 'Remare, remare!' I mean to try and compel him to take



"MY SERVING MAN WAS WATCHING US"

us away to-morrow. I wish it were possible to make him believe those hideous things you have told me."

"And if he should believe them, you would leave to-morrow?"

"Yes; I think it would be necessary."

"And where shall you go?"

"Home to America."

"And if I help you to make him believe those hideous things, will you cherish just a shred of gratitude, or will you try to forget me as soon as possible once 'home in America'?"

Silently Miss Harriet held out to me her hand, which I grasped quickly in mine, letting go the oars.

"I will help you, Miss Forest, and I am sure of succeeding. My interest in you has grown almost unbelievably, signorina, in so short a time. Now I am ready to play my own worst foe in order to please you. Do I not deserve the touch of your ungloved hand?"

She stripped off the silken thing and, careless as to what curious eyes might be spying at us from the shore, for one moment I pressed my lips on that white hand, now icy cold from her great emotion.

"It is strange," she said, then, smiling, "that I should not know even your name."

I told her; whereupon the talk turned upon English literature, and the novels we both had read. For me it was one way of expressing my sentiments and for her of showing that she sympathized with them. It was especially pleasing to hear her say that of all Dickens's works she preferred, with me, "A Tale of Two Cities" and that Sidney Carton was to her the most delightful character in that book.

To me it was a joy that our souls were at one on even so small a point. It certainly sufficed to establish an electric current between us which thrilled me with a strange sweetness. We talked too about Valsolda. Only such as are endowed with a fine and exquisite sense of Nature's loveliness can glimpse the secret fascination of Valsolda. From the vulgar

herd it is altogether hid. She fathomed it. I asked her whether she could not be content to live in Valsolda.

"No," she said, "I think not. Mine is a peculiar character. Your Valsolda strikes me as being a haven. I should like better to live on the open seas and there meet death."

Before arriving at San Mamette I told Miss Forest that I would find some way forthwith of proving to her father that all I had said was true. Again she gave me her hand.

"I thank you!" she said. "Addio!" she added, with a smile not without sadness. "It is better for us to say good-bye now while we are alone."

"But may I not return with you to Lugano?"

"Do you wish to?" she said. "Would it not be better to part now? We can hire a real boatman. You will give me the orange branch and we will go our various ways from here."

Thereupon, with a voice none too steady, I begged to know if some day the orange branch might not blossom into a wreath. This she failed, or feigned not, to understand. There was no reply. Perhaps, if she did understand, she fancied it merely a poetical phrase, unconsidered and intended lightly. Perhaps there were other reasons,—how should I know?

"Addio!" I murmured under my breath.

She inclined her head gently, as if to return my bow, but her lips were closed.

Professor Forest and company were waiting on the beach. Miss Harriet left to have luncheon with them, after I had remarked that I must absent myself for a while but would be at their disposal within an hour.

I returned to Oria in the skiff, changed my clothes, cut a twig from the orange tree, which I placed in my button-hole, and had my man drive me back to San Mamette at top speed, as a storm was threatening.

I stopped at the Stella d'Italia, where the Forests had ordered lunch-



"YOU HAVE ONLY THREE MINUTES"

eon, and sent in my card to them. Being requested to enter immediately, I introduced myself directly and in execrable English to Professor Forest, begging him to pardon me for having on the previous day, on noticing that he and his daughters were in need of a boat, used an innocent subterfuge to induce them to accept my services.

Professor Forest grew tremendously red and confused; evidently he did not know just what conduct to adopt, whether to thank or upbraid me. Miss Harriet rewarded me with her sweetest smile. Miss Bertha stared at me quite too stupefied for speech. I turned toward Mr. Roberts, who was likewise looking at me in astonishment and hardly appearing to recognize me.

"Sir," I said to him, you acted rather unmannerly toward the boatman to-day; but as I happen to know of you, I prefer to be generous and at the same time do you a small service. Your wife desires me to say that she will expect you back by the next boat to Lugano, on a matter of urgent importance."

"My wife?" retorted the dastard. "You're mistaken, sir. I neither know you, nor have I a wife."

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?" I asked in the curtest tone at my command, and I continued in German: "You should have been more prudent in your conversation yesterday with the young woman. Will you oblige me to repeat its substance to Professor Forest? Don't force me to do anything like that. The next boat leaves for Lugano almost immediately. Be off, be off with you, at once!"

The fellow hesitated a moment, then turned to Forest and said tranquilly:

"I suspected as much from the first. This poor gentleman, who imagines himself a boatman, is out of his head. Here he is babbling to me in a tongue utterly unknown to me."

Miss Harriet and her father kept their eyes fixed on me, she in some anxiety and he growing momentarily more enraged. I had foreseen that the scamp would adopt some such tactics.

"My very dear sir," I went on, still in German, looking at my watch, "you have seven minutes to catch the steamer. If you decide to remain here I promise to offer you the invaluable escort of the carabinieri of his Majesty the King of Italy,

who are very desirous of having the pleasure of a few words with you."

It was then that he lost his head and exclaimed.

"Das ist nicht wahr!"

I turned to the Professor and remarked pleasantly:

"The gentleman speaks in 'a tongue utterly unknown to him!'"

He had already recovered his former manner; as on the foregoing day, he muttered some imprecation in his foreign tongue; then picking up his hat he said to Forest, with a gesture indicating me:

"If I stay here I fear I may get into trouble with this man. At Lugano I shall prove to you how right I am."

He went out. I called after him, "You have only three minutes."

The windows were open. We could hear the splashing and puffing of the steamer warping up to the pier.

Neither was I clasped in the Professor's embrace nor did his wiry gray whiskers scratch my youthful cheeks. He was deeply disturbed, and, of a truth, if my idyll was shattered, his was too. On the other hand I read with joy the admiration and gratitude sparkling in Miss Harriet's eyes.

"Let us leave here at once!" said her father. "We will return to Lugano immediately."

I offered them my skiff. The Professor responded rather grimly that he was much obliged but could not think of further discommodeing me; he would be off in search of another boat forthwith.

Miss Harriet's eyes pleaded with me to pardon her father's rudeness. I did not insist. Professor Forest prepared to depart with the young ladies, and I followed them with a heavy heart. We reached the small, dark, narrow corridor which serves as a vestibule to the inn, when a veritable sheet of water came pouring down upon the square outside. The old gentleman was obliged to call a halt. He and Miss Bertha stood

staring out at the angry sky and the slanting gusts of rain.

Silently I took the tiny orange-branch from my button-hole and handed it to Miss Harriet. In silence too she accepted it, tore off a leaf, put it to her lips, gave it to me and hid the rest in her bosom. Thereon I secretly caught her hand and she as secretly returned the firm clasp.

Thereafter for a moment we too looked out on the square, but I doubt whether we knew if the sun shone or the winds blew. Then, after that blessed moment, she gently drew away her hand. I caught the gleam of tears in her eyes. The storm passed over; a boat was speedily procured.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to you," the Professor said finally in taking leave.

Miss Harriet said nothing. Only she gave me one long look which went to my heart and still from time to time returns like a sharp pain.

Two days later I called at Villa Ceresio. The Forests had gone. I spent two or three hours on the quay, hard by the Hôtel du Parc, in the shade of the acacias, gazing at Cavallino, Castagnola, Villa Ceresio, the lake sparkling in the sun. The lovely land looked to me quite colorless, empty and sad.

I have never seen Miss Harriet since; nor have I ever heard her name mentioned. I should be only too glad if these lines should chance to cross the Atlantic and come under her eyes, or at least under the eyes of some friend of hers, to whom she may have confided this episode in her life. May I beseech that unknown friend of Miss Forest to call her attention to this veracious tale, and tell her too that the orange leaf kissed by her lips is still treasured as a sweet, a dear memento, along with a little piece of silver, in the tiny villa built on the lakeside, at the foot of the mountain clad in olive orchards, vineyards and laurels.

WHERE LOVE DWELT IN SHADOW

By AGNES FALES STRONG

ILLUSTRATION BY CLINTON BALMER



MAY second.—I had a note from Miss Mary Hedges this morning, telling me that she is a little tired and weak this Spring (nothing more)—that the doctor wants her to have a trained nurse,—and that she would be very glad to have me, if I were not out on a case just now. Her note finds me still very tired after my last case, and longing to leave New York and go into the country for a while. Here is just the thing for me. Miss Hedges lives in a little village on eastern Long Island, in the old place that has been in the family since early settler days. For many years I spent my summers in the same village, and our grounds were separated from hers by an old Rose of Sharon hedge; and that first year of all, when I was a child of seven, I made friends with her, and she used to give me candies that she had made, and let me play with her cat, Jonathan Edwards, among the lima-bean poles in her garden.

May third.—I came here this afternoon—the dear old trip along the Island. I suppose it is a snobbish pleasure to enjoy things a little more because other people don't care for them. But I always have somewhat that feeling about this country; for twenty people who admire the striking outline of mountain, there is one who knows how to love the flavor—"half wild yet wholly tame"—of Long Island, which seems not to insist on one's thoughts, but which must al-

ways thrill its lovers. Before we reached Shinnecock Hills—(oh, those delicious old names—Shinnecock, Water Mill, Amagansett!)—the keen salt breath of the sea drowned the spicy land scents of pine and sage; it blew through the car when the door was opened at stations, and made me shiver with cold and delight.

There were few of the summer residents on the train, and the station had not its midsummer bustle of carriages and motor-cars. I got into the stage and was driven to the old house, where I found Miss Hedges waiting for me in the lamp-lit hall.

May fourth.—All night I had that delicious feeling I always have on coming to a place I love,—sleep and wake and smile and sleep again. But this morning I am not so happy. Miss Hedges looks really ill and very frail, and I have lost last night's confidence about her. She still scoffs at the idea of there being anything wrong with her, but I am waiting anxiously to see the doctor. Whatever the trouble may be, she is lovelier to look at than ever. She is very thin, and looks almost like a spirit. Her hair has grown perfectly white in the two years since I last saw her, though she cannot be much over sixty. Her skin was always of a clear pallor, unusual in a country-bred woman, and now, in contrast to that and to her white hair, her great black eyes are more haunting than ever. She was always the gentlest of women, but now I see a certain wistfulness—oh, I will wait until the doctor comes before I let myself think.

Dr. Gardiner has just left. He

thinks Miss Hedges is in a very bad state,—heart, as I thought. But she will not believe it.

May tenth.—We have had a lovely, restful week. Miss Hedges seems stronger, and has even been able to join me in pottering about the garden.

I wonder if there could be a more lovable place than this,—the old square house, tree-and-garden-embraced, the ground sloping to the pond crossed with bridges at two or three places,—the curving dunes beyond,—and, last of all, ocean and sky, and passing white sails.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains to each some spot should prove
Belovéd over all.

Well, this is *my* "belovéd spot." I have always fitted its name into the poem. It is a "fair ground,"—so fair that it can surely draw my spirit back to it after death. I wonder how many of its children come back to it so. I always wonder that, when I go through either of the little cemeteries that are set like jewels, by duck-pond or windmill, for the village street to encircle. There, one reads after so many a name, "Lost at Sea." Do the spirits of those men remember, and come home? Or do they still sail before the wind and mist, over the sea that holds their bodies, loving the thing that killed them?

May seventeenth.—Out of a clear blue afternoon sprang up a thin and chill air, and then followed the first moist white fingers of the fog. Soon all the country was drowned in it, and nothing could be seen but an opaque silver mass, now turning black as night falls. Miss Hedges seems a little quiet and sad to-night, and I have respected her unexpressed wish for silence by bringing down this book to the open wood fire, and letting her dream in peace.

May twenty-first.—This evening Miss Hedges told me what has lain deepest in her heart. It was after supper, and we were sitting on the

back porch, in the sea-voiced dusk of the coast. All the warm glory of color was where the sun had just gone down. But we looked east instead,—to the pond, where the dying light was reflected in shimmering opal tones,—to the dunes, where they cut darkly into the evening sky,—to the bits of dim gray ocean seen between the dune tops,—to the cloudless sky beyond, purple-plum at the zenith, blue-plum at the horizon's edge.

Miss Hedges had been very quiet. She had not seemed to look at anything, and yet one could feel that not one beauty around her but was part of her by the consciousness of a lifetime.

Finally she said slowly, "Olive, I want to tell you something.—Do you believe in dreams?"

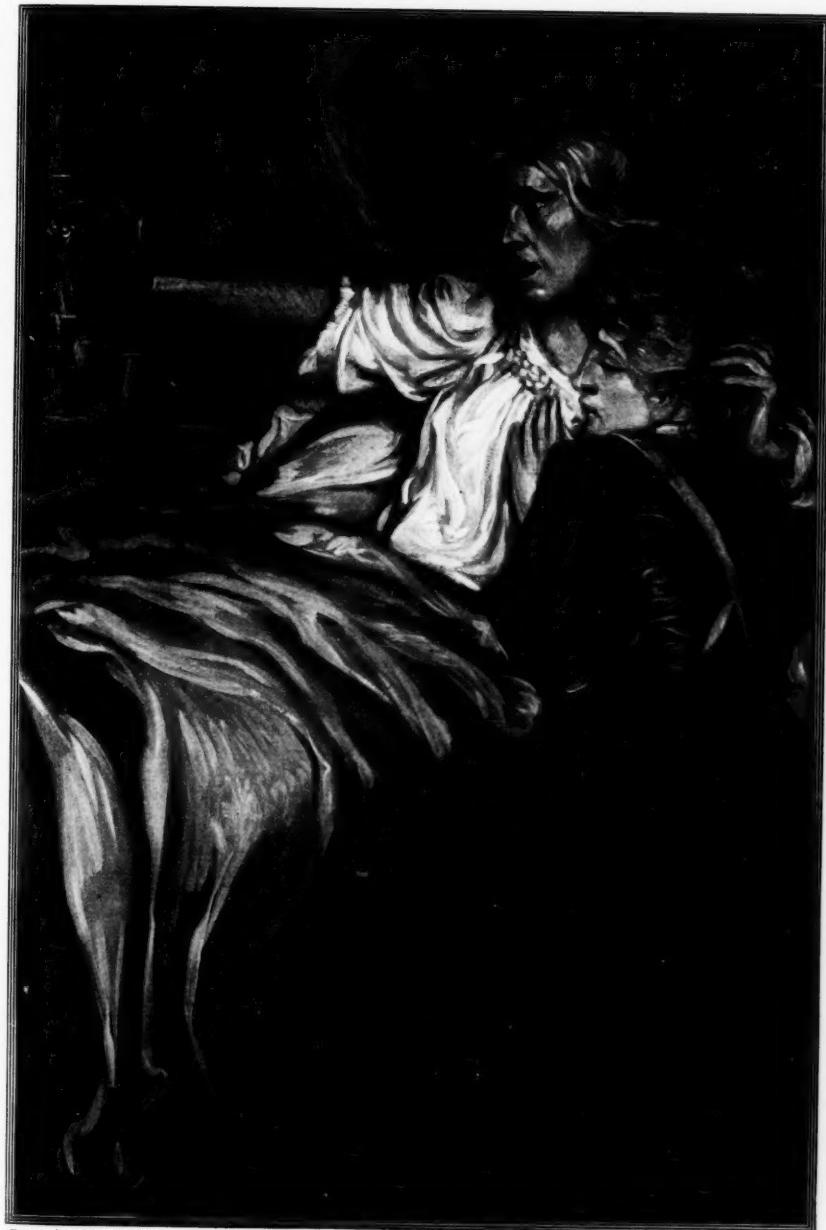
"Yes," I answered. "How do you mean?"

"Do you believe that the best part of a woman's life—the only real part—might be in her dreams?"

I saw she did not need my voice to draw her on, and remained silent. She was quiet for a moment, letting her eyes rest on the darkening skyline. Then, still looking off from me, she went on:

"When I was a very young girl, I had a friend here, who died long ago. One evening in May, I was sitting on this porch, when I heard her voice speaking to my mother around the side of the house, and in a minute she came around here with a young man whom she introduced as her cousin. I said I was very young then, and I was very shy. I could not talk to him much, but there was something about him that drew my eyes toward him whenever he was not looking at me. He was tall and slender, and he had eyes of a light transparent gray, cool as water, with long black lashes. I noticed his eyes the most,—and his voice, which was low and distinct.

"I did not see him again, for he left town the next morning. I thought of him a good deal, but I suppose it was because I was very young that I never realized what he meant to me.



Drawn by Clinton Balmer

"HE IS DEAD—MY SON IS DEAD!"

"That was the year the war broke out, and at the end of that summer he enlisted, and the next May his name was in the list of those killed in battle.

"When I read that, I felt stunned. All day I went around in a dazed way, without thinking or feeling. That night I dreamed of him for the first time, and I knew I loved him. He came to me and put his hand under my chin to lift my face, and I saw his wave-gray eyes, and heard him say in that clear soft voice I had known once and never forgotten: 'You are my wife—do you know you can never be anything else?' I said, 'Phil, I belong to you, and I shall wait for you always.' And he answered gently, 'Why will you wait? I am here now.' And he kissed me on the mouth.

"That was the beginning. For one year he was very near to me. Whether I dreamed him with me every night for many successive nights, or not once in weeks (once it was over two months), I always belonged to him. And at the end of the year, one May night, in sleep I held my son in my arms. And never from that night have I seen the father of my son. I watched and waited for him to come and see his child, and he never came. But I have not lost him. He promised me I should always be his wife. He will come some day.

"And I have always had my son. I have put him into little short clothes,—I have cut off his blond curls and seen his hair grow dark,—his first long trousers have struck a pang to my heart. No single change in his growth to manhood but has been plain to my eyes. Now all that dear childhood of his is over long ago. He has been a man for many years, and has gray hairs among the dark. It is a very long time since he kissed me good-bye and went to sea, and he has been captain of his ship for many years. I am lonely without either of them. For even my son can seldom come home to me now. But I cannot be unhappy so long as they are so utterly mine. Wherever they are,

my love is with them, and where one loves I think the loneliness cannot be too great to be borne."

She stopped, withdrew her eyes from the now dim distance, shivered slightly, and said to me with a smile, "Come, dear, let us go in."

May twenty-fourth.—Last night, when we had both been asleep for several hours, I was wakened by a cry from Miss Hedges. She was sitting up in bed, both hands outstretched, and I hardly recognized her face for the terror and despair written on it. When I reached the bedside, she looked me full in the eyes, and said in a hoarse strained voice, "He is dead—my son is dead! His ship has sunk!" I coaxed her to lie down again, and did my best to quiet and comfort her, but she seemed not to hear me speak, and lay there trembling, with her eyes fixed in a wide stare.

May twenty-fifth.—Miss Hedges is dying. From the moment of that night vision, she has let herself go. All her old buoyancy and joy in life have disappeared. It is not that she has seemed exactly unhappy. Until this afternoon she has appeared to feel nothing but a dull knowledge that all of life is over save the worn-out shell, and if this afternoon she has seemed happier, it is only because at last she feels sure she has not much longer to wait here alone.

I was sitting at her bedroom window this afternoon, at sunset, when she called to me. She had not spoken to any one since that other night, and I still had in my ears the memory of that unnatural voice. But now her voice had the clear soft tones I had always known,—only weaker and more tender.

"Olive," she said, "sit here by me and let me hold your hand. I am going very soon now. And I am happy. It was cowardly of me to doubt. But I never can again. We cannot always see the answer to things. But it is always there. I cannot understand any better now than before. But I do not need to

understand: I *know*. They are both mine. And I cannot lose them. You may be thinking sometime that your love is starved—but it is never so. Love cannot be a barren thing. And the greatest part of all things cannot be seen and understood. It can only be felt."

May twenty-seventh.—Last night, when I was sleeping most heavily in the dead of night, something stirred, and I turned quickly to Miss Hedges. She was sitting up in bed, once more, but on her face was a look of radiant youth and happiness that I shall never forget. One arm was bent at the elbow, and turned a little from her body, as if a child's head rested in the

curve of it. Her cheek leaned toward what she held, but her eyes looked over and beyond. "Phil," she cried in a ringing voice, "come and see him!"

May thirtieth.—We buried her this afternoon in the family plot in the old cemetery, where the flags waved to-day on the soldiers' graves, beside the pond and the windmill, where the village street widens and divides to enclose all. On the rough gray stone that will stand there, will be only her name and the dates of her birth and death. But beneath I shall see, as plainly as if they were graven there, the words,

WIFE AND MOTHER.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEAU

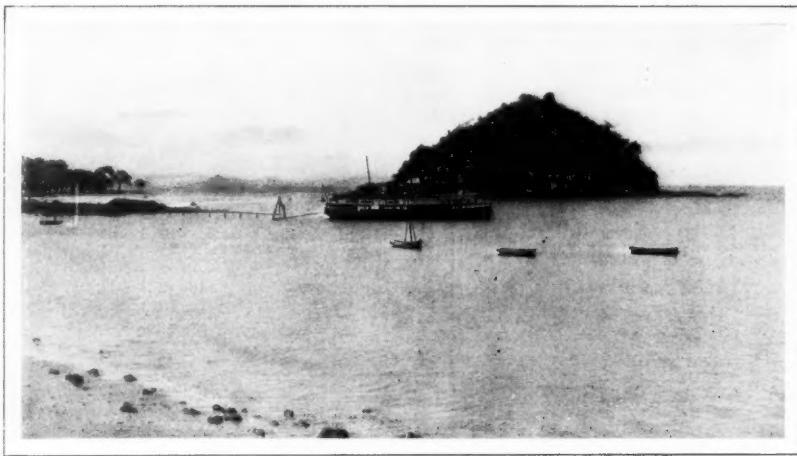
(*Exodus xv. 27*)

Palm-trees and wells they found of yore,
Who, that Egyptian bondage o'er,
 Got sight betimes of feathering green,
 Of lengthened shadows, and between,
The deep, long-garnered water-store.

Dear,—dear is Rest by sea and shore;
But dearest to the travel-sore,
 Whose camping-place not yet has been
 Palm-trees and wells.

For such we plead. Shall we ignore
The long procession of the Poor,
 Still faring through the night wind keen,
 With faltering steps, to the Unseen?
Nay: let us seek for these once more
 Palm-trees and wells!

AUSTIN DOBSON



TABOGA ISLAND LANDING-PLACE (ON THE LEFT)

TROPICAL ISLAND, TOWN, AND RIVER

By MARRION WILCOX

I



O you remember how the sun used to shine on every tropical island in our books of adventure, of piracy or buccaneering, which we have not opened very recently? That's the way it is shining right now, right here on Taboga. And so let us wait for a minute in the shade, under our deck-awning, where the breeze is cool and the water we look down into is very clear—almost as clear as that of Lake George,—though this Pacific water is intensely blue when we look away from the sun, as it is also along the distant shores of the Isthmus, over there where the city of Panama lies. Quite different is the weather on the mainland, by the way, at this season: frequent showers there, with mist and sluggish clouds

on the low hills, but with sunshine at intervals, the sunlight passing through the clouds as through a veil, with a soft luminosity that, if less conventionally romantic, is still rather charming.

Cuba, best of southern islands in many respects, is far too big to serve as a type. A better choice for our present design is this remote, comparatively unimportant little Taboga: just large enough to have "jungles," and story-book "coves" where piratical craft might well ride at anchor between glistening sand-bar and yellow, curving beach; where we see the well-remembered fringe of palm-trees above snow-white surf, and hills that we may climb to "lookout-rocks"—recalling old times in all this region, all islands and coasts between the Antilles and the Pacific, when a sail despaired on the horizon was a warning to prepare for the worst.

And now, if we follow a narrow path that leads into the jungle,

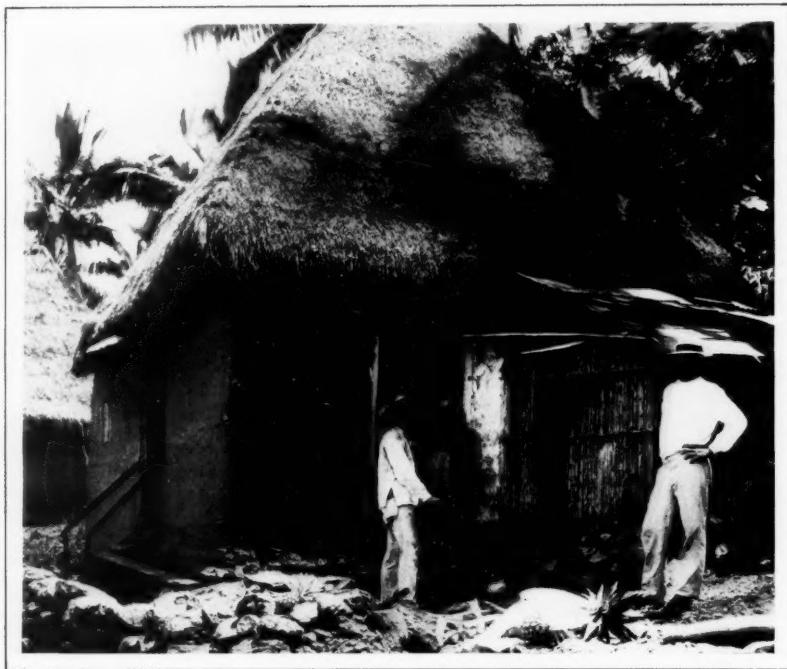
mango trees spread their branches to make the light dim as in an old-fashioned library, their ripe or ripening fruit being commended to our palate (like the first chapters in any novel with a skilfully constructed plot) as an interesting question rather than a satisfactory answer to our craving. But our guides lure us on by telling us that the finest pineapples in the world grow in a field beyond the mango thicket. We go forward, therefore, as though reading all too swiftly pages worth lingering over, in order to reach the promised field of young plants that bear pineapples of exquisite flavor, with pulp soft as a melon's—a plantation of fruit as agreeable as some favorite last chapter which confers an appropriate reward upon each one of the sympathetic characters. Now, in deep shade, the undergrowth, with rank, tropical argument, persuades us that the vegetable kingdom is not less masterful and self-sufficing here than the animal kingdom in northern latitudes; again, in a clearing, we think of the publicity of nature on this island—a little capital of vegetation, where great trees thrive better, making the shade deeper and cooler, because such unsparing rays of light fall on their heads every day.

Within view of Taboga will come or go every ship passing through the Panama Canal. But times and manners are changing: *these* ships will form a naval pledge of security and enduring peace. Literature may find a worthy theme in this impending change—realistic literature supplanting romance, and employing everyday language in its matter-of-fact handling of the subject. For example:

One is often asked about the prospects of the Mexican National Railway of Tehuantepec, which runs from the Gulf to the Pacific, and one is expected to answer the question: "Is the Panama Canal to be, with special reference to the American countries, the best route across the Isthmus?"

The Panama Canal will be used by the South American west coast

republics and the United States for their commerce with each other; or, more clearly stated, the commodities to be interchanged between our Atlantic or Gulf coasts and the Pacific coast of South America will most advantageously pass through our canal in the future. But the great routes of the world's commerce will continue to run across the United States and Canada, and to some extent will run across the Isthmus of Panama and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The cutting of the Panama Canal is, then, a war measure. Why not say so, and clear the air of nonsense? Nonsense fills the air like clouds, and in many of the public discussions of canal matters the light that filters through these clouds is not charming. I find that some of my friends in Panama realize the commercial limitations, the essentially military character of this great work. But they do not say so openly and forcibly. It seems to me that mystification, beclouding the issue, will be discounted by students. Our government will have to insure the canal, both while it is in progress and after its completion, maintaining a force, military and civil, near the scene of operations, with steadily increasing lines of communication between New York and the Isthmus, and not less between San Francisco and the Isthmus. Our people can never be indifferent to conditions, in respect to education and material welfare, within those lines. It would be plainly seen, if the whole subject should be examined without prejudice, that the possession of the Panama Canal (in working order) not only enables our country, theoretically, to send warships from the Atlantic to the Pacific with ease, but also puts a naval ring-fence around Mexico and Central America: dedicating them to peace, education, progress; doubling the security of life and property; doubling the value of the fruits of the labors of all the people who live in many tropical islands and in seven countries between Texas and Colombia, the competing Tehuantepec



TABOGA : NATIVES AND TYPICAL HOUSE

railway being included, quite naturally. It seems to me that, as time goes on, these enclosed lands become, in the best sense of the word, more interesting.

II

As for Tehuantepec, I can only hope it will never become *less* interesting—which may seem ambiguous if I do not hasten to add that my visit to the Mexican isthmus appears, as I recall it now, to have been wholly delightful.

I recall with satisfaction a scene in the country near Santa Lucrecia, where the road from the north connects with the Ferrocarril Nacional de Tehuantepec: A vast meadow, covered with grass of excellent quality, stretches away to the horizon; at intervals we see small ponds where wading, paddling, fluttering birds assemble; dispersed on the plain are horses and horned cattle in great

numbers; here and there a native house of bamboo with thatched roof; and, relieving the monotony of level pasture, luxuriant groves in the hollows and on distant hills. There are no women in the Pullman, so we can smoke at our ease while looking at a landscape the amenity of which is, to say the least, surprising. Again, after we have set out from Santa Lucrecia on our way to the Pacific, there are not wanting certain agreeably homelike suggestions in the high lands, well wooded, near the railway; the Indian corn planted in clearings; the freakish little mountain river beside the track. At the Rincon Antonio station we read the announcement of American church services and more conspicuous notices of American express and news companies. A Latin-American fellow-traveller characterizes Mexico as an "American State governed by Mexicans." This

railway, however, is a Mexican and English line managed and operated by Americans.

Ascending the eastern slope we find the heat rather uncomfortable. The month is March, let us say; the temperature that of June in New England. But a strong, cool breeze is blowing across the comparatively arid uplands that we reach in the afternoon, and a bit later our road leads through scenes of great beauty: forests, climbing nearly to the summits of the mountains, still (at this season and altitude) almost leafless and therefore gray—violet or purplish gray—though fresh young foliage and flowers show here and there,

we descend, without noticing it, a grade of two and one-half to three per cent. Presently we reach San Gerónimo, the starting-point of the Pan-American Railway; and if we are willing to wait in a very nice and attractive bit of architecture, the station of that famous road, for a train to Panama, I think we may catch it before too many years shall have passed. Meanwhile the embers of Central American warfare are covered with ashes once more, and there is begotten a new hope of Central American peace, in view of our Panama "war measure."

At the foot of the western slope we become aware of a native race



A BIT OF TABOGA ISLAND

while, above the forest, bare cliffs gleam against a pure sky.

Now through a short tunnel. We are on the down grade—not a steep one. For a short distance before and after reaching the tunnel, on these well-laid, eighty-pound rails,

differing from any we have seen in other parts of Mexico: speaking a language singularly musical; more stately than other natives in bearing; adorning the women with costumes more peculiar; both young and old adapting themselves with good hu-

mor and a facility all their own to their environment in torrid lowlands which are now pierced by this Tehuantepec railway. Already, at the San Gerónimo station, some of the Zapotec types are prefaced, and in the town of Tehuantepec we find fifteen thousand Indians, with very few white people. To me these natives seemed, when I visited their tropical town in 1907, decidedly interesting in several ways. Handsomer than other Indians they certainly are; the best examples of the type are even rather noble; and they speak with a restrained animation that indicates intelligence, contrasting in this respect very pleasantly with the indigenes of the Peruvian highlands. Their little metropolis contains substantial buildings, and a few houses in which it is possible to live almost comfortably.

From Tehuantepec one runs down to the Pacific terminal, windy Salina Cruz, where the port-works are already important and extensive, although there is not now, and I suppose never will be, shelter for a large fleet; and one crosses the Isthmus to the Gulf terminal, Puerto Mexico, where a noisy dredge at the harbor's mouth emits sounds like the shouts of a regiment of men, heard at a distance. The outlook from these two ports is world-wide.

I do not refer to any hackneyed voyage of fancy across both of the great oceans. Simple fact is more than imagination's equal here; since here, at front or back door, so to speak, are steamers that make such trips. And besides, the most practical considerations widen the outlook toward the south—especially toward the south. Studying the railway, one asks himself: Is it possible to retain efficient men to operate such a line? The difficulty is undeniable; some of the conditions deplorable. Serious problems confront the management, in respect to the health of employees and the decent social diversions that must be provided for them. Yet one decides promptly that the difficulties will be

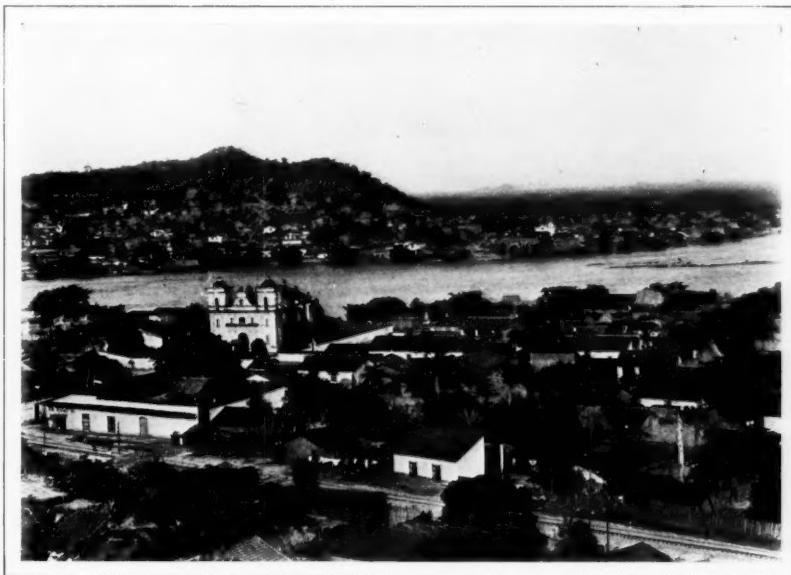
overcome. Why? Because, throughout vast tropical regions, which are all, in the larger sense, in the true sense, merely different parts of the same American field, this problem confronts us, and, the interests involved being in the aggregate so enormous, it *must* be solved. For instance, Americans are beginning to construct a short railway near the border of Brazil and Bolivia, where conditions affecting the welfare of employees are unfavorable in a much higher degree, and even there, at the Madeira River cataracts, in South America, we expect success.

Herein lies the fascination of these Isthmian contrasts: The ideas filling our minds when we approach Tehuantepec are of intensely modern things, as I have ventured to suggest—of great movements just beginning in the world—of latest developments in the very remote places where similar difficulties, tropical difficulties, arise. Suddenly the characteristics of an ancient race claim attention; and, surprise within surprise, this native strain—blended already with the European—suggests that we should revise stereotyped notions in regard to the temperament and capability of the Indian element in Latin-American countries generally. This Isthmian race has evidently natural talent for the arts of peace. We may begin to reflect that in other Americas—Central and South—the numerically important element, negligible, of course, at a few points that receive the largest European immigration, is, at heart, peace-loving, pleasure-loving. With some appreciation of this element's natural taste or talent (so long perverted, ignored or misrepresented), we may ask ourselves a question which wider travel will justify: Are not the aborigines of Latin America cast to play, with at least moderate ability, their part in the future prosperous, peaceful development of their native lands? Already there is differentiation: they play, during sun-baked "seven ages," in their plaza and their streets or under their

cocoanut palm trees, several, if not yet many, parts; and no scene-painter has ever contrived for various rôles a background more sincere than the hills beyond their river and their big church.

Late in the evening of the first day in Tehuantepec, we are seated with the members of a native family and their visiting neighbors, a local

the third. The mother of the family is related to President Diaz, who, she insists, "is an Indian with very little European blood; not, as commonly asserted, a Spanish-Mexican with some Indian blood." While we are present, the young business man makes an offer of marriage to one of the young ladies; first informing her that he is going to a fair which



TEHUANTEPEC, WITH "THE HILLS BEYOND THE RIVER"

doctor and a young shopkeeper, our chairs being placed on the pavement in front of the house. The father of the family, a veteran soldier (too harshly called in English a "lean and slipper'd pantaloon," though he certainly has become what "the sixth age shifts into"), tells us that all of his eleven children have received a good education, "of more value to them than money"—all save the youngest, who still creep "like snail unwillingly to school." One of the guests is a poet, and also the agent of a Mexican insurance company, who recites his "woful ballads," his unpublished verses, to the eldest daughter, the second daughter, or

is to take place in a neighboring town on Friday, and inviting her to accompany him. She demurs, and he evidently realizes that he has not yet established relations of such intimacy with her that his invitation is justified. So he calls her "Little Flower" and "Dear little Flower," saying she really ought to promise to be his. But she does not promise. Instead, she jumps up and runs into the house; returning after a while, to be sure, but then only to dance rather defiantly on the threshold, calling attention to the high heels of her modish shoes. Her mother meanwhile, by flattering allusions to this "Flower's" youthfulness and



CHARACTERISTIC HEAD-DRESS OF NATIVE WOMEN

domestic virtues, enhances undeniable merit. A prosperous young tribesman would be lucky indeed to win her: that is made plain to the persons chiefly concerned and to the audience as well. Participation by the latter in such intimate family experiences could not, in any theatre, be less intrusive.

While a portion of this community rather eagerly desires civilization, another part still clings to primitive customs. During the day hundreds

of Tehuantepec citizens are bathing in the shallow river that runs through the town—citizens, yet frankly naked barbarians—while their boys are somewhere in the suburbs at play with the dogs. When we go to a toy-shop to buy gifts for a sick child (the only infirm one among the eleven), we pass in the streets common natives, brilliant as peasants in Italy: women in short, embroidered, sleeveless jackets and scarlet skirts, wearing on their heads that extraordinary white decoration, the *huipil*; and as the tropical island irresistibly suggests romance, so this tropical town may at another time suggest a comedy. But at present a few words more about our undertaking on the Isthmus of Panama.

III

The Bureau of Meteorology and River Hydraulics, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, very kindly arranged a small expedition on the Chagres River at my request. From the city of Panama to Matachin we went by rail; then, after dark, in a big *cayuco* (a canoe made from a single gigantic log), up the Chagres to Gamboa, where we spent the night at the gauging station, enjoying cool and fragrant country air despite the fact that our trip occurred in the month of August. At six o'clock in the

morning, on August 17th, there was a multitude of birds, chiefly parrots and wrens, in the orange trees near us and in a grove on the opposite side of the river. The Chagres at this point was only 220 feet wide, and had a strong current; in time of floods, however, it rises more than thirty feet—or from 14 metres above sea-level to 24.85 metres, according to the record that was shown me.

Now we start up-stream in the *cayuco*, four natives poling, one steering with a paddle, and presently we land at Cruces, where the church has been transformed into a school-house, and a black teacher presides over black, brown and yellow scholars. I find two old ship's anchors buried in the earth behind this school-house—rusty memorials of an epoch so different from ours,—of an infamous road that ran from sea to sea across this isthmus,—of painful voyages made from San Lorenzo to Cruces in small boats,—of the tyranny of "Chagres fever," exacting from those who travelled over this road in the old days such awful tribute. Absolutely impossible it seemed to those wretches that there should ever be discovered any beauty, utility or comfort in or near the Chagres; that the fever and the floods could ever be controlled. As the island and the town suggest romance and comedy, so this tropical river is significant of history in the making.

When we continue our journey we take pleasure in views the interest of which can be conveyed very, very imperfectly by description and photographs combined: The forest contesting the ground, inch by inch, vainly trying to hold its own against invading waters of this swift, tawny river; over there at the river's brim, matching it in color, three tawny washerwomen—an opening through the woods showing their homes. A sloth is hanging (trustfully as a house-fly that sleeps on a ceiling) head down from the high branch of a tree; and stretched between other high branches and the ground are rope-like vines. Queer, rather than charm-

ing, are some features of the scene, and yet one must admit that the clusters of large-leaved wild banana plants are beautiful at this season, while more strangely beautiful are the vines, thrown like drapery in enormous folds over an entire group of trees: instantly proposing mystery; imposing silence for more than an instant.

The sounds—beside the splashing, grinding, dripping of the poles that force our boat slowly against the current? Well, the sounds are the constant whirring of locusts, various bird-notes and the music of water running as it likes. If you go into the jungle far beyond the glare of sunlight along the river banks, you find rare orchids, such as that which is called *Espritu santo*, because it holds a small image of the emblematic dove enclosed in its white petals: a variety which grows on rocky ground in the depths of this forest. Near the point where the branches of this famous stream unite, you may readily obtain information about the upper Chagres region and many of the interior districts, finding out by more or less pleasant experience some things, not set down in books, in regard to the abundance of deer, monkeys, and the so-called "lions and tigers" in the neighborhood; as well as in regard to the surface soils and their varied products, and the climate of remote settlements on the hill-tops. Such inaccessible little places there are!—knowledge of which would come out to us at intervals less rare did it not faint by the way like a courier in baffling thicket and almost trackless swamp-land.

I confess all the foregoing details struck me as being comparatively trivial when I revisited the Isthmus, coming home from the Far South one summer. But now, looking back, they seem a foreground sketched in—the foreground, as it were, in a view that includes South American regions, where wholly new impressions are made upon a mind that is at all open to receive them: the regions more interesting than Europe. I think it is possible to show very quickly some

things which may be viewed aright when we keep an Isthmian foreground steadily in view. Beginning at a place most distant—in actual expenditure of time required to reach it—I draw the conclusion home.

Last year I went up the Paraná

likewise is bound to keep the peace, since years of peace will transfer to her domain the eastern portions of certain Andean states. Consider that war between Argentina and Brazil, or between the latter and any other powerful foe, would open to Brazil's



BANK OF THE CHAGRES RIVER

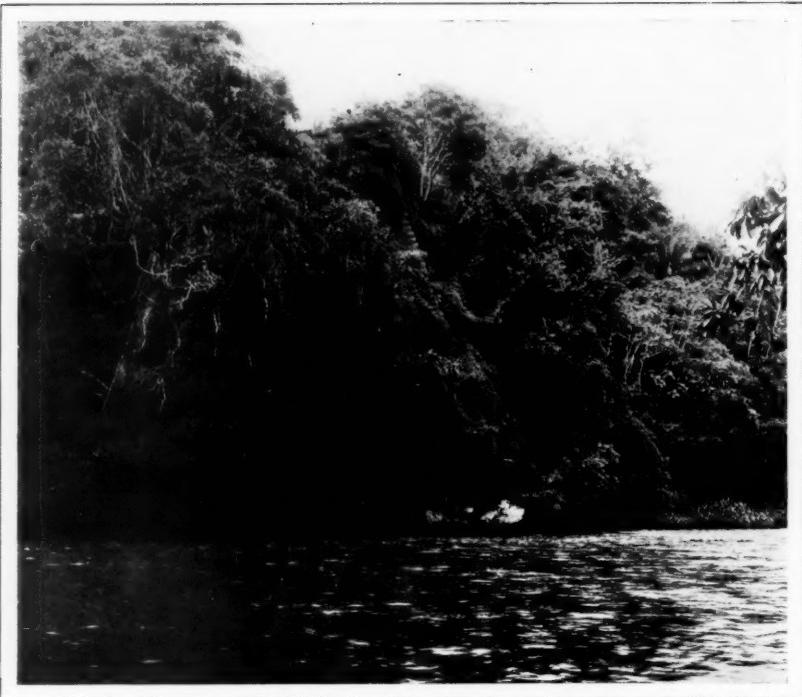
and Paraguay rivers to Asunción, and while travelling in the Republic of Paraguay I wrote in my note-book such words as any one might have written on finding himself between Argentina and Brazil, after half a lifetime of study of Latin America—after long journeys. I wrote, then, on July 29th, impressions of the largest Latin-American subject, which are condensed in the following paragraph:

Argentina has substantial reasons for keeping the peace, and, with occasional relapses, will gradually achieve tranquillity, because, obviously, years of peaceful development will send her far ahead—will, let us say, be more advantageous than war with well-armed Chile. Brazil

western neighbors opportunity to secure larger privileges, or rights of transit by Brazilian waterways, involving probably a sacrifice of Brazil's claims to lands on the Amazon's western tributaries. Their case is analogous to our own, for we also are, by dictates of enlightened self-interest, bound to keep the peace, not merely because we believe in the settlement of international disputes on grounds of right rather than by force, but also because our people should in the course of years of peace so outstrip Asiatics in the production of many of those things which are elements of national strength, that control of the Pacific would pass to us without war, in a friendly contest



A "DUG-OUT" ON THE CHAGRES RIVER



CHAGRES RIVER

"Vines thrown like drapery over an entire group of trees"

fairly won. So then, in these three great centres of development in the New World, peace, literature's best friend, is enjoined by enlightened self-interest; and there should grow out of the co-operation of these three natural allies such a mighty pacific influence in the future councils of the world as the world has never known before. I do not think this is quite plain at first sight. But I think it becomes plain to Latin-American advanced students who visit us, and to those of our own people who study there very patiently. And I think the rewards of such study will be very great.

Afterward, at Rio, Brazil, a continuation of the same thought was entered in my note-books, as follows:

It seems to me that one way to succeed in the game with Japan would be to develop in the most

beneficent sense the countries of the New World. And I think we shall gain as little by bullying as by being bullied or misled by other American countries; that our real profit is to come through giving and taking in an enlightened way. Literary interpretation and appreciation are indispensable, if only to show that the general impression in regard to lands far beyond the Canal Zone (that they are discouraging countries permanently dedicated to revolutions) is based upon the fact that our dealings too often in the past have been with small Latin-American communities which really do not deserve so much attention. If our approach is more wisely planned in the future, we shall find that Brazil and Argentina, being our natural allies in the great cause of American peace, are therefore more interesting than other

Latin-American countries, with the exception of Mexico—which, for the reason already mentioned, should be our good friend in all large efforts on behalf of peace, and one of the best of all our friends in our new undertaking for higher education. We may therefore affirm that Mexico, Brazil and the Argentine Republic form the class of greatest importance. But this should not be a dogmatic assertion; it should rather be offered as a theme for discussion.

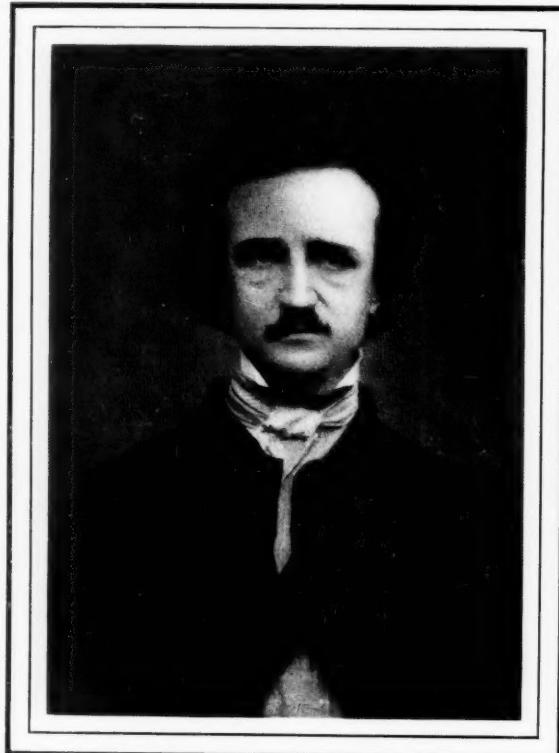
Literature, when dealing with that theme, will enter a field of enormous practical value, outclassing even the strong romantic appeal of the Andes*; for it is evident that the people of Argentina (whose La Plata valley resembles our Mississippi valley) may profit by our experience, studying the methods we have tried and found to be good, in order to adopt some of our methods and adapt others—escaping thus, I hope, many a costly North American error; that they should embrace the proposals of our universities in respect to interchange of students and teachers, the European countries being somewhat less completely prepared, as it appears to me, by recent severe

pioneer experience, to contribute to the development of Argentina in matters that particularly concern her. And Brazil's position is still more favorable. The complemental products of Brazil and the United States plainly indicate the policy advantageous to both, uniting them in interest as complemental organisms are united by natural law; and Brazil has also a higher uncommercial claim upon our attention, requiring, on a grander scale than any other country I know, teachers and electrical engineers and special students of the wonderful plant life. Literature must tell us the truth, saying, for example, of Brazil: *This will reward our efforts most amply, and if we waste no time on insignificant communities but increase in good works and through good work in Brazil, all that we desire in the way of greater influence and of our due participation in the splendid prosperity that is surely coming to America as a whole will be realized throughout the southern continents and islands.* True literature may even take possession, saying, "All this is mine"—yet without offence, since it is not a trespasser when it crosses a boundary line: it liberates the countries it conquers—for the truth makes free.

* See "Skyland in the Andes," by Mr. Wilcox, in PUTNAM'S, August, 1908.



"MIST AND SLUGGISH CLOUDS ON THE LOW HILLS OF THE MAINLAND"



From a wood-engraving by Timothy Cole from the original daguerreotype.
By courtesy of The Century Co.

Edgar Allan Poe

• EDGAR ALLAN POE

FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW

By NORMAN DOUGLAS



UCH has been written of late concerning Poe, but his personality splits up so much more easily than that of other authors into separable fractions, that it is still difficult to estimate him as a harmonious whole, an individual. There is the Poe of French writers, the Poe of Ingram and of Griswold, the Poe sane or insane (to adopt the classification of Mr. Willis), Poe the critic, the husband, the drunkard, the martyr and so forth. Professor Woodberry has disentangled and re-arranged certain of these aspects with patient but chill discrimination. To present them in such a manner that their coherence is seen to be inevitable is the task of a literary biographer; but before the fabric can be erected, each part must be considered and appraised in its relation to the whole. Poe's views, for example, upon domestic architecture and furniture are pronounced; they form a minute but integral portion of himself. Until they have been judged in their relation to the other portions and traced to their sources in his reading, his age and his heredity, how shall the picture be complete?

Nor can his literary personality be regarded otherwise—at this time of the day—than as an expression of bodily organization. Enough and to spare has been written upon certain aspects of his moral life. We all know that he drank. But not all critics are yet equipped with a

knowledge of the pathology of mind sufficient to enable them to pass judgment upon the sombre, lovable and mysterious being, as he is depicted by those who sympathized with him in the closing years when he was tossed in an ocean of vain hopes and vain regrets. Who is not moved by Mrs. Weiss's account of that visit to the Hermitage? Some of Poe's epistolatory effusions, on the other hand, leave a bad taste in the mouth. His last years both as a man and a writer are full of jarring notes, of conflicting elements which must be separately analysed before they can be welded into a homogeneous whole. Not every critic possesses the requisite sensitiveness, veracity and sheer learning for this work of reconstruction.

The "good woman," unfortunately, has a knack of coming too late upon the scene, and when at last she does appear, she is apt to eke out lack of sense with superfluity of feeling. Such was not invariably the case with the tender ladies whose names are associated with Poe's later life, yet they certainly failed to understand the case of Edgar Poe as a whole: how else shall we explain the posthumous publication of his miserable outpourings to them? Such an act savors little of wisdom or womanly modesty. To brandish aloft the scalp of a conquered enemy may suit the humor of a redskin, but not of a civilized lady who has been honored with the confidences of a distraught and dying genius. If the hearts of all men and of all women were laid bare with the same remorselessness, how few would stand the test!

There is Poe the American, whose patriotic labors have perhaps not been sufficiently appreciated by his countrymen. It is not easy, nowadays, to realize the low position which American letters then occupied in the world's opinion, and the slavish adulation with which every product from the European literary market was greeted in the United States; not easy, therefore, to estimate the extent of Poe's labors—how he encouraged American writers of every stamp, coaxed them, drove them, pushed them the way they should go. Some talk of his "regrettable scarification" of the New York *literati*. They must have been a thin-skinned generation, these *literati*!

"Is there no honor—no chivalry left in the land? Are our most deserving writers to be forever sneered down, or hooted down, or damned down with faint praise?"

That does not sound like scarification. Taking his criticisms one by one, it will be found that the proportion of favorable, indifferent and unfavourable ones is, approximately, as 3 : 2 : 1—showing that for each unfavorable review there were five not unfavorable. Surely this is a high allowance, considering the amount of trash before him. An equal number of similarly incapable British scribblers would not have been let off so easily. One author is surprised that none of his critiques is "unreservedly laudatory." This simply means that they are conscientiously written.

Essentially, however, Poe was both non-American and non-English. The promptings of his blood were Celtic and Latin. He had a classic sense of analysis, form and measure. For this *justesse* he has been held in high repute by French writers, and it is certainly not without a feeling of propriety that he has given French names and extractions to the heroes of his tales of ratiocination (Dupin, Le Grand). Truth *versus* Goodness is the keynote of his intellectual strivings. He had a bald love of truth which puzzled and pained

many good folks. Lowell observed that he "seemed wanting in the faculty of perceiving the profounder ethics of art"—in other words, that scientific criticism, as Poe conceived it, is in a manner un-moral. Lowell, to be sure, wrote in 1845. But Mr. Stoddard has also remarked of some of Poe's tales that "the power of such writing is certain: its use, its good, its sanity, are not so certain."

Are we never to grow out of this doctrine? A healthy person, who refuses to be hampered with preconceived notions of wrongness or ugliness, will find that Poe's ghoulish tales, like many "unhealthy" writings, deal with interesting subjects in an interesting manner. What more shall be expected of an author? Doctors tell us that hypersensitivity in the matter of what is morbid or immoral is far from being always a good sign. And it has ever been the misfortune of writers possessing mathematical consciousness of purpose that they are exposed to the criticisms of others who, in their anxiety to save their souls from hellfire, have not acquired the mental outfit necessary for grasping their initial proposition.

A consideration of Poe's tales would be a good occasion for discussing the question of local color in fiction. Where precision in data is required, no one is more precise than Poe. But it seems to me indisputable that, for the subjects generally chosen by him, his own indefinite atmosphere is the most suitable. To-day this is a matter of sentiment, but the reader of the future, approaching these questions with increasingly scientific canons of taste, will be enabled to draw increasingly truthful conclusions upon them.

There is a more general agreement that Poe was right as regards the length of his tales. The English public alone continues to think somewhat strangely upon this subject, for a generation fed upon the gross fare of the Victorian epoch has naturally acquired a palate too vitiated to savour the delicacy of simple tales. To them such *entremets*,

which none save a real chef can prepare, are things of air—things French, dilettantish. And yet, as if to convince them of their error, the English language boasts of some of the finest specimens of that ideal microcosm, the short story. Its proper length is suggested by the organic laws of our own body—one hour's continuous careful reading. The author must be allowed time to engross, by means of his intellect, that of the reader; for a short story is a self-consistent entity, with head, body and tail all complete, and not a mere "taste of your quality"; yet if it be too long, the reader's attentive faculty is strained beyond the capacity of aesthetic appreciation. In this form of composition, the author will exercise a judicial sense of measure; in the more personal prose poem, which conveys, rather, certain fleeting dispositions or emotions, he may allow free rein to his fancy, his humor, his erudition, his spleen—so long as he attains his end: the awakening, in the reader, of a particular mental mood. If these rules are correct, it will be seen with what unerring instinct Poe conformed to them in both these classes of composition.

His women have been described as imponderable. Yet they are not, like many women in fiction, evanescent. *Ligeia* is a phantom, but a phantom that has come to stay. I confess that it needs a robust imagination to conceive Berenice smoking cigarettes and eating strawberries at a picnic. *Morella* was not much of a flirt. They are hopelessly unfit for the ordinary routine of life, for charity bazaars and the bringing-up of children; they have nothing of that air of probability which distinguishes most of our flesh-and-blood acquaintances. But perhaps for that reason they have ceased to be nonentities. A few more such shadows might profitably be acquired in exchange for a herd of our amazingly lifelike heroines of fiction.

It is not to be supposed that Poe ever came in touch with the East, but his artistic feeling suggested to

him both its uses and its limitations as a subsidiary ornament. He lacked the broad human sympathy requisite for writing Oriental tales; he never attempts to smother us in harems and such like paraphernalia. Like the gold flakes in the chinks of some faded masterpiece, the Orientalism of Poe is so sparingly dispersed—an almost imperceptible touch, here and there—that none save a connoisseur is able to feel what the loss would have been, if that touch had not been given. Note, likewise, his parsimonious but judicious use of the Gothic. "Some large, old, decaying city near the Rhine"; or "The pomps and pageantries of a stately Court, and the mad clangor of arms . . . oh, bright was the seraph Ermengarde!" What an instantaneous disposition of mind is awakened by this artifice! Yet it is a singular fact that Poe was deficient in all sense of the peculiar lustre of Gothic and Saxon words; his prose is redundant in Latinisms which weaken its effect incalculably, though the formal solemnity of some of his compositions is thereby enhanced. Strange to think that, in a matter of this kind, Herbert Spencer ("The Philosophy of Style") should have a truer insight than Poe the artist.

Monsieur Hennequin has insisted upon the originality of Poe. He is original—he is always Poe, although some of his tales, like "Hop-frog," "William Wilson" and possibly "The Landscape Garden,"* can be traced to earlier sources. From the first to the last of his writings is revealed little change in the texture of his mind. "Eureka" is embedded in "El Araaf," "Eleonora" in "Tamerlane." In "Landor's Cottage," one of the last of his studies, will be found reminiscences of at least six previous tales. Poe was prodigious in intellectual versatility—in variety of material,

*A. J. Downing. A treatise on the theory and practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America, with a view to the improvement of country residences. 8vo, 1841. I have not seen this work, but I understand it has little in common with Poe's story. Yet the title may have given him the idea. Pueckler-Muskau, Lenne and others had made the subject popular.

singularly poor. But this organic poverty must not be confounded with artificial simplicity, with the deliberate repetition of set words and images whereby the haunting charm of his verse and tales is often contrived. Perhaps, under the influence of stimulants, there arises a tendency to reproduce identical modes of thought; even as a dream, interrupted, may be resumed when the conditions which gave it birth are repeated. It is probable that some of his best writings are the direct result of alcohol.

The "Assignation" ("The Visionary"), an early and relatively poor performance, is in this respect perhaps the most characteristic of his tales. It reeks of alcohol; it displays alike the power and the weakness of the delirious imagination which flows from the bottle. The reader is oppressed with I know not what sense of distortion and dislocation. There is a restless flicker of fantastic metaphors and inconsequential interjections. Sometimes the imagery glows in steadier blazes, as in the fine passage beginning "The eye wandered from object to object, and rested upon none," which is further interesting as exemplifying Poe's dearth of material—the *carvings of Egypt* recurring in "Ligeia," *convolute censers* and *trembling draperies* likewise; *crimson-tinted glass* in "The House of Usher" and in the "Philosophy of Furniture," *carpets of gold* in the last-named and in "Ligeia"—and so forth. An unusually good "alcoholism" occurs in "Monos and Una": "Issuing from the flame of each lamp (for there were many) there flowed unbrokenly into my ears a strain of melodious monotone." Future physiologists may investigate what condition of the cerebral structure is requisite to produce an image of this kind.

What is Poe's life-work? His influence upon literature as a civilizing and purifying agency. Poe is a great anti-vulgarian. As such, he has discarded the ethical moment,

and in doing so, he has followed the footsteps of the masters of all ages. Why is it that didacticism in poetry was so offensive to him? Because it constitutes an intrusion of ethics into art, an intrusion which arouses, even in ordinary minds, a sense of incongruity and impropriety.

This whole question of morality in art is neither too difficult nor too delicate to be probed to the bottom. Philosophers may grow gray in theorizing upon the growth, the laws and limitations, of the moral sense of mankind; but there is, and there can be, nothing new about morality in the ordinary acceptation of that term: the whole body of it is reducible to a single word—charity—and that word is plain to an infant's understanding. To burden dainty verses with a load of maxims regarding the inadvisability of coveting one's neighbor's wife and other matters that we babbled on our nurses' knees, is as incongruous as serving tripe and sausages (healthy fare, no doubt) upon a platter of Benvenuto Cellini. There is no *poiesis* in a didactic work of art, and whoever eliminates the moral moment will discover often that he is eliminating, simultaneously, the vulgar moment. For morality is the property of the crowd; it bears an inscription that damns it for all purposes of art: *connu!* The minutest hint of a moral lesson is a generalization: generalizations cannot awaken emotions like single images, and therefore morality should not intrude where the awakening of emotions is the primary object.

Without professing to any special knowledge on the subject, I should say that Poe's influence upon the development of American letters is somewhat underestimated, not as a direct model for prose or poetry, but in a general way for the principles of truth and honesty laid down by him that are naturally difficult to trace to their source, seeing that they have become so thoroughly assimilated by the national literary mind that it forgets whence it drew them.

They have indeed become part of the mental atmosphere necessary to every decent writer.

But he has had a number of direct imitators. "Hans Pfaal" has inspired Jules Verne, and the Sherlock Holmes series could not have arisen but for Poe. The author of that series has thought so highly of him that he has embodied the spirit, or spiritualized the body, of another of Poe's tales ("The Cask of Amontillado") under the title of "The New Catacomb," in the collection known as "The Green Flag."

Some authors, Mr. Andrew Lang among them, have suggested the question whether Poe was not born at an inopportune moment; meaning, presumably, that under other circumstances of time and place he would have met with a more sympathetic reception. Likely enough he exemplified, in more ways than one, the irruption of an older type into an immature stock, and suffered accordingly. For at that period of national growth there was little tolerance of anti-social habits among the cultured society of the States; the phenomenon known as the New England Conscience seems to have been, geographically speaking, less localized than at present. But this ill-treatment of Poe by his contemporaries has been absurdly exaggerated. It would be nearer the truth to say that he was surrounded by firm friends of both sexes who helped him whenever they could, and who defended his memory with quixotic ardor after death, though his peculiarities while living must often have repelled and exasperated them. It is frequently said that the time is not ripe for this or that man of genius. If one cares to pursue this line of argument at all, it may pertinently be asked, where is the time or country that needed Poe as badly as the America of 1830, when Poe reached manhood? His appearance at that hour was singularly appropriate. We must hence conclude that such men ought to be born twice; once, to teach their lesson

to humanity, and again, to profit by it themselves.

Mr. Briggs once made a remark which seems to express a still current opinion, to the effect that Poe had "an inconceivably extravagant idea of his capacities as a humorist." I cannot but think that this whole aspect of Poe's literary career has been wrongly interpreted. Poe, to whom pecuniary assistance in moments of direst distress was galling, probably simulated this opinion of himself in order to hide the true state of affairs, even as he is known to have assumed relative affluence to dissimulate his poverty. It is hardly conceivable that he should have been mistaken in his self-analysis—he knew better than most authors his own strength and weaknesses. And among his deficiencies is certainly to be reckoned a total lack of humor.

Like many individuals of flawed brain-structure, he took himself *au grand sérieux*, and could not unbend to laughter. He never passed out of the "misunderstood" stage.

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.

Thus sang the boy, and felt the man. But it is unlikely, I think, that a writer of his exquisite sensibility could have written these "humorous" sketches with any other feeling than repugnance; he must have writhed while prostituting his pen for this drivel. Yet it was paid for, as we know, at the same rate as his best work; and starvation was the alternative. The sad multiplicity of these tales of humor would proclaim his frequent and extreme destitution, did we not know it from other sources. "We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon."

Though the world, alas! has seen other cases of a strain of humor appearing under a strain of hunger, it is not easy to discover, in the

whole range of literature, more pitiful documents than these particular tales of Edgar Poe. Baudelaire, who was joined to him by elective affinity, or, as Poe himself would have expressed it, by "sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature," has hit upon a happy phrase for this unhappy state—*les stérilités des écrivains nerveux*. And how aptly De Quincey, himself of this class, has described that agony of paralysis, that anguished suspension of all the powers of thought:

Suppose the case of a man who has helpless dependents of this class upon himself, summoned to face some sudden failure of his resources: how shattering to the power of exertion, and, above all, of exertion by an organ so delicate as the creative intellect, dealing with subjects so coy as those of imaginative sensibility, to know that instant ruin attends his failure.

Might he not have had Poe in his mind's eye during one of those moments when the poet stood, helpless and distracted, beside his wife, who lay dying upon a straw mattress with not even a blanket to protect her from the wintry frost? Under such conditions, that lasted for

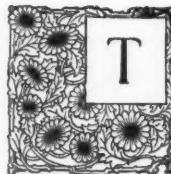
months, let any man of feeling endeavor to write the "Rationale of Verse."

In judging of Poe's sufferings, his own nature, that intensified them a thousandfold, must not be left out of account. The stupendous Beethoven is the most awful example of such a fate—awful from the contrast between the sublimity of his mind and the meanness of his daily cares. But Beethoven had lighted his torch at no earthly altar; he was no mortal, but a Titan smiling with Promethean composure upon the vultures that devoured his heart. Poe was only a neurasthenic *littérateur*, tortured with a lamentable craving for alcohol, and with a craving for beauty and refinement which, considering the circumstances wherein Fate ordained he should live, was hardly less lamentable. His life and his life's work have been widely, though not universally, misunderstood. Time will give the unhappy writer his deserts. An eminent critic has remarked that the literary case of Poe must be periodically re-judged. The same applies to his moral case.

And each time, let us hope, we shall attain a nearer approximation to verity.

POE AS A CRITIC

By SHERWIN CODY



HOUGH in his own day his chief repute was that of a critic, he has since been unsparingly condemned and sneered at. Lowell refers to him, in "A Fable for Critics," as

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,

—the fudge, no doubt, being his critical lucubrations. Stedman said, "There could be few things farther

apart, as respects learning, elevation, ease and quality of style, than the masterly essays of Lowell and [Poe's] critical sketches; but Lowell is a scholar, wit, and thinker ranging at large, and Poe the bantering monitor of his own generation." Stoddard says: "It was the fashion while Poe was living to call him a critic, a delusion which never could have obtained in a country where the principles of criticism have been studied, and the practice of criticism cultivated. He had an acute mind that was penetrative in trifles,

and that delighted to detect discrepancies, but not a mind that could rise to and grapple with principles." Even Professor Trent, in his history of American literature, in which he gives Poe the highest place among Americans, says: "The miscellaneous prose works of Poe, including his . . . lectures, essays and other critical writings of whatsoever form, are important to the student of his mind and art. . . . Their intrinsic value, however, is comparatively slight."

Any one who turns over the pages of the ordinary editions of Poe's works and glances cursorily at his so called "Criticisms," as collected and edited by Griswold and copied by subsequent editors, will be forced to agree with these opinions. Little appears but ephemeral journalism—clever enough as journalism, but hardly worth reprinting. Apart from the crudity of these critical notices, Poe's violent prejudices against the New England school of writers, and his attacks on them, seem to force us to take sides, and we find ourselves left to choose between him and all the other writers and critics of America.

Most of us understand criticism to consist in estimating the literary merit or demerit of writers. Any one who gives us a fair, placid judgment, with sympathetic illumination of points we had before felt but dimly, we unhesitatingly accept as a first-rate critic. Measured by such a standard, Poe was the worst of critics, for he was almost totally lacking in that sympathy which can interpret to the ordinary mind the literary work of another. He had sympathy neither with the common reader, nor with the writer who appeals to the common reader.

There is, however, inbedded in the mass of ephemeral journalism which Poe wrote, anonymously and hastily, from week to week, to earn his scanty living, a mass of analysis of the cardinal principles of literary construction, which the present writer believes will be found of equal importance in American literature with his stories or his verse. His works

of fiction and his poems were given to us in a state of detailed literary perfection unsurpassed by the work of any other writer in English literature. Circumstances did not permit Poe to bring his critical work to the same perfection. In his "Marginalia" he began to pick out some of the fine paragraphs; but he made no attempt to arrange them in logical order. The critical world was against him, and there was no incentive to perform this vast labor of selection and perfection as he had performed it upon his stories and poems. Yet that which is in a man must come out, and even in the most hasty compositions of daily journalism it will find a more or less adequate expression.

Poe's literary creed has been an accepted tradition with a small class; but it has come down to us almost wholly as a tradition. We had "The Poetic Principle"—a lecture filled with selections for elocutionary display; "The Philosophy of Composition," which no one knew whether to take seriously or not; and a few rambling notes. Yet we are told that Poe was the begetter of the fetish, "Art for Art's sake," and of some other notions taken up and made much of only by the so-called "Decadents"—chiefly French. No volume of Poe's essays apart from his collected works has ever appeared, and no one has attempted to put in order Poe's opinions as expressed in writing by himself.

The fact is, Griswold's volume of "Criticisms" was nothing more than a collection of Poe's most sensational journalistic remarks about other writers whom he either disliked or wrote about for purely journalistic purposes. Poe would not have dreamt of putting it forth as part of his collected works. It was as unjust to his reputation as a critic as Griswold's "Memoir" was unfair to his personal character. The facts in regard to Poe's life are now fairly well known, and they are known to be widely at variance with the statements of Griswold. The facts in

regard to Poe's "Criticisms" have yet to be made known; but when they are known, Griswold's selections will be dropped as completely as his "Memoir" has been, and we shall have instead a volume of the most penetrative and thorough analysis of the fundamental principles of the highest artistic creation that any modern writer of genius has given us; and among the ancients we shall look in vain for the like except in Greek literature.

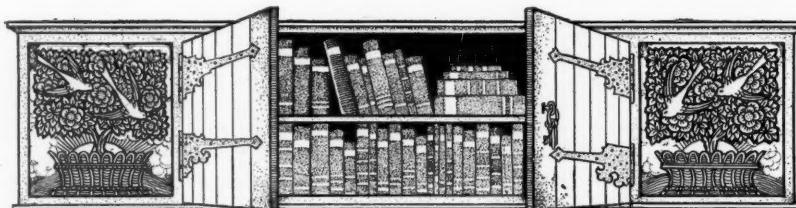
In the first place, thanks are due to Professor Harrison for giving us in the Virginia edition a fair collection of Poe's journalistic writings. Griswold picked out the sensational, the disagreeable and worthless bits. His selections did not by any means represent even the poor average of Poe's pot-boiling efforts. That fair average we find in Professor Harrison's edition; and we have something like a fair range to choose from: we find many excellent things we had never heard of before.

But this is like crude ore. The gold is there, but only an expert could find it among the shale and quartz and clay. Having heard the tradition of Poe's ideas of literary art, I set out for confirmation of them in his critical writings, feeling quite sure that Poe could not have had the guiding principles that he did without giving expression to them in some way when he wrote about men and books.

I found comparatively little that was new in regard to poetry. What Poe says on that subject is interesting, but it is not vital, and other men have spoken better. It is in regard to the powers of prose that we might expect something from Poe, for he was a master of prose who used that medium for the expression of his deepest thoughts and most beautiful conceptions. His conviction of what might be done in prose is even higher than its realization in his own stories.

This conception of fiction as a high and fine art has been elaborated in detail in a series of reviews, and in fragmentary paragraphs scattered through other reviews, which, when presented in a body, form the most detailed, penetrating, and authoritative text-book on the principles of the construction of modern fiction anywhere to be found, even among the admirable writings of this kind in which French literature abounds.

The standards of modern novelists are exceedingly low; the standards of Dickens and Thackeray were not very high—not nearly so high as those of George Eliot; the notions of Balzac, despite the width of his range, do not appeal to English readers. The future of novel-writing is before us, not behind. It is fifty years since Poe died, and yet we are hardly abreast of his conceptions. Perhaps, however, we are now better prepared than ever before to let him lead us.



THE IKON OF ST. DEMETRIUS

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

I



THE village of Laeske was tucked away in a fold of the Balkan hills of northeastern Macedonia. On all sides the brown peaks rolled away like the waves of the sea. They rose abruptly above its rambling streets and the tower of the ancient village church, dwarfed by their sombre majesty. To the few Europeans who visited Laeske—Franks, the people called them—the church appeared tiny and mean, fit shepherd for the squatting, slate-roofed houses which made up the village. But to the villagers themselves, it was the finest building for many miles around—the greatest in the whole district outside of Navarrokop—a town which boasts, besides its barracks, several stately mosques and the governor's palace. Battered and worn by centuries, it was still the same—almost every stone of it. From time to time, a new coat of white paint was devoutly administered by the congregation, and gradually the collection of ikons and holy pictures, the rare bits of tapestry, banners and occasional pieces of plate, grew in size and richness. For the parish descended from father to son, after the occasional fashion of the Eastern church, and the priests of Laeske were men of ability and cunning.

Perhaps the church was most re-

nowned for its collection of relics and ikons. One in particular was renowned above all others. Mohammedan eyes had never seen it; indeed, it had been beheld by few strangers of any race or creed, being esteemed too sacred for general display. In the course of time, the sacred Ikon of St. Demetrius, bestowed upon Laeske hundreds of years before by Stephen Dushan, greatest of the Balkan Tsars, had come to have a powerful and mysterious influence upon the lives of the people of the parish. When aught was wrong, but one remedy was suggested—prayers to St. Demetrius. Or perhaps one might make an offering to the holy picture, in his name. If one were ill, it was only necessary to invoke the banner. If a man from another village wished to bind a man of Laeske to his word, he made him swear by the Ikon of St. Demetrius. Never, since the establishment of the church in which the holy picture was preserved, had the village been ravaged. As a matter of fact, there was no village before the church was built, and the high mountains which hedged it in might have been considered ample protection. Moreover, the men of Laeske were a hardy race, and in the old times the minstrels tell about, when personal valor decided battles, and a score of heroes could defeat hundreds of paynims, their robust courage was a factor to be counted upon.

Still, there was no gainsaying that in modern times the village had been lucky. Time and again, it had es-

Askares—Turkish regular troops, *Bashi-bazouks*—Turkish irregulars. *By*—diminutive term of endearment, like *y* in Tommy, Harry, etc. *Chela*—literally, a band; an insurgent company. *Chetnik*—a bandsman; an insurgent soldier. *Hora*—the Bulgarian national dance. *Hovjee*—literally, hunter. The hovjee battalions are composed of picked men and comprise detachments of mountain artillery, the signal corps, and even bicycle couriers, as well as infantry of the line. Several hovjee battalions are attached to each of the army corps in European Turkey. *Vilayet*—a province. *Voiwode*—a chief.

caped sacking by the bashi-bazouks or askares, when the rest of the district was ravaged with fire and sword at the whim of some pasha. Never had any of its women been carried off to replenish the harem of the governor —never, that is, if they stayed behind the mountain barrier in the valley in which the village lay. Regularly, four times a year, the tax-collector and his escort of askares, with Mausers peacefully slung across their backs, toiled up the narrow sheep-track through the pass from Navarrokop. Regularly, the headmen of the village met him at the priest's house and handed over the full amount of the taxes and a decent sum of backsheesh—just enough to satisfy him and his escort and forestall complaints. Why else, then, should they be safe while others suffered, if it were not for the Ikon of St. Demetrius, reasoned the people of Laeske?

Captain Ashton Hurlburt, formerly of the Scots Greys, now sentenced for his sins to an inspectorship in the International Gendarmerie, with headquarters in the district of Navarrokop, certainly had a different opinion. He could recall more than one occasion when it had taken his active intervention with the Pasha to prevent raiding parties being dispatched to Laeske, on some trumped-up charge, to massacre and rob. He was reasonably sure that if the Gendarmerie had not been established, and he had not been sent to Navarrokop to make believe police the country, Laeske would long since have been but a heap of ashes.

His Greek dragoman, Saul Stanopolous, thus explained the anomalous situation.

"There was a pasha, many years ago, who decreed that one village should always be safe from the raiders until his governorship was over, by which time it should have become fat and wealthy. Then there would be good pickings, and if the blow was struck cleverly, it would be easy to cover, and all the spoils could be kept in his own wallet. But this pasha died, and his successor was

ordered to Africa. Other pashas came and went. Always, they were told by the officials of the man who had gone before, that Laeske was being fattened for them, and that by waiting until the right moment the plum would drop into their mouths.

"It was thus, effendi, that Laeske escaped and the church waxed ever richer. Once, nigh fourscore years ago, a pasha had the askares ready to march, when the order came for his removal. They told his successor of the planned expedition, even as they gave him the head of his rival; but he licked his lips and said wait. For he thought that his day must come, and wished the plum to be full size before he picked it. Hassan Pasha, the much-to-be-exercruted one who stands in the effendi's way, lying ceaselessly, is a man of a different mould, as the effendi knows. And as the effendi also knows, ere this he would have laid Laeske in ashes, had it not been for the effendi's words."

"Have they ever been caught harboring insurgents in Laeske?" questioned Hurlburt.

"No, effendi," said Saul, quickly, "but I have it, on good authority, that it is the greatest nest of chetniks in the district. Save for the greediness of these Turkish swine, they would have been wiped out long ago."

II

On the crest of Vitochka the sun hung like an orange, dropping rays of violet and purple across the roofs of the houses. Krstina Ianoff, the daughter of the priest of Laeske, rested her water-jar on the edge of the fountain before the church and looked up at it, hanging there, seemingly poised on the tips of the fir trees. She was very beautiful —bright and blond — not at all like most Macedonian women. As she stood staring at the mountains, which seemed on fire from peak to peak, she started, and her eyes swept to a far corner of the ridge. A string of tiny black dots was creeping slowly downward. Now and

then, the sunrays sparkled on something bright. It might be the steel of a rifle barrel. She shaded her eyes and peered upward at the dots, striving to make out their identity. A light hand fell upon her arm.

"So you see them, too," said a voice, slightly sneering. She turned to face the man who had spoken. "Yes," he continued, "it is the cheta, and I suppose Nicola will be with them. You seem happy. I had not noticed it before."

He was openly sneering, now.

"You take liberties, Georg," said Krstina, coldly. "And if Nicola is there—is it your business? I did not know you had any love for him—since he threw you at the harvest wrestling-bouts, last fall."

The Greek shopkeeper—who, as a necessity was the only foreigner tolerated by the Bulgars of Laeske—bit his lip. A light leaped into his eyes, and he stepped forward with arms thrown wide; but remembering that they were in the open, he checked himself.

"Do not treat me so," he exclaimed. "You know I adore you, Krstina. I am rich; I can have many flocks. Do not be unkind. For me there is—"

She turned away with a gesture of disgust.

"Do not talk to me like that," she said proudly. "You know I am betrothed to Nicola. Let me forget your words, Georg. You are mad. St. Demetrius have pity on you!"

She walked quietly toward the house beside the church, her father's parsonage. Already, the other people in the village had seen the black dots on the mountain's flanks, and now they ran about preparing for the reception of the chetniks. Georg stepped into the shadow cast by the church wall and his face was not pleasant to see. His hands clenched by his sides, as he glared at the dots on the mountain.

"So," he muttered, with flashing eyes, "she scorns me; and she is betrothed. A curse on the Bulgar dog! May he die an unclean death!"

St. Demetrius, forsooth! do the fools think the good saint bothers himself with such as they?"

He stopped suddenly and a change came over his face. Walking down the street, he hastily entered his own house and sat thinking until long after the chetniks had filed into the streets and scattered themselves among the houses of their friends. The heavy wooden blinds which guarded the loopholes shut in the light of the lamp, and when he crept forth shortly after midnight there was none to see.

Several hours later, a patrol of militiamen visiting the sentry posts strung along the circle of hills, on the trails which seared their flanks, found a shepherd with a knife in his heart and his Martini and cartridge-belt gone. Later still, they found Georg's house empty; and many wondered until Krstina told Nicola the story of her talk with Georg the day before. "Let him go," he laughed lightly. "What can he do? What can anyone do against the Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius?"

And he crossed himself, bowing devoutly towards a certain spot in the church next door, where the Ikon was encased in a huge compartment of dark-grained wood, almost as aged as its own tattered folds.

Nicola Danoff was voivode of the cheta that bore his name, and unlike so many of the Macedonians who have ventured into the world and acquired a little knowledge, he had steered a course far wide of socialistic atheism, keeping straight in the path of his fathers. The Danoff cheta bore the reputation of being the most strictly disciplined band in the vilayet of Seres. His men, too, were religious in a hearty, childlike fashion, and they could not understand such of their comrades as flouted the stories they had been taught, and their fathers had learned before them.

The day after Georg disappeared was Sunday. There was much rejoicing in the village, and in every

house which held its quota of insurgents the midday meal was a feast. It was weeks since the cheta had been in Laeske, where many of the chetniks lived. The younger generation clustered about the hardy, sun-burned fellows, who sat cross-legged in the sun, bristling with bandoliers, revolvers and bayonets, their trusty rifles resting across their knees, and recounted how they had smashed a Turkish reconnoitring party on the southern slopes of the Rhodopes. After the tale-telling, all the able-bodied population adjourned to the green behind the church and danced the horo, arm in arm in a huge circle. Then came supper of tender goats' flesh, eggs, black bread and Turkish coffee.

There were some, strange to say, among the younger men, who were inclined to protest against ignoring the flight of Georg, but their prophecies were laughed to scorn.

"What hurt could he do to us, the Greek dog?" the others exclaimed, laughing at the idea. "Why, there is the Ikon—the Most Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius!"

And they crossed themselves, muttering a brief prayer.

In the evening, Nicola decreed that all the chetniks and their friends should attend high mass, in thanksgiving for their continued safety. The great door of the case of the Most Holy Ikon was opened, and the tattered streamers of the ancient banner waved in the drafts that found vent through the windows. The church was crammed with villagers and in the front rows stood the ranks of chetniks, each man with his rifle and knapsack behind him. Beside Nicola stood Krstina.

"'Tis good to have thee with me, by-Cola," she murmured softly. "God send the day thou dost not have to fight the Turk."

"Ay, Krstina," he answered tenderly; "it is good to be again in the village with thee—and the Most Holy Ikon," he added, as Papa Iancoff chanted a liturgy. "Thou art sure thou hast no affection for this Georg?

Thou hast told me before, but I pray thee, Krstina, say it again. I like not his ways. But he is like a snake; he has no backbone."

"Thou art right," she said, "he was—"

She broke off, and all in the church crossed themselves as the Ikon was elevated and the priest commenced the sacred chant to St. Demetrius. The lofty music boomed through the little church. Three times the people bowed their heads before the Most Holy Ikon and three times it was waved above them. The other banners and pictures that decorated the walls—some of them dingy with dust and years—rustled responsively, and the altar lamp, burning perfumed oil of Palestine, scattered delicate, shifting rays over the handsome chalices and vases of the service.

As the chant was drawing to an end, a shot rang out upon the mountainside above. The *pah* of the rifle, sounding in the church like a blow upon a hollow box, was followed by a succession of dropping shots, first clear and distinct, then merging into one steady roll of volley firing. A distant yelling, prolonged and shrill, like the battle-cry of an army of fiends, punctured the intervals of silence.

The chetniks slung their knapsacks upon their backs and pushed hurriedly through the crowd to the door. High above them, near the crests of the encircling peaks, they could make out darts of flame, showing that the shepherd sentries on the trails were resisting the enemy. With the eye of a veteran, Nicola Danoff scanned the hills for a break in the line of fire. There was none. They were surrounded. The askares were on every side.

He mounted the steps of the church and called for order. The men and women of the village were running about, confused and shouting. In any other village there would have been dry-eyed calmness after the first shot; but the people of Laeske were not used to raids. Following the example of their chief, the chetniks

passed through the crowd, speaking words of cheer.

"They are only bashi-bazouks," they said. "There is no danger, friends. We shall drive them like rose-leaves in September. Is not St. Demetrios with us?"

At that moment the priest emerged from the church, bearing the Holy Ikon.

"He is with us, my children," he called in his trumpet-like voice. "St. Demetrios is with us. St. Demetrios for the men of Laeske!"

"St. Demetrios for the men of Laeske!" cried the people, their drawn faces gleaming dead-white in the moonlight. "Victory over the Turk!"

"Follow me, men of Laeske," cried the voivode, from his place beside the priest. "Many a time we have seen the Turks flee. Let us drive them again. St. Demetrios for the men of Laeske!"

Men shouted the cry crazily, as they hurried to their homes to drag down revolvers and Martinis, an occasional Männlicher such as the chetniks carried, or antique, long-barrelled muzzle-loaders, hidden in the slate roofs or the thatch of outhouses. Plans were quickly formed. While the chetniks made a hasty attack upon a certain portion of the Turkish line, drawing the enemy's strength there, the men of the village, as many as could be spared, with the women and children, were to try and break through over a little-known trail across the valley.

The chetniks started off at a trot. On the lower slopes of the ridge they came into contact with the skirmish line of Turks. There was no doubt about the make-up of the attacking troops, after that. They were not bashi-bazouks, hungry for plunder and rapine, wincing at the sight of cold steel in the hands of men. These fellows were askares, a hoyjée battalion, trained by German drill masters. They met the charge of the chetniks like European troops, spreading out their ranks and opening a smart magazine fire. Veterans of many a

bloody mountain skirmish, the chetniks instinctively appreciated their foes. The headlong charge was changed to a steady driving advance, by short rushes in open order. They fired singly, at will, aiming at the flashes that glimmered opposite them.

Slowly they drove the askares before them. As they advanced, sheltering themselves behind trees and boulders, their progress became more difficult, and the flashes in the night ahead of them more spiteful and more numerous. It was evident that the Turkish commander was drawing in his wings to reinforce the threatened spot. Now and then, in the chetniks' line, a groan answered a flash and a dark figure pitched headlong to the ground.

In the midst of the turmoil, from the other end of the valley came an outburst of cheering. The chetniks cheered, too; for far away they caught the battle-cry of the villagers, "St. Demetrios for the men of Laeske!" The bugler of the cheta sounded the signal for magazine fire, and the insurgents pumped a solid stream of lead up the mountainside. The firing across the valley grew fainter. The cheering had died away.

Up above them, the Turkish bugles broke into clarion peals. The wild yells of the askares became a recognizable volume of sound. "Allah-
Allah - Allah - il - il - il - Allah!" they shouted. The bayonets glinted white in the moonlight as they charged. The chetniks answered with short, fierce cheers. They stood their ground, fighting viciously, and the Turks fell back.

As they retired to the crest of the ridge, a roar pierced the comparative stillness of the rifle-fire, and little blobs of red fire seemed suddenly to hover over and behind the position of the chetniks, tearing holes in the darkness as they exploded. The iron fragments of the shrapnel hailed all around them, dropping down upon men who lay concealed behind stones and in holes in the ground.

"A mountain battery," muttered the voivode.

He whistled the signal to retire, and the chetniks crept silently down the mountain away from the awful hail. With the usual cheerful stolidity of Turks, the artillerymen continued to shell the lower flanks of the ridge until their immediate supply of ammunition was exhausted. While the reserve caissons were being hauled up the rocky trail, a skirmisher discovered that the chetniks had gone.

But they had not gone far. They had not been able to. Even as they stole down the valley toward the village, hoping that the canal opened by the villagers in their escape was still open, the firing across the valley broke out with redoubled violence. Plainly something had gone wrong. They quickened their weary pace and trotted into the square before the little church in time to meet a knot of sweating militiamen. Other knots came up after them. There were men and women and a few children. They sat wherever they could find room and hung their heads in silent despair. Among them was Papa Ianoff. He alone seemed unwearyed by the exertions of the night.

"Some of them got through, by Cola," he panted, wiping his powder-stained hands upon his shaggy beard. "A few—a bare few. Some of the women and the little ones followed the men, but more are lying there," and he pointed up the valley where the rifle-flashes of the askares followed close upon the rear-guard of militiamen.

Nicola's eyes swept over the people in the square. He gazed hungrily, as one who fears what he knows he must see.

"And Krstina?" he said, his voice sunk to a strained whisper—"what of Krstina? She—"

"She is not with us," said her father, gravely.

III

A woman sat on the steps of the high altar and held in her lap the head of a man who groaned dully.

The first pale rays of sunrise streamed through gaping shell holes in the roof. Ranged around the walls were groups of chetniks, lying on bits of carpet and rugs. At intervals lay figures, silent and stiff, covered with rude cloaks. With monotonous regularity sounded the *plunk* of bullets on the stone walls of the church. A cloud of gray smoke and dust hung over the village—a relic of the all-night shelling it had suffered from the Turkish guns.

Nicola and Papa Ianoff sat by the door—or what was left of it. A stack of benches, paving-stones, odds and ends of all descriptions, had been built into a rude barrier. Hope was abandoned. In the desperate house-to-house fighting through the village streets, they had lost half of their men. The remnant had gathered in the little church to fight to the bitter end. They knew too well the quality of Turkish mercy. Grimly eyeing the inevitable, they had retired into their last citadel.

As the sun rose higher, the energy of the Turks increased. They swept the church with a concentrated hail of shrapnel and Mauser bullets. Lying behind their rough barricades, the chetniks fired slowly back, aiming to make every shot count. Their ammunition was running low. Twice before noon, solid columns of askares swept up the streets and stormed the place. Each time they were driven back by a counter-charge, and the streets became writhing alleys of suffering.

In the church the garrison sternly watched its decreasing numbers. Bit by bit, the fire of the askares told. The roof was virtually blown off the edifice. No corner was safe from the shrapnel fire. But the Bulgars die hard, fighting to the end with the bull-dog tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon. Nicola and the priest marched back and forth, encouraging and comforting. Time after time, Ianoff dropped his rifle to shrive some poor fellow, whose glazed eyes sought out the Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius, reposing uninjured in its cabinet.

Nicola's face was set and hard; his jaw looked as though it had been clamped in a vice. Disdaining to shelter himself, he walked upright, leading the chetniks in each desperate counter-charge, as they shouted their battle-cry, "St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!"

At noon came a slight respite. There was nothing to eat in the church, so the chetniks lay down wherever they had been fighting. Nicola stood by the doorway and looked up the street, two feet deep in corpses, under the fiercely beating sun. It was a hot day—a recrudescence of summer. He did not see the street; he did not even notice the corpses. A vision slipped before his eyes—and passed.

As he stood, Papa Iancoff stepped up to him. His hand fell on the younger man's shoulder.

"It is done, voivode," he said, slowly. "Our fight is over. There are but eighteen of us left. The next charge will be the last. Had we not better meet it like men?"

He paused. Nicola's eyes returned from their study of the blue mountains.

"I suppose so," he said wearily. "To think that this is the work of one Greek dog!" His shoulders shook convulsively. "And St. Demetrius—what of St. Demetrius, good father—what of St. Demetrius who was to aid his people of Laeske?" His voice took on a sneering note. "Yes, good papa, what of St. Demetrius who cared so much for us—who would save us if we only believed? Have I believed all my life in a mockery? So it would seem; and our brothers who would tell us there is no God, and ikons are but pictures—they are right."

The priest looked at him solemnly.

"You talk like a boy, Nicola," he said. "The good Lord and our most holy patron, St. Demetrius, have saved us innumerable times. Now our time has come, shall we grumble? As for Krstina, if she be dead, we shall see her. If she be not dead,"—he shuddered slightly,

—"still shall we see her, some day. And let us, at least, my son, beg the good St. Demetrius to give us a good death."

They turned toward the Ikon in its cabinet and as they looked a wonderful thing happened. By some trick of shifting sunbeams, it seemed that a shell, crashing through the gaunt rafters of the roof above, hung poised a fraction of a second before the cabinet, unable to drive on through the folds of the Ikon. Then it exploded on the floor, throwing its fragments all about the cabinet but leaving it untouched. An expression of awe swept over Nicola's face.

"I have seen," he said.

An hour later, the cheta clustered behind the barrier in the doorway watching two regiments of askares forming close column in the streets. The shrapnel shells burst over them so thickly that they could not be counted. Each was like a huge mushroom of white smoke. Already the eighteen had diminished to twelve.

With a screaming of bugles and a chorus of wild yells, the askares started up the two streets at the "double." Behind their barricade, the chetniks waited with dynamite hand-bombs, saved for the last defence. As the columns reached the open space before the church, they leaped to their feet, flung their black bombs through the air and dashed forward, led by Papa Iancoff, bearing the Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius.

"Death to the Turk!" they shouted. "St. Demetrius for the men of Laeske!"

The Turks wavered a minute, for their front ranks were blown to atoms. But the officers stormed through the files, beating men into position with the flats of their swords, and they swept on. There was a sharp rattle of magazine fire, and the whip-like cracks of the chetniks' revolvers. In a moment, however, the defenders were inextricably involved in the mass of Turks. One could trace the progress of the fight only by the Holy Ikon, as it swayed back and forth in harmony with the fortunes of its adherents.

A clatter of hoofs sounded up the street and two figures galloped around a corner, even as the banner swayed unsteadily and, drooping its tattered folds, plunged downward like a tired bird. The Holy Ikon of St. Demetrius of Laeske, after five hundred years, had fallen gloriously on the field of battle.

The askares parted their ranks sullenly before the man in immaculate khaki who galloped almost up to the church portico. No one paid particular attention to the figure that followed—which was strange, for it was a woman, and one does not often see women riding English thoroughbreds in Macedonia. She dropped from her mount beside a little heap that lay upon a tattered remnant of tarnished purple and gold silk.

"Where is the Pasha?" demanded the man fiercely. "Bring him to me, at once."

The aide-de-camp scurried away before the wrath of the young English officer. Hassan Pasha approached suavely. He was really as angry as a Turk could be but it would never do to let this upstart English boy know it. Then, too, Hurlburt, as representative of one of the Great Powers, had influence which was not to be despised.

"What is it, Hurlburt effendi?" he inquired, politely, in French. "Can I do aught for you? What is mine is thine, friend, ay, to the whole of my household."

One glance at the askares thronging the square convinced Hurlburt that he could only escape by a show of iron nerve.

"None of that, Hassan," he replied angrily. "What does this mean—this shambles, this hell, you've made of the village? They shall hear of this in Constantinople, I promise you. Why was I not notified, if a policing expedition had to be sent? This is a violation of the international agreement. If this girl had n't found her way to me, I should not have known till it was over. What is the reason, I say?"

Hassan Pasha elevated his shoulders

politely and spread out his hands with deprecating courtesy.

"Reason, effendi? reason? These people were hiding chetniks. See—" With the toe of his boot he turned over a battered corpse that wore the unmistakable "Death or Freedom" cap of the revolution.

"But why did you need to butcher them, like this?" demanded Hurlburt. "There was no need to wipe the whole village out."

"Ah, that is the stubborn Bulgar temperament, effendi," replied Hassan. "We sent an envoy to them, even as the troops approached the village. Is it not so?" he appealed to his second in command. "We sent word they must surrender, and we would spare them; but they replied that we were Turkish hounds, and that we must drive them out. Is it not so?" he appealed again to the circle of listening officers, who murmured unanimous assent. "My troops have been gentle, like lambs, excellency; but these Bulgars, they are not human," continued Hassan. "What is to be done? It is——"

Hurlburt turned away, impatiently.

"I daresay you've got the yarn all cooked up, Hassan," he flung over his shoulder, with a careless disrespect that was rare to him. "I'm not in the mood for fooling, and I tell you plainly this thing shall be thoroughly investigated."

He walked over to where Krstina sat beside the little heap on the tarnished fragment of silk. He spoke to her kindly. She made no answer. He bent over her. Firmly clutched in her right hand was a small dagger, such as all Macedonian women carry, and its point was in her heart. A look of deadly hatred made her face hideous. Idly, he noted a man with strongly marked Grecian features slinking off behind the church.

"Killed herself, by George!" he said to himself, involuntarily removing his cap. "She was a plucky bit."

He stooped over still farther and fingered the silk fragment beneath the bodies. A piece of it came away.

"The Ikon of St. Demetrius!"



ILLUSTRATED BY LEX DE RENAULT

THE scientific historians are forever assuring us that "history" is mainly fiction. Yet there is some compensation in the knowledge that fiction is largely made up of history. Few of us would be candid enough to admit that our historical learning is chiefly based upon novels. But I am certain there are many persons of wide acquirements whose acquaintance with the Wars of the Roses was made through the kind introduction of Bulwer Lytton, and who owe to Scott their first meeting, on anything like intimate terms, with Louis XI and Philippe de Comines. For myself, I cannot remember that, until I had read "Les Chouans," I ever distinguished between the rebellion in La Vendée and its offspring on the northern side of the Loire. It was a few years after the destruction of the Vendéan cause at Savenay, on the Breton bank, that the events occurred in eastern Brittany which are so vividly recalled in "Les Chouans," the first work published under the author's own name. Balzac indicates at the outset that the romantic incidents on which the plot is based, and which are spread over many days in the novel, occupied less time than it took him to describe them. But, he also goes on to say: "Apart from this poetical misrepresentation of history, all the events of the story, even the least important, are entirely historical; as to the descriptions, they are of a minute exactitude." While I cannot answer for the fidelity to fact of all the events, yet so far as I have tested Balzac's

"fiction" in the light of history, he comes exceedingly well out of the trial; as for his boast of minute accuracy in his descriptive pages, I can, after a recent tour through the district in which his plot is laid, bear direct witness to the honesty of his assurances.

What is the tragedy that Balzac has drawn from the history of the Revolution, and placed again amid these pleasant old-world scenes? It is of a kind that was not uncommon in the days when espionage was the principal resource of the French police, as it is of the Russian police in our own time. At the close of the summer of 1799, the Marquis de Montauran—I give the principal personages of the tragedy their Balzacian names,—a young officer as much distinguished for his good looks as for his courage and force of character, was chosen by the exiled Bourbon, the future Louis XVIII, to lead the cause of the monarchy in Brittany and Normandy. So great was his personal charm, and so keen were the people of the West to make one more effort in the cause which their priests declared to be the only hope for the French both in this world and the next, that the Jacobin government became seriously alarmed, and Fouché, who believed he could do more by intrigue and espionage than any general could do by strategy, brought about the destruction of Montauran in a manner as unexpected at the outset by the Minister as by his agent. That agent was the lovely and accomplished Marie de Verneuil, the natural, but "recog-



THE MARQUIS DE MONTAURAN'S MISTRESS EXPOSES MARIE DE VERNEUIL AS A REVOLUTIONARY SPY

nized," child of a great nobleman, shortly after whose death she had been left to her own resources. Her beauty and wit together had provided her with the means of shining at the court of Louis XVI in its last flutter of gaiety. After various adventures she became a person of considerable consequence in political circles as the mistress of Danton, something of whose audacity she herself acquired, though she was in no

ways a virago, and had none of the frantic abandon of her beautiful contemporary, Therouigne de Mirecourt. It was this fascinating "relict" of Danton who, four years after that dauntless patriot had paid the price of his terrible honesty, Fouché, himself a Breton, chose as the Venus that was to entrap the Mars of the Breton insurgents. It is at this point that Balzac opens his romantic study of plot and passion.

The girl who is Fouché's spy is no mere exquisite animal. She is a creature of impulse, perhaps, brought into degrading situations only by the cruelty of circumstances. She speedily marks down the game that, with the crafty police agent Corentin as her associate, she has been sent into the West to entrap. And having attracted Montauran's admiration

by her charms of person and of conversation, she comes near to ruining her own work by falling in love with her prey. He, enlightened by the wit of a jealous woman, discovers Marie's perfidious mission and leaves her to her doom as the booty of a wild Breton peasant. It is a great scene wherein the furious mistress of Montauran, having torn from Marie de Verneuil's bosom the paper that proves her odious employment, gloats

over the shame of the unhappy girl who has dared to come between her lover and herself. Awful was the result of the discovery of Marie's perfidy. Her escort of republican soldiers—"bleus," as the people called them then and now—resting unsuspectingly in the courtyard were massacred by the ferocious Chouans whilst the officers were at table with Montauran and his friends.

Love and the desire for vengeance do not struggle for the mastery in Marie's heart. They unite as one passion. Seizing a sword, she tries to kill Montauran, but he drags her to the door, whilst the dreadful peasant to whom she has been given comes to his assistance. She scarcely feels the grip of the boor on her arm—only the burning hand of the man she loves and hates. The courtyard is strewn with the desecrated bodies of the soldiers he had promised to treat as friends. Shivering at the sight, she cries—"Your word of honor! Ah! ah! ah!" After that frightful laugh, she adds, "La belle journée!" "Oui, belle," answers Montauran, "et sans lendemain." The phrase is the keynote of the book.

All the worst passions of mankind are represented in the scene at that remote manor. Fury, bloodthirstiness, lust, cupidity, jealousy, one woman throwing another as loot to brutal men who have just butchered their master's guests and plundered their bodies before the life was out of them—all that war at its worst may mean, save only food-hunger, is there.

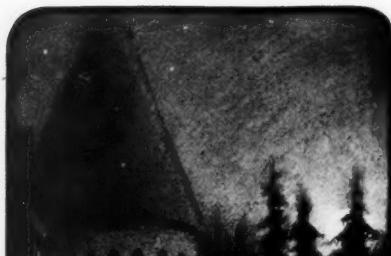
Marie escapes, through the good offices of a devoted woman whose influence over a Chouan insurgent is strong enough to overcome his savage instincts.

In no passage of his entralling romance does Balzac more deeply probe the heart of Brittany than that wherein he describes the blessing of Chouan arms by Catholic priests at an altar whereon, untold ages before, Druids had offered up sacrifices to the gods of their forests. The Breton peasant at the present day

offers us this superficial paradox, that while he reverences the emblems and shares with enthusiasm in the services of the village church, he would find himself quite at home in a forest festival in ancient Bœotia.

Guided by a Chouan, and mounted on donkeys, Marie and Francine, her foster-sister, set out for the little town of Saint James, where Montauran was to give a ball at which, under promise of protection from a rebel officer whose life she had saved, Marie was determined to be present. On the way, their guide, in spite of Marie's protests, led them off the road along a forest path to where, in a natural amphitheatre of massive rocks, the sanction of the Christian religion was being given by the priests to the guerrilla warfare of the Chouans. In the midst of the amphitheatre was a Druidical altar, by which stood the three priests, amid a hundred or more peasants who, bareheaded, prayed fervently while the Mass was intoned. Hidden behind a rock, Marie could watch the ceremony that followed. The chief of the three priests preached a brief but highly effective sermon, urging the congregation to fight to the death against that republic of damned souls which "ate the money of the people as it drank their blood," which had "sold the property of God and of the landed proprietors at auction." Paradise would be shut against him who refused to fight for the cause of God and the King. It was for the safety of their own souls that they would risk their lives.

Saint Anne of Auray herself, the patron of Brittany, had appeared to him two days before, and had instructed him to refuse absolution to those who would not fight, and to bless the guns of those who would take up the cause, so that they would never fail to kill their enemies. "Listen to me well, Christian people," he cried in terminating his sermon, "for to-day only have I and my brother priests the power to bless your weapons. Those who fail to profit by this favor will never again

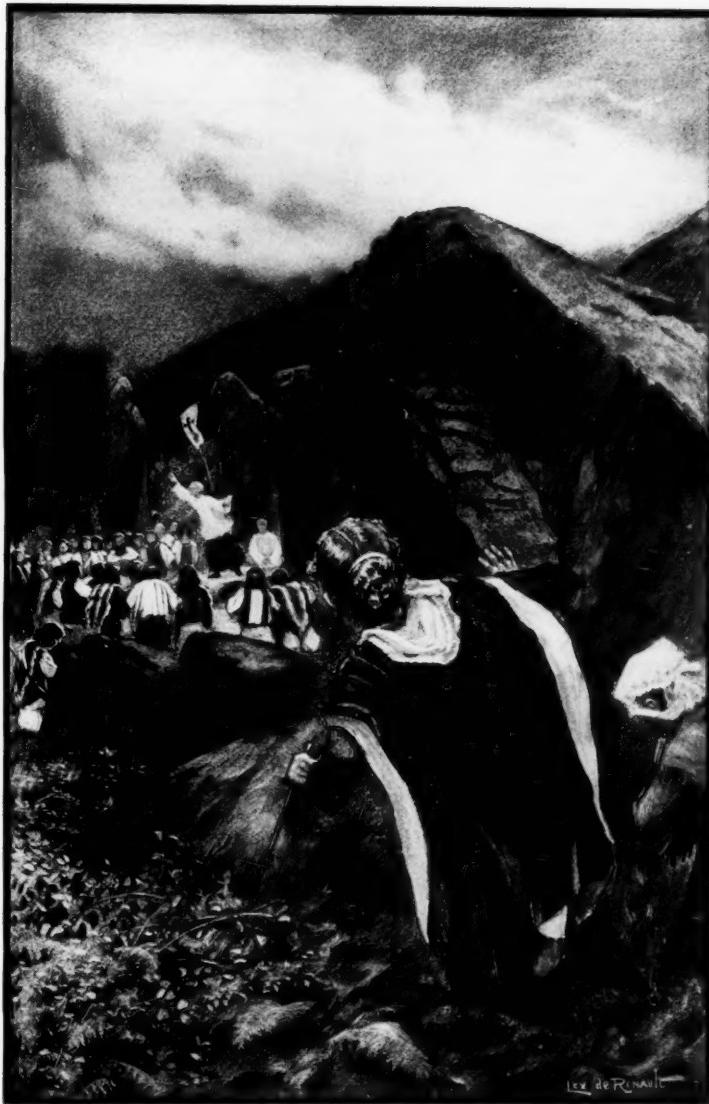


find Saint Anne as well disposed, and she will listen to your prayers no more."

The effect of this appeal to the temporal and eternal interests of the superstitious peasants was certain in advance. They came forward, handing their guns to the preacher, who placed them upon the altar. Then, when the pile was complete,



MASSACRE OF THE BLEUS BY THE CHOUANS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MARQUIS DE MONTAURAN



MARIE DE VERNEUIL OBSERVES THE BLESSING OF THE CHOUANS' MUSKETS

the "Veni Creator" was chanted, whilst the celebrant enveloped these instruments of death in a cloud of incense. When the breeze had cleared the air of the bluish fumes from the censer, each Chouan, kneeling, received again his own musket, the priest

reciting a Latin prayer as he gave it. When all the armed men had returned to their places in the circle, the whole assembly, led by the chief priest, sang with thunderous energy of voice the psalm, "Domine, salvum fac regem."

Last scene of all, and most romantic in this tale of love and perfidy, is the marriage of Marie and Montauran, speedily followed by their death. The girl, conquered by her love, has forsaken the work entrusted to her by Fouché, and has decided to throw in her lot with the Marquis. She arranges, through friendly agents, that he shall come in the evening to her house on the walls of Fougères, that they shall be married in secret by a convenient priest, and escape as they best can from the town, which is in the occupation of the Republican troops. Her fellow spy, Corentin, who for years has wanted her for himself, suspects something of her intentions, and forges a letter purporting to have been written by Montauran to his mistress, Madame de Gua, jeering at Marie's infatuation. The girl assumes the genuineness of this letter, which is handed to her by the military officer to whom it has been brought as one taken from a captured Chouan. In her fury of love deceived, she determines to deliver Montauran to the Republican commander after one night of marriage. The Marquis comes and the perfidy of Corentin is discovered. The marriage rite is performed, the marriage supper eaten.

An hour before dawn, when the bride awakes, she rouses her companion and tells him, as they tenderly caress one another, that she has betrayed him to his death, since, believing him faithless and cruel, she had arranged with the military, before his coming, that he should never return alive, and she knows well that Corentin will not let pass this chance of destroying a rival. There is but one hope of safety for Montauran—that he may escape by a ladder into the valley below the wall on which the house was built. At the very moment when the soldiers move forward, Montauran, in the dress of a peasant, passes through a loophole, and, as he places his foot on the ladder he looks up and sees Marie, wearing his uniform, hoping

to draw the fire of the soldiers if the fugitives are seen, and thus save her husband's life. Both, however



MONTAURAN AND MARIE SHOT IN ATTEMPTING
TO ESCAPE AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

are to die. As they descend the ladder they are fired upon from the promenade at the top of the slope and from the bottom of the valley. Still living, but with their life-blood ebbing fast, they are placed side by side on a camp-bed in the guard-house, where, holding one another's hands, they died.

Such, in a few words, is the tragic dénouement of the romantic story of the beautiful spy and the man whom, coming to betray, she ended by loving, yet betrayed to his death in the hour of love.

If the tragedy of Marie de Verneuil and Alphonse de Montauran is romantic and dramatic, that of Pierre Cambremer, who threw his only son into the sea, is appalling. Whether Balzac invented it, or whether there was in his days a tradition of some such horror on the west coast, I do not know. Probably he based it on some vague legend, and placed it in a spot which he knew well, and which to-day, save for the improved condition of the roads, is admirably described in his pages. The force of the story lies in its pitiful tragedy of wrong-headed integrity. Pierre and Jacquette, prosperous fisherfolk, had but one child, a son whom they spoiled by misguided affection. At fifteen Jacques—so the “enfant gâté” was named—was a young blackguard, notorious throughout the neighborhood. Nothing he did seemed wrong to his doting parents. “Your son has nearly killed a child at Batz,” some one would say to Pierre Cambremer. “Bah, he will make a fine sailor. He will be an Admiral some day,” would be the father’s retort. Or another would say: “Cambremer, do you know your Jacques has blackened the eye of Marie Pougaud?” “Ah, has he? He will love the girls.” So things went on, Jacques continually draining his mother’s purse, and confiding in his father’s condonation, till, one day, Pierre heard that the boy was in the lock-up at Nantes for some scandalous affray. Then at last the father’s eyes were opened. “If you don’t behave your-

self properly, and work here with me for the next two years, I shall take strong measures with you,” said Pierre. Jacques, still incredulous as to his father’s firmness, “made a face,” and Pierre gave him a blow which sent him to bed for six months. It was a drastic warning, but was of no use. When he was about again, Jacques one night tried to find some money hidden in his mother’s mattress and, when she awoke, stabbed her in the arm. He was not seen, and his father at first did not suspect him as the assailant. Next time Jacques was more successful in his search, and stole a gold piece of his mother’s. It was an old Spanish coin, and Pierre discovered, beyond doubt, that his boy had changed it in a billiard room at Le Croisic, the little port where the sardine boats discharge their fish. Pierre gave the boy the opportunity of admitting his crime. Jacques, though his mother implored him not to run so awful a risk of perdition, swore, by his life eternal, that he was innocent. The father sent for a priest to hear the son’s confession. Jacques, believing he was safe so long as he did not confess, held his tongue. Pierre pretended that, for the time, he would let the boy off. Then, whilst Jacques was asleep, his father bound his hands and feet, and gagged him. Awakened by the gag, he struggled in vain. Pierre carried him to a boat, in spite of the mother’s despairing cries for mercy for their only child, rowed him out into deep water, tied a stone to his feet, and threw him overboard.

The poor mother died of the awful shock she received; the father was a broken man. No one could prove his infanticide. He went many miles away and confessed to a priest, who gave him absolution on the condition that he told the truth to a magistrate. The magistrate, apparently, agreed to leave him untouched by the law if he carried out his own punishment, and Pierre swore, and kept his oath, that he would pass the rest of his days on a rock within sight of the spot where he had drowned his son.

There, within hail of the shore, but speaking to none, not even to his little niece who brought him bread and water every morning, and whom he only kissed on Sundays, we may still find him—in imagination.

I passed the place a few months ago, and gazed at the rock where tradition or fiction had placed the unhappy Cambremer. The scene rose vividly before my eyes,—at first of the tragedy beyond in the Atlantic waters, and then of the atonement on that lonely promontory. As I looked out to sea, the sardine fleet, two hundred and more of luggers,

with their sails of brown, and yellow, and gray, and blue, came up from the offing, making before a south-easterly breeze for the little port. Behind me on the salt marshes where the Cambremers' cottage had stood, the "paludiers," as the workers are there called, were raking the salt into conical heaps. All in sight, save for the smoke of a distant train, was as Balzac describes it.

Balzac has placed some few other scenes in Brittany, but none so dramatic as those of Marie de Verneuil's love story and Pierre Cambremer's crime and penance.



PIERRE CAMBREMER ETERNALLY WATCHING THE SPOT WHERE HE DROWNED HIS SON

AMERICANS IN THE MAKING

NEW ENGLAND'S METHOD OF ASSIMILATING THE ALIEN

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY



We hear much about the Southern problem; but how about the Northern problem? For there is a Northern problem, and one that concerns the whole country, not merely a single section of it. The people of the South are trying to decide the future of the negro, how the nine million or so that the census-taker has counted between the Potomac

and the Rio Grande can live peacefully with white folk and become good citizens. Dr. Booker Washington and others of his race are working with the leaders of thought among the whites to reach a solution. The South is a great territory, a territory vital to our progress and prosperity, so the negro question interests all America deeply. But it is insignificant compared with what is to be the future of the American people themselves, whether they are to be Americans—or something else.

When the subject of immigration comes into mind, the thought turns at once to that great human tide that has been entering our Atlantic gateways. So much of it has been flowing westward, that we usually associate the older West and Northwest as the localities where it finally ebbs away. Years ago the possibility was pointed out by writers and speakers of new Swedens, new Norways, new Hollands and little Hungaries in the territory around the upper Mississippi and on the prairies of Nebraska and the Dakotas. Following kinsfolk and acquaintance who had already gone thither, these races have been coming by the thousands and tens of thousands until there are counties thickly settled where one may go a score of miles and never hear a word of English, where the family Bible, if the household has one, is printed in some type of the Old Country, where the first words issuing from the lips of the child are "Mutter" and "Fader." Many are the towns and rural neighborhoods where the holidays are those observed in Europe's North Country and where as yet the meaning of Independence Day is doubtful or unknown.

Through the gateways facing the Orient have passed so many human cargoes that the people of the Pacific coast have their problem; for in town and country the "little brown man" has become so numerous and so active that he is performing most of the work in California's fields, orchards and gardens. In the cities one sees him among the tradesmen, even the bankers. Fear that the States beyond the Rockies may be Asiaticized has become national.

All this is not news to us, and perhaps we have heard and read so much of the danger of the Central West and the Northwest and the Pacific States becoming "foreign" that we fail to realize how far-reaching is this menace to American institutions. Then, to the Eastern man it is a region with which he is not closely in touch. Despite the work of the railroad-builder and the fact

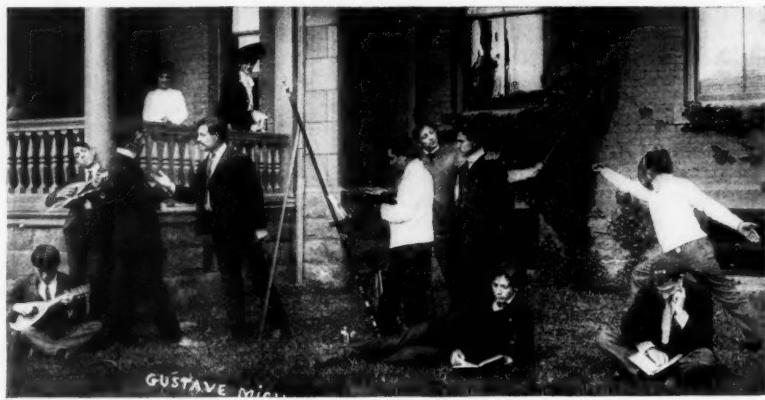
that he can reach it in hours where but yesterday the journey was as many days, nature has placed a sharp dividing line on its border. The Appalachian mountain chain not only makes a separation in geography, but to a certain extent in manners and customs—in short, in the mode of living; and what is of much import to the people of the newer States is often of less import to those of the original commonwealths. So the immigration problem has been given most thought in connection with the country beyond the mountains and in our greater cities.

But it will have to be solved in the region which forms the main source of Americanism; for New England itself is being changed—and changed rapidly—in the character of its people and in its customs.

This statement is so sweeping that it may come as a surprise—as a shock—to the mass of the American people, but facts and figures prove its truth, and none know it better than the Yankees of to-day, who have already taken up the work of driving back this threat to their very existence.

"The Yankee is fading from his ancestral land." Such was the sentence recently uttered by one of New England's leaders in an address upon the peril which threatens his home. Impossible? Note the sort of humanity that makes up most of its population even to-day. Note the number of children born yearly of American parentage, the number born of foreign parentage, and the number of foreigners yearly settling on Puritan soil. You will find the saying far from imaginary, but based upon cold, hard facts.

To the student of human movements in the United States, here is one of its most interesting regions; for while many of its inhabitants have answered the call to the Westward, from the East and North have come a far greater number than those whose former homes have caused the "abandoned farms" of New England to give it too much notoriety. How many packed up their belongings



ITALIANS AT SPRINGFIELD ILLUSTRATING THEIR VARIOUS STUDIES

and journeyed into "York State" and the valley of the Ohio before the days of the steel highway cannot be told, but they were not a few. With the coming of the railroad they pushed on farther and leavened the Central West with Yankeeism. And their influence did not stop here; for when the world heard for the first time of the resources of the Pacific Northwest and the great Inland Empire between the Cascade and the Rocky Mountains, among the pioneer home- and fortune-seekers who crossed the great plains and went through the passes of the Rockies were a few of the men, now gray-haired or white, who had been born perhaps in the shadow of the Green Mountains or in the Pine Tree State; and with them journeyed many sons of the Yankee pioneers in the West; so that the inhabitants of the Inland Empire are among the purest of American blood—sons and grandsons of natives of the East. Though civilization began its work in this part of America only after the Civil War, and when such States as Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas were old to the white man, it is to-day one of the most advanced and progressive—in the main an illustration of New England ability and determination.

Such was one of the great tidal waves. Perhaps it would have ebbed away in the States immediately East and West of the Mississippi River, perhaps New Englandism would to-day prevail in them far more than it does, were it not that the hordes of Europeans, who were carried into this section as fast as they were unloaded from the immigrant ships, caused many of the original settlers to become dissatisfied. There is no doubt that their remarkable migration to the other side of the Great Divide was in part due to the influx of the foreign element which, with its strange language and customs, has made the Central West one of the most cosmopolitan portions of America. At that time and until recent years the country of the Connecticut and the Penobscot, the country of Mount Washington and Mount Katahdin, except the large manufacturing centres, apparently had little attraction for the foreigner; but it was easy of access and the opportunity of getting a few deserted acres for little or nothing finally lured settlers not only from the Old World, but from the New as well.

It is a curious fact that while the American invasion of Canada has done much to populate its desolate Northwest and to convert it into a

vast wheat-field, the Canadian has been invading New England—not a difficult matter, for it has no chain of lakes as a barrier. Especially has it tempted Alphonse and François from that part of New France which we know as Quebec. In such hordes have they crossed the border into the South country that to-day there are over 600,000 French-Canadians scattered all the way from the lumber camps of the Aroostook to the knitting mills of Connecticut. But this is only one of the alien elements in the land. Not merely in the cities, but in the rural districts, are they present in numbers. In the Connecticut valley you frequently see hamlets comprising perhaps a half-dozen families of Bohemians or Hungarians, each getting a livelihood from little fruit and vegetable patches. Two or three families of them crowd into the farmhouse deserted by its former owner. Not only are the Canadians numerous among the farmers and gardeners, but the Italians and Poles have come by thousands. There are even Greeks, Portuguese and Ar-

menians among those who turn up the New England soil for a subsistence.

This soil, on which trod Endicott and Roger Williams, might be called a foreign land, for Eastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island are crowded with aliens. The spindles that clatter in the mills of Fall River and Pawtucket are guided by Portuguese and Canadians. The thread is woven into silk by New England looms, but native eyes do not watch the warp and weft. From Europe and Canada have come most of the army of skilled toilers. They furnish the human power to actuate New England's industry. Even up in Vermont's mountains, men of sixteen races work side by side in digging out the marble heart of the hills and preparing it for commercial use. In short, there is no sphere of activity from the St. John's to the Hudson River in which the foreigner is not found.

Is the Yankee fading from his ancestral land? Let us see what the figures tell. Of the inhabitants of Massachusetts to-day, over sixty per



STUDENTS OF FIVE RACES IN THEIR NATIVE COSTUMES



ARMENIANS AT A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL

cent were born of parents who were not natives of the United States. In Rhode Island the proportion is nearly seventy per cent; in Connecticut, sixty per cent; New Hampshire, nearly forty-five per cent; Vermont, forty per cent; in Maine, owing to its sparse settlement, the percentage is only thirty. Over thirty per cent of the people of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were born in a strange land. Of the residents of Fall River, Holyoke and Lawrence, over eighty per cent were born of foreign parents. The percentage for Boston is seventy-five; while in every important town outside of Maine it is at least sixty-five per cent.

In the early days of immigration to the United States, it may be needless to say, most of the home-seekers were from Northern Europe; but the majority of those who have recently crossed the ocean into the Eastern States are a part of the more recent movement from Southern Europe. They have no apprehension of that view of man which is the organizing principle of American life, and having never enjoyed true political freedom, they misunder-

stand the nature of civil liberty and are unqualified for its responsibilities. They come to better their condition, but to a great extent they bring and establish here their own conditions. Their movement is organized along racial lines. They settle by themselves in compact communities; they set up their own type of home, retain their old standard of living and adhere to their own institutions of religion, which they conduct in a foreign tongue and spirit, perpetuating a low order of life, obstructive to progress and at variance with the genius of American institutions. Customarily subject to monarchical authority in political and ecclesiastical affairs, they fail to understand liberty and become readily the dupe of the demagogue, whether he be a ward politician, a socialist, an anarchist, a labor-agitator or a walking-delegate.

But they are in the land of the Puritan to stay, for here they are prospering, and as long as they are prospering they will remain. When even the man who digs the street ditch can get five times the couple of francs or single florin which

satisfied him for his labor in Europe, he is not apt to change his home site in the New World. And they are increasing as rapidly as the original human stock of New England is decreasing. The student of vital statistics has examined the public records of the principal cities. This is what he has found: twenty thousand children yearly born to parents who came into being on other than American soil—children who speak Portuguese or Italian or the *patois* of the Lower Provinces of Canada before they learn even their A B C. We have already referred to the settlement of the Middle West and Northwest by the colonization of folk who have come over the ocean to join kinsmen and friends who preceded them. Naturally, the foreign movement into New England has been somewhat similar. The ditch-digger, the truck-farmer, the spinner, the weaver, have spread over the sea the news of what seems to them a golden land. Thus tempted, thousands of others have been coming westward until the last year found fifty thousand additions to New England's alien residents, not counting those who first saw the light in the land of the Yankee.

Curious but true is it that the people who first possessed that land are passing away in much greater numbers than those of the children born to them. There is sorrow in the knowledge that in the States from the St. John's to the Hudson the yearly deaths of those who are native-born exceed the native birth-rate by fully ten thousand. Yet a large proportion of our wonderful increase in population between 1790 and 1830—from four million to thirteen million souls—should be credited to the motherhood of New England, for during that period, immigration from Europe, from even Great Britain itself, was so small as to be insignificant.

To what extent, if any, foreign influence has caused this remarkable decrease in the native birth-rate is a subject on which a whole article

might be written. One fact, however, stands out clearly: People of other bloods are far more numerous in this fountain-head of American ideas than the Americans. The question that arises is, What can be done to keep the New Englanders from becoming a memory—a people who have been able to maintain their type and traditions as we have known them since the landing of the Pilgrims? At once there come to mind the many and varied institutions which have given this region its standard of culture. But a study of their student bodies shows that the numerous colleges do not reach the foreign element to any great extent. The Canadian-French have been residents of New England for many years, but its twenty-one colleges have few of them as students. Neither have the fifty-odd American colleges in the North Atlantic division of States any practical association with the Italians or other Southern and Eastern Europeans. This is not strange, for the American college is the product of a certain social order; it embodies a certain conception of a man as to his worth and possibilities, and it addresses itself and is adjusted to that social order, and endeavors to realize its conception of man. By centuries of discipline, or lack of it, these incoming races have no use for such institutions. They are indifferent to education. In short, they are not attracted to the American institutions as are the descendants of the North Europeans. Obviously the public schools claim a considerable number of the children, but investigation shows that they have captured only a portion of those who are of school age.

But neither New England nor the other States can afford to wait the years required for the school-children to grow up and become good Americans. Something must be done with the men and women, and done quickly. So an institution has come into existence which is intended to Americanize the adult foreigner by teaching him the things which will

give him at least an idea of the country he has adopted for his home, what it stands for, what it means to be an American citizen and why he should be an American patriot. To cram this knowledge into the head of a human being who perhaps cannot say "yes" or "no" in the English language, might seem a task of years, but much depends on the method pursued.

Already a number of Massachusetts cities contain night-schools, so-called, attended only by adults, where instruction is given in the three R's as well as in the A B C's, and the one-syllabled words that the child learns when it reads its first sentence. A visit to one of these schools affords a unique experience. Men and women in whose hair the gray has already begun to appear are struggling over the pages of the First Reader, or slowly scrawling such words as "dog" and "cat" on the blackboard or in their copybooks. To a more advanced class the teacher is explaining the meaning of "America," after they have recited the hymn in unison, or sung it perhaps in a half-dozen different keys. It is easy to associate the patriotic with history, so this is an essential branch in all of the schools; and an encouraging fact in connection with the movement is the interest in the study which all manifest.

This movement though of recent origin, has already been productive of such results that the number of schools is being increased and the idea promises to find favor throughout New England. Another plan, which may be far more effective, however, is "the character factory," as it has been termed, in which young men and young women are trained to become apostles of Americanism among those of their own blood. A brief description of one of these character factories in the city of Worcester will most clearly explain the plan. Originally intended for the education of French-Canadians, the scope of its work has broadened from necessity until the attendance

from year to year now includes a dozen nationalities. The student body of the French-American College numbers about one hundred and twenty-five, but on its rolls are Canadians, Italians, Portuguese, Poles, Syrians, Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks and Russians.

It is strictly a college in the American sense, with a four-year course of study and the power to confer degrees. It has an academic department of such a standard that students graduating from it may enter other halls of learning if they desire, without conditions; but the majority complete their education within its walls. While the usual English branches, Latin, Greek, mathematics—the sciences and philosophical studies are pursued,—the English language is a specialty. From the time the student signs the roll until he gets his graduating parchment, the importance of English is pressed upon him till he speaks and reads it fluently and accepts its importance as the mother-tongue of his adopted country. And he never leaves the classroom without receiving a lesson in patriotism—it may be in a chapter of history in which the instructor impresses upon him the personality of some hero or the significance of some event in the making of the republic. The prayer which opens the school session contains an allusion to patriotism. Passages from lives of eminent Americans are read by the teacher or members of the class. Anniversaries such as the Fourth of July and the birthdays of Washington, Lincoln and Grant are observed at the college by ceremonies often far more impressive than may be witnessed in other institutions. Flag processions and the singing of national songs are varied with essays and orations in which the speakers dilate on the virtues of a man perhaps unknown to them until they passed within these walls.

But the hundred and odd members of the student body are also members of one family. During the four years they become a part of a household

which as far as possible is patterned after the typical New England home. They become accustomed to opening the day with religious exercises. The young women assist in the preparation of the meals and the care of the buildings, and thus are taught the vocation of the American housewife, while the male students engage in gardening and do other work about the premises, by which they partly pay for their living expenses. During recreation hours both sexes enjoy the amusements which are popular with young Americans, the members of the faculty mingling with them and enthusiastically taking part in the pastimes.

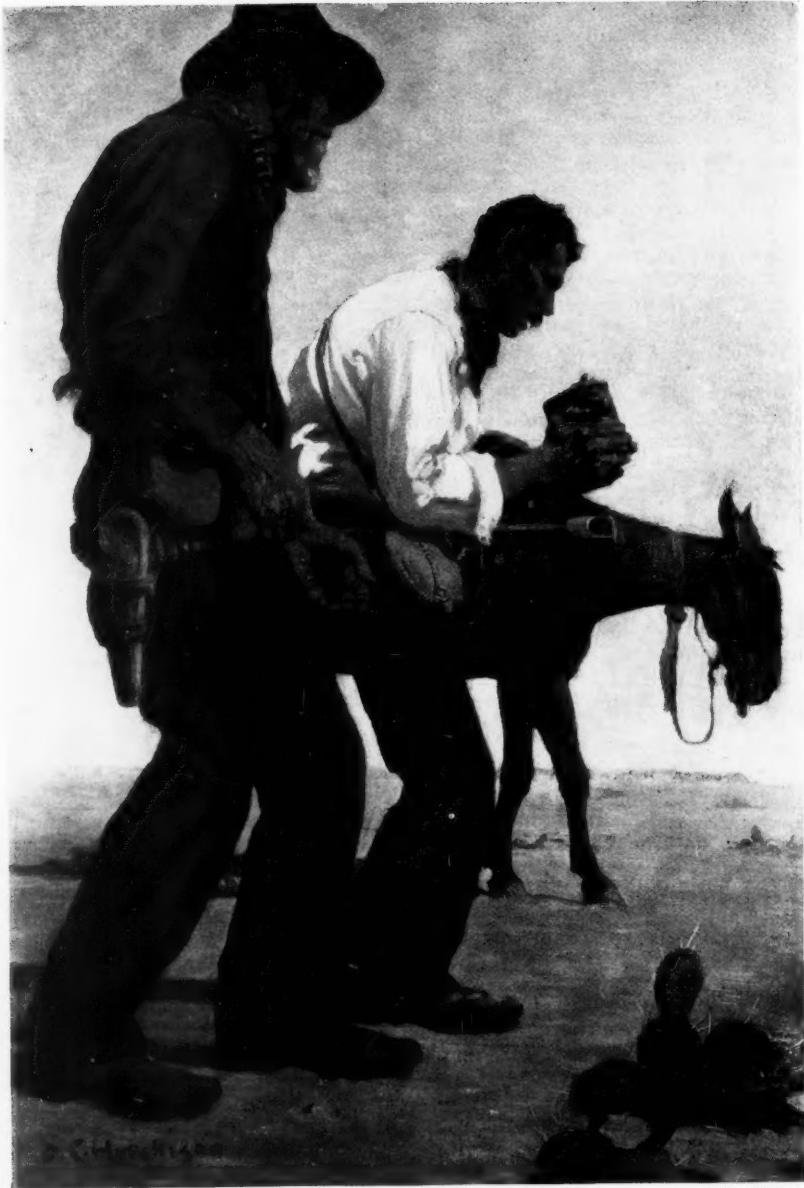
Such is the machinery of this character factory. Though it has been in operation but a few years, the number of men and women whom it has been moulding after an American pattern are large enough to enable one to judge of its success or failure. Time has shown that the majority

of those who have gone from it to return to the corner of the country from which they came, have had American ideas so impressed upon them that each has become an example in citizenship to be imitated by his people. Following up the lives of the graduates, it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that already they have acted as a leaven among those of their own blood. Here is a thought of interest to the whole country. If education of this sort will avert the passing of New Englandism from its birthplace, will it not be equally successful in solving the foreign problem in the heart of America and beyond—in effacing from the map the new Sweden, the new Norway, the new Holland and the little Hungary?

What the Yankee is doing to preserve his identity may well be studied by all who believe the United States should remain the United States.



A FOOTBALL TEAM OF SIX NATIONALITIES



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

(See page 471)

"TAKE THAT,—DRINK," HE SAID

WHEN THIRST HELD SWAY

By KEENE ABBOTT

ILLUSTRATION BY D. C. HUTCHISON



T was after the skull habit had developed in Bob that he had his terrible experience.

As a member of the *Herald* staff his work was to

handle the market reports and the correspondence from out in the State; "grape-vine editor," we called him. He drew his salary for that, but he drew his joy from the occupation of tramping about the country in search of records of the past. His leisure hours were spent in digging up old bones and aboriginal relics; he took great pride in his archæological investigations, and it was worth much to hear him discourse learnedly on a pocketful of rocks: stone implements, he explained to us, used by the ancestors of the American Indian in high antiquity.

To know Bob was an exhilaration, for in a man of over fifty years never was such robust youthfulness. He was all zeal and exuberance and boy-like enthusiasm, and was seldom without a hobby. Formerly it was the painting of landscapes; now it was digging. Some of his canvases, be it said on competent authority, were worthy of a place on the line in the best exhibits; but none of his pictures, so far as I know, were ever hung, because he was always dissatisfied with his work, was always going to do something that would surprise them, those people back East. With his bones he fared better. One of his discoveries had indeed compelled attention from the

world of science. It was examined by scholars and expert anatomists, and in collaboration with university professors Bob wrote an article about it which was published in one of the leading periodicals.

After that his interest in bones was greatly augmented. With pick and spade, for twenty miles around, he unearthed many skulls; in old Indian graves he found queer bits of pottery, fragile shells carved into strange, crude shapes, spear-points and arrow-heads, flint knives for the scraping of hides, and innumerable other trinkets which he was forever carrying about with him and the use of which he never tired of explaining. It was the hope of those of us who liked him best that he would again take up his brushes and palette; and that he did not return to his first love, his colors and sketch-book, was largely due to the fact that people kept writing to him about new fields to explore. Then, one day, came a letter advising him to visit the Bad Lands, a region of sand and desolation which lies at the border of northwestern Nebraska.

This at once settled for him the question of where to spend his summer's leave of absence. In selecting a companion, his choice fell upon Moore, the police reporter with a consumptive cough. What he needed, Bob declared, was to live out of doors. Even two weeks spent in dry, clean air might accomplish no end of good for him. So the expedition was organized. Early in August the two men left the newspaper office, and before the second week

of that month they began to penetrate the sun-scorched wilderness in search of more bones, more stone implements, more skulls and more relics for Bob to store away in his dusty little studio.

On the first night of their excursion the men camped at the edge of the Bad Lands, and early the next morning, with a fresh supply of water, they fared forth into the hills.

"See the color of our shadows," said Bob, and behind the big lenses of his spectacles he half closed his eyes, the better to examine the elongated caricature of his body upon the sand. "Purple, that's what it is—black-purple."

Moore chuckled reminiscently, for he recalled how Bob had once afforded great amusement to the office by a color-reeking description of a winter morning in which he had spoken of "blue and violet hollows in the snow."

"Hanged if I can see anything purple about those shadows," the police reporter declared; and then followed a friendly wrangle, while the gaunt silhouettes, side by side, went bobbing along in time to the easy stride of the men. The distorted shape of the pack-mule, as outlined upon the sand, looked somewhat like a camel, with the swollen load to form his hump.

"Notice another thing," said Bob. "You don't often see shadow so sharply defined. Edges as clean-cut as if they had been clipped out of carbon paper."

"Notice another thing," Moore rejoined. "This white-hot morning is awful on a fellow's back."

Hurriedly stripping off his coat, he hung it on a cross of the pack-saddle, beneath a spade whose gleaming surface threw off the flame of sun in a brilliant reflection.

As the men proceeded into the arid waste of hills their way became more difficult, and the sun, climbing higher in the azure transparency of sky, threw so lively a heat upon the ground that their feet burned as though they were treading on cinders fresh from

a furnace. It was amazing that any vegetation could grow in such a place; yet now and again were clumps of short grass, and there were squat, gray-green bushes behind which a long-eared rabbit would sometimes bound into hiding. In contrast with the white effulgence of sand, the small pine trees which crested some of the slopes were almost black and their shadows grape-colored blots.

By noon the travellers reached a deserted homestead. The cabin had the soulless stare of vacancy, and the roof of the stable had fallen in. Not one drop of water was in the well; instead of a moist and cooling fragrance, it exhaled only a sultry odor as from an oven.

"If I had thought of this, if I had suspected such luck," said Moore, "I'd have gone slower with that canteen of mine."

"What do you mean?"

"I could n't stand that brackish, wind-mill juice; it got all stewed up and rancid-like, and so——"

"Dumped it out, did you? When?" There was some asperity in Bob's voice.

"Why, just now as we came up to this feverish, scab-covered bucket that hangs in the well."

"It may be some time, Moore, before we get to the next water."

"Got a good supply left, have n't we?"

"All the same," said Bob, "I wish now that we had brought along those cans of tomatoes. To be sure, old Jack has a pretty stiff load as it is, but tomatoes, you know, would be mighty good in case of emergency."

Moore shook with mirth, for Bob, dear old delightful Bob, was ever such an extremist and was always so fusily impractical! He had hauled with him from the city enough tomatoes to stock the shelves of a country grocery. Deciding later that they weighed too much, he had given them to a ranchman's wife in exchange for an excellent dinner.

"You and your emergency!" Moore exclaimed; and then set about preparing something to eat.

After the men had refreshed themselves with coffee and bacon, in the shadow of the abandoned house, they resumed their journey into the sun-scorched hills. During the early hours of afternoon the softness went out of the sky; it changed color, blanched with the heat as lead whitens in the smelting furnace. No fleck of cloud hinted of moisture; no breath of living air rippled the burning dust. It was a region of pulverized glass, of calcined mirrors, of tin reduced to a powder. The white hills, humped and deformed, squatting all awry, seemed to be fragments of prodigious monuments reared to the memory of strange races of men, and now leaning in misshapen mystery against a wan and ashen sky. And upon this desolation weighed a solemn and mighty sadness, a brooding majesty, the hot, mummified silence of some colossal tomb.

The aridity knew no contrasts. No more pine trees darkened the white-blazing hills. Nothing grew here but the gray and thorny cacti, the meagre sage-brush and now and then a sheaf of bristling spines as stiff as dagger blades of bronze—a weed known as the Spanish bayonet.

In the midst of this over-pressure of light and heat, some one suddenly shouted in amazement. It was Moore, whose eyes were staring at the pack-mule. He had discovered that the flank of the animal was wet, and that the leg was coated with an ash-colored streak where water had dried. The canteen, the large vessel strapped to the mule had fallen a-leak.

"Look, Bob—look there!" Moore exclaimed, and then swore prodigiously. "It was back yonder," he said. "I was getting the coffee-pot and the frying-pan. I dropped the canteen; it slipped out of my hand."

"That's too bad," said the older man. Hastily pouring the water into the empty canteen, he added slowly: "It surely is too bad. Must have cracked open at the seam."

Neither of the men made comment about the pitifully small measure of

water which yet remained for their use. They stood motionless, staring dumbly into each other's eyes.

"Better turn back," said Bob. "We can't go on like this."

They realized, moreover, that it was the part of prudence to return as rapidly as possible to the place where they had filled their canteens.

Now that the supply of water was so diminished, it was curious how exaggerated their thirst immediately became; they drank sparingly, yet the last drops were spent before sundown. Even after darkness had fallen the journey was continued, but at the end of an hour they were so overcome by fatigue that they quickly laid their camp for the night. Short shrift was made of removing the pack-saddle, and as nearly as possible the load was taken off in bulk. The men unfastened their large roll of blankets, but certain parcels of extraneous clothing and rain-coats remained firmly lashed to the saddle that they might be put back on the mule without much displacement. In the night the temperature sank almost to the freezing point, but the rose-orange sun of the next day, enormously swelling up from behind a hill-top, was scarcely an hour old before the white wilderness of sand was again scorching like the fire-box of a locomotive.

"We were wrong, Bob, not to keep the trail," Moore presently observed. "It would have been better, safer, to go back by following the same course, exactly as we came."

"No, it will be better this way—a short cut."

"That may be, but the old trail for mine. I wish we had kept it."

"Never you mind," Bob retorted. "This is all right, I tell you, and you need n't get into a sweat about it."

"That's just it, old scout; I don't sweat; I can't sweat, but my blood is on fire."

In a parched voice he huskily articulated the words, and there was a strange swallowing motion in his throat, as if he choked on a fish-bone.

"We better put some of this sage-

brush in our hats," Bob presently observed, plucking a few handfuls of the crispen leaves, which crunched with a dry sibilance under the pressure of his fingers. "Good for the head,—prevents sunstroke."

For a time the men walked on in silence; then Bob began to talk a great deal. A peculiar restlessness had come upon him; he grew worried about his spectacles; was confident he had lost them, even when he found them in his pocket, carefully put away in their case, he was still fretful.

He was not absent-minded, he declared, and he tried to prove that he was not. He had taken offence because Moore had said he was absent-minded, and for a long time he argued solemnly about this, as though a criminal charge had been brought against him.

This nervous irascibility was succeeded by another mood quite as singular. He grew vivacious, laughed as he talked, made fun of the way he had lost his spectacles. A feverish animation had sprung up in him, and he became jocular, essaying all sorts of humorous comments and sometimes nudging his companion in order to elicit appreciation.

"Don't do that—don't!" Moore protested; but he only laughed, immoderately.

"Oh, come out of it!" he exclaimed, and resumed his efforts to kindle mirth in his companion. And behind all this clowning activity was something grimly serious—a determination to oppose with folly the growing apprehension that was gripping his heart. He knew that thirst—real thirst—had begun.

Already the muscles of his face were stiffening, and the delicate tissues of the flesh were visibly wasting away.

After an interval of morose silence, Moore suddenly clapped his hand to the back of his head.

"Have you got it, too?" he asked.

"Got what?"

"A throbbing weight back here?"

"Serves you right," said Bob.

"Anybody with an intellect too big to carry around——"

"Oh, stop—do stop your gibberish!"

Moore walked fast, urging the mule forward by slapping it across the flanks with his slouch hat.

"Here, my boy, get your teeth into this," said Bob, making an offer of a bit of beeswax which he had taken from among the thread, needles and buttons of a small canvas "housewife." "Chew that; it's good—makes the saliva flow." Then he added, as he thrust his sun-tanned fingers through his brown and gray beard: "Wish I had these cut off. They don't belong to this sort of a trip."

He tried to speak lightly, but he kept making faint clacking noises with his tongue, anxiously moving it about in order that it might not glue itself to his teeth or the roof of his mouth. With the handkerchief which encircled his brown neck he occasionally wiped the spume off his lips.

"If a fellow has to give up," said Moore, "if he can't beat it back to water, if he has to lie down out here, why, then they crawl all over him—the bugs. I'm not losing my nerve, Bob; you must n't say that about me; I'm all right on that—no coward, you understand; but they crawl all over a man, and that's what I'm afraid of—the bugs."

"Faster!" Bob called out, "chew faster! and stop that silly palaver! You're all right; I'm all right. Only I guess we better rub grease on us, on our face and hands. Bacon rind will do. No it won't, neither! Got salt in it, you know—salt—salt—salt in it. Ever think, Moore, how good tears would taste, if there was n't any salt in them?"

Down the cheeks of the bearded man slow drops were running, for there was a strange pulling at his eyeballs. From them a weight seemed strung—a choking weight that was lodged in his throat. Yet despite the pain of it, he did not lose his sense of responsibility for the welfare of his friend.

"Must n't do that, my boy—hon-

estly you must n't. It only gives the sun a better chance at you." His companion had suddenly ripped open his shirt collar. "Must n't expose the neck like that," Bob expostulated. "Lord knows it will dry up quick enough without that."

"Can't help it. I have to breathe, don't I? And what is it to you? I'll do as I please. You can't boss me, Bob, and you need n't try to."

There was bitter displeasure in the husky croaking of Moore, and his hand jerked nervously as he fumbled at the lump which seemed to be swelling in his throat. Then he began to whimper with pain and resentment. He was n't going to have anybody domineering over him: Bob could mind his own business. For a long time Moore scolded fussily, but by and by he stopped abruptly.

"Listen," he said. "Do you hear anything, anything—queer?"

In his ear-drums was a ringing rumor, a humming as of wind through telegraph wires.

"Wish it would stay at one pitch," he added, "but it won't. Awful queer about that."

"Head feels like you'd taken a big dose of quinine, does n't it? I can't take quinine. Always makes my head go like that."

After fretting about the humming in his ears, Moore fell to upbraiding Bob for having given away all those cans of tomatoes.

"Glad you did n't bring along any lemons or oranges," he said. "You would have ditched them, too. That's the way you do things. But if I had an orange to suck, or a lemon, a good sour lemon! There's nothing like it to slake the thirst except, of course, water—hot water or cold water; I don't care what kind of water."

With rasping voice he droned the song about the old oaken bucket; then he fell to mumbling about the dry well at the homestead. He did not defend himself for having emptied his canteen; he did not blame himself for carelessness in dropping the other canteen, but he could not find abuse enough for the aridity of that well.

Invective gushed from his lips, and later the garrulity of an old woman came upon him. He babbled of cooling beverages: wine in his father's cellar, tea with ice in it, milk from the spring-house where moss and dripping ferns cover the rocks. His thoughts became fugitive, unintelligible; but the theme was always the same: something to drink—he must have something to drink!

Sometimes his halting utterance stopped short, and he would clutch suddenly at his head, gripping it savagely as if trying to squeeze out all the pain. Then the talk began again.

With painful obstinacy his tongue clacked on; but now and again the husky monologue trailed away into silence. Realizing before long that there was no oral quality to his talk, he would laboriously resume his vocal mouthings—slowly and cautiously, as though afraid that he might again forget to pronounce his words.

"There it goes!" Bob suddenly called out. He was staring fixedly before him. "Yonder—see that?" For a brief space he stood motionless, and then with a gasping sigh he toiled forward once again. "I thought I saw—I thought," he explained, "but it was n't that; it was n't a sprinkling wagon. Right there, close to me, I could hear the hiss and gush of water, could smell the damp, good, dusty smell as the wagon passed by. It won't do to go wrong. We must n't get lured away by these—these lakes and things. We must go right and watch out for ourselves. We must—For God's sake, Moore, don't look like that!"

His companion's face had taken on the animal leer and snarling grimace of a hyena. He was no longer talking; he was making noises in his throat, hoarse croakings and gurglings like a deaf-mute in the throes of torment. His bloating lips were not merely dry: they were glossed over with spume as with a dull varnish which was cracking and curling up.

Even though the power of speech had gone from him, he did not lose consciousness. He walked faster and

yet faster, as though he had in mind a definite place which he must reach before his skull should pop open like a dry seed-pod.

He must not let this thing happen; he must hold his head together. He tried to do it, tried to raise his arms, but they did not seem to belong to him—they were so unresponsive to his will, so far away! He saw his hand and held it wonderingly before his eyes. Were they his, those fingers? If they were, he would do something with them. He would—yes, that was it; he would brush the flies away. They were a great bother. If only his tongue had not squeezed out of his mouth, they would not pester him so; or if he could shut his eyes against them. But he could not; the sun had sucked away the strength of his lids, had burnt up his last tear, had stripped his vision all naked to the glare of sand.

Noticing what a torment the insects were to Moore, his comrade suddenly brushed them away, scooping his hand at them, striving to catch them and crush them. For those others—the buzzing things inside his own head—those he could not reach. But Bob thought he was getting used to them; he believed he would soon learn to bear them very well if only he could get rid of the bursting, crushing weight of pain at the base of the skull, that thing which was forever, with each labored pulse-beat, spouting molten metal down his spine.

In this racking torture there were lulls and intermittent excesses, and sometimes the insect humming would resolve itself into dialogues of distant voices which he could listen to, but without understanding, although he had a feeling that presently he would comprehend all that was being said. At the same time he knew very well that this was but the fever of his blood. His mind was acutely awake, and a certain congratulatory gladness came upon him that such strength should have energized his reasoning faculties.

These intervals of relief did not long endure. Lights danced before

his eyes, flickered, spun, dizzily swelled and diminished, and sometimes a weed of bristling leaves would suddenly transform itself into the carven stateliness of a fountain. A fire of clear water would go spouting up, and elusive pulsings of rainbow would blossom in the spray.

Visions beleaguered him: there were sweet shadowings of quiet pools, and running brooks, and placid lakes that dream of tranquil skies; there was violet haze and there was purpling twilight. All the moist and mystical loveliness which he had tried to reproduce in the impotent colors of his brush was again trailing before him, and confusing itself with his agony of soul.

It is strange that when his suffering was worst a clear-cut, rational and utilitarian idea should have come to him. With what he mistook to be a robust bigness of voice, but which, as a matter of fact, was only a husky whisper, he was presently shouting:

"Tomatoes! we've got them, Moore—tomatoes!—a whole quart of 'em!"

The other man did not hear, did not pause. Very slowly his staggering feet trod the sand; but the old haste, the panic to get somewhere, still scourged him on.

Bob, for his part, had suddenly found new strength and a certain lumbering agility. Croaking with joy, he hobbled forward, reached the mule, and as his jerking hands began to fumble with the strings of the pack saddle, he kept spluttering out a crazy turmoil of exclamation.

"I remembered them, the tomatoes. I was standing there, not thinking of anything, but all of a sudden—They're in here. I know they are. I forgot—forgot all about them. I wrapped them up in my raincoat—raincoat—raincoat. Think of that: raincoat! You did n't think of them, Moore, but I did. I thought of the tomatoes. I remembered about them. I was standing right over there."

He cackled with choking mirth. He found the can, plunged his knife into the cover, and a drop of red liquid splashed his hand. He snatched

his fingers to his mouth. He devoured that jewel of moisture, rasped the place where it had been against his tongue. Then he worked more carefully, being in great anxiety lest he should waste a drop.

While cautiously opening a breach in the tin, the acid smell of the liquid, deliciously savory, rose to his nostrils, and greed flamed up in him, a consuming lust to have this liquid for his own, every bit of it for himself.

Fool! Why had he mentioned the can? If he hadn't, no one would have suspected; this would be his, all his, to the last drop of it. Even yet it might be. Why not?

And besides, what advantage would it be to Moore? He was too far gone to get any good from it. Then why give him any of it? Why waste it?

Bob looked furtively after his companion, that slow-toiling, hatless man, who was resolutely laboring on and still on in his puerile frenzy of haste. Kneeling on the sand, gripping the can between his knees, he remained where he was. He did not drink. He went on staring at that man—staring with the sullen hate of one who feels that some enemy is about to rob him.

Then began one of those Titanic struggles which are fought out within the consciences of men. It was war between instinct and morality, between atavism and advancement. On the one hand, brutal and primitive lust to live; on the other, pride of race and defiance of death.

Frightful conflict! In one body two beings, beast and man, wrestling together. Wolf-howl of flesh; man-cry of spirit! Carnal strength against strength of soul—lust against love!

The battle was brief, decisive.

The man got up.

He strode resolutely after his comrade, reached him, and whimpering in his pitiful anguish like a little boy, he unfalteringly pushed the can into the hands of his friend.

"Take that. Drink," he said.

Then he turned away his face, and darkness heaved in about him, a dizzy ocean of gloom that blotted out all

the burning solitudes of sand, all the delirium of heat, all the white blaze and stupefaction of this terrifying wilderness.

Months afterward, at a Press Club dinner, we heard from Moore a detailed account of how he and Bob went a-digging of bones in the Bad Lands.

"But the end?" some one asked
—"how did it end?"

"Well, I suppose I must have drunk the tomato juice, although I was so far gone that I don't see exactly how I could have managed it. At any rate, we kept on going, both of us. Our salvation lay in a mere chance. It happened that a prairie-dweller, a ranchman and his family, had been traversing the hills in a covered wagon at the margin of the Bad Lands. Some of the man's cattle had strayed away from the range, and he was in search of them. His wife and children had gone along to pick sandcherries for the baking of pies."

Moore's recital had been rather depressing to all the guests, and it was therefore a welcome relief to hear some one suddenly call out:

"I say, old chap, what became of the jackass?"

"Which *one*?" Moore gravely inquired; and before the tittering had died away, he added: "As for the pack-mule, he does n't know to this day that he was ticketed for the other world. We were going to kill him for his blood; we were determined to do it, but naturally we kept putting it off. Finally, when Bob got ready to do the deed, he found it was n't necessary. Assistance was coming—the covered wagon with a big jug of water in it.

"As I said before, the ranchman and his wife knew all about what should be done for people in our condition. We stayed at their house for some time, and I tell you what: I was a pretty sick baby."

Presently, during a lull in the table talk, we heard a firm and robust tread outside in the hallway, and immediately afterward a brief clatter, the

noise of some one knocking the bowl of his pipe against his heel to empty ashes. Then the door opened and a bearded man came in. As soon as the guests caught sight of him, he

was hailed with a clamor of cordial greetings. Glasses were filled; everybody stood up, and a hearty toast was drunk—

"To Bob: his rocks and his bones!"



ISRAEL ZANGWILL

By CLARENCE ROOK

Timeliness is given to this appreciation of an unusually interesting personality by the recent presence of Mr. Zangwill in this country, where his play, "The Melting-Pot," dealing with the condition of his co-religionists in the United States, and dedicated by permission to President Roosevelt, is attracting general attention.—THE EDITORS.



R. ZANGWILL has never made the slightest attempt to dissemble his Hebraic origin. He is proud of it, glories in it, and I believe that the ambition which lies nearest his heart is to go down to posterity as the nineteenth-century incarnation of the Jewish literary spirit. Now and then perhaps he insists rather too strongly on his aloofness from the Christianity which is not too evident among his contemporaries. There is a story to the effect that a lady whom he had taken in to dinner, being interested in the celebrity at her elbow, inquired if his Christian name was Isaac or Israel. "I have no Christian name," said Zangwill, "but my first name is Israel." I do not know if the story be true. It is quite characteristic both of his conversational readiness and of his pride of race.

Zangwill, indeed, is a typical Jew. Not, however, the usurious money-grubbing Jew who misrepresents his race in the imagination of the unthinking Gentile. He exemplifies

rather the mental agility of the Hebrew, his adaptability to circumstances, his receptivity, above all his untiring diligence in the pursuit of an object. He needed these qualities; for he was born face to face with poverty and spent his early years in fighting it. This, indeed, he regards as a gain. He holds that to sympathize you must experience. A man may easily adapt himself to a richer, politer, more cultivated society, but to feel with the poor he must have been himself poor. And the novelist who has risen from the ranks and passed through all grades of society finds the advantage in his extended range of sympathy.

London was his birthplace; but he quitted London as a baby—taking his parents with him,—and passed his childhood at Bristol and Plymouth. Up to the age of fourteen he learned his lessons at the Red Cross Street School in Bristol, and gave early evidence of precocity by reading words of six syllables with astonishing ease. For a time he became a teacher in an East London Board School, and devoted his spare time to reading for a London University degree. A young

man who is breaking his heart and cracking his voice in teaching the boys of the East End has somewhat less of leisure than the Oxford undergraduate. But Zangwill not only lived laborious days; he worked well into the night, and by the time he was of age he had taken the B.A. degree with honors.

Then he was ready to start life upon his own lines. He was quite confident of being able to succeed in literature—even more confident than he is now. Also he had some idea of becoming a professor of psychology—a study which has always attracted him. But one's career sometimes takes the bit between its teeth, and Zangwill, instead of professing psychology, wrote "*The Premier and the Painter*," which he still believes contains some of his best work. It brought him some reputation, but little money. Its success encouraged him, however, to throw up teaching, which he hated the more because of his inability to get on with headmasters. He found the headmaster's standard of conduct a purely arbitrary one, and false into the bargain, and it irritated him. He had no funds but his own conceit of himself. Armed, however, with this, he answered an advertisement and was made editor of *Ariel*. He gave the paper birth, nursed it and buried it; being its first and only editor. But it was an amusing paper while it lasted; it gave early welcome to some of our best-known humorists and illustrators, and it brought Zangwill into the ranks of regular writers. He scored his first great success with "*The Bachelor's Club*"; and the world—the little world that reads books—wagged its head and said: "Good! Here is a man who will make us laugh." At "*The Old Maid's Club*" it laughed again. And then Zangwill, having got a hold upon the ear of the public, determined to pull it down. He refused to stand upon his head to provide a British holiday. The Ghetto called him, and he answered. One may regret the lapse of a humorist into seriousness. But

in writing of the Ghetto, its children, its tragedies and its dreamers, Zangwill is doing the work that lies nearest his heart.

Zangwill refuses to be labelled as a wit, as an essayist or as a chronicler of the ghetto. Out of a full mind he has much to say—for he is an insatiable reader and a hard thinker,—and he chooses the form best suited to his subject. He has many projects and believes thoroughly in his ability to carry them out. For, as I have implied, Zangwill has the advantage of a good conceit of himself, which he exhibits quite plainly to the close observer. With a surface modesty he combines a perfect confidence in his own powers, though he cannot be sure that the public will have sufficient insight to understand him. About a month in every year he devotes to lecturing, which brings in a certain income and enables him to travel about, mix in varied society and dig fresh information from new environment. His lectures, sparkling with epigrams and quaint inversions, read better than they sound, for his voice though clear is rather monotonous. One of his great ambitions was gratified when he became a successful playwright; he began this sort of work by writing more than one single-act comedietta and dramatizing his "*Children of the Ghetto*." Asked by Mr. Charles Wyndham for a play, some years ago, he called and suggested the outline of his proposed plot. Mr. Wyndham surprised him by saying that he was just then rehearsing another play of which the plot was the same: it was "*Rosemary*." He cherishes designs, too, upon comic opera. Nor need it surprise you if one day he recurs to his earliest ambition and writes a work on psychology. It will not be a long one. Philosophy, he maintains, has always suffered because philosophers have cultivated neither literature nor humor. There is no reason why any system of philosophy should not be compressed into twenty brightly written pages. And the experiment would at least be interesting.

Zangwill is not one of the literary men whose brains run to furniture. He is not insensible to art, as readers of "Without Prejudice" will know, and he has written with keen appreciation of the Continental galleries. But to him a chair, when it is in your own room, is a thing to sit upon and write. His personal surroundings are of the simplest:

While unmarried, he lived for some years with his people in an ordinary house in a row of ordinary houses in the ordinary suburb of Kilburn. His workroom was an ordinary front room on the first floor; and when you called on him he would clear a corner of a table piled with books, pamphlets, manuscripts and other literary litter, and sit upon it and talk. There was little furniture but table, chairs and books. In this room both he and his brother Louis Zangwill did their work. In a small room at the side was a mysterious tin chest. When Zangwill felt unduly conceited or unduly depressed, he opened this tin trunk and took out a handful of the press-cuttings with which it was filled.

One cannot talk long to Zangwill without feeling that he possesses most of the most excellent characteristics of his race—tenacity, suppleness, adaptability. And the strongest impression left upon one's mind is that of intellectual agility, an agility which is so evident and so continuous that it almost tires the spectator.

Yet in the past few years we have had little from the pen of Zangwill, though certain comedies of the Ghetto

have reminded us of the author of the "Bachelors' Club." But that intellectual ability has turned the former editor of *Ariel* (who thought he could do better than *Punch*) into a serious, thoughtful and rather silent man. Israel Zangwill started by hating life, went on to laugh at it, saw the sad absurdities of it, and then, I think, sat down to reconstruct it. To construct it on the basis of nationality—or rather on the basis of race. For he is a Jew, not naked of success, but unashamed, and the reply to the lady who enquired as to his Christian name—was it Isaac or Israel?—gives the clue: "I have no Christian name. My first name is Israel."

And for some years Israel Zangwill has given his energies to the making of a colony of men and women of his own race in the Holy Land, or even on the east coast of Africa, and the comic editor of *Ariel* has become the serious leader of the Zionists who look for a New Jerusalem upon this sublunary earth. He is the leader of the Zionists to-day—the Jew that won his way with laughter to the moment when he had caught attention.

There is a certain fascination about Zangwill, in spite of his monotonous voice; when he rises to speak, the rest listen. He has a face that is redeemed from ugliness by the sheer force of intellectuality. I well remember a meeting at which Zangwill spoke for the ambitions of the Zionists, and showed his race both in speech and aspect, and with the courage that is his heritage.



YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

VIII.—MRS. DOWE ENTERTAINS MISS LIVINGSTON OF
NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER



MRS. JARED DOWE stood in the gallery watching the great red touring car containing her departing guest, Miss Lucile Livingston of New York, Colonel Dowe and his two daughters, till it disappeared in the distance. Then, with a sigh of satisfied relief, she turned and walked into the house.

Once in her comfortable rocking-chair drawn close to the open fire, Mrs. Dowe resigned herself to the solace of her own reflections and the peaceful atmosphere of her own quiet drawing-room. This was a joy not long to be hers, for scarcely was she seated when the ringing of the bell and the sound of a familiar footstep aroused her to her customary hospitable attitude. She greeted her guest with languid pleasure.

"You certainly are kind, Tillie. You always do run in to surprise me when I am alone, and it is very thoughtful of you. Your living so close does have some advantages, because your seeing so much saves me the trouble of having to tell you all about things. I knew this evening you would come as soon as you saw I was alone. I was saying to Sallie Potts, 'Don't you worry about my being lonesome. Miss Tillie Carter will watch you go and come right

over.' Sallie Potts is so thoughtful, and always does think about my being lonesome.

"Of course you saw them start, Tillie, so I won't have to tell you how they looked. You saw that handsome brown broadcloth dress of Lucile Livingston. Yet, Tillie, near as you were, you could n't see that it was lined with canary-colored satin. She certainly did look distinguished. You know, Sallie Potts always wears blue, and she says she's going to have her next blue suit lined with silk just the shade of a blue jay's wings. Is n't Sallie Potts original?

"Did you ever see Colonel Dowe looking more splendid? When I pinned a jessamine on his coat I declare I thought him quite as elegant as my dear father, and you know, Tillie, my father was always spoken of as the handsomest man in Georgia. And did n't Sallie Potts and Little Bettie in their blue suits and picture-hats look—well, I know how you always do agree with me about my beautiful girls, so I'll not talk of them—I never do talk about my children. And then of course you saw them, so it is n't necessary to tell you they had on the suits we ordered in Atlanta, at that new tailor's. You have heard how expensive he is. Well, Tillie, confidentially, no one ever has told half the truth about how expensive he is. Even Jared was surprised when the bill

came, and you know it is n't easy to surprise him about my shopping trips. My suit did n't come—it certainly is most trying. The more you pay for clothes the less real comfort you take getting them. Ever since Miss Belle Watson moved away I have n't had a real manche-maker. Miss Belle certainly was a comfort, and it was a real pleasure to have her make you a dress, because you always saw all of your friends there, and generally heard about their new clothes, too. Going to a city tailor is mighty unpleasant, and you don't feel that they take much interest in your things, excepting when they make out the bills. You know, Tillie, I never do discuss the price of anything, so I know you don't expect me to tell you—but you do remember, Tillie, how we used to think Miss Belle Watson was extravagant. Well, would you believe me, Tillie, twice what I paid Miss Belle for that elegant heliotrope silk—the one with that beautiful hand-made fringe—you know the price of that,—and it was n't but half what those new suits of the girls cost.

"As I was saying, my dress did n't come, and even if it had, not even a new dress and dining on a private car could have made me feel equal to going out to-night. I am going to have one of my headaches—and you know, Tillie, what my headaches are. I promised Jared I would n't let it get very bad before he comes back, because Jared does enjoy taking care of me when I have a headache. He always puts eau-de-cologne on my temples and turns the light down low and sits by the sofa and takes my hand and tells me all over again about the first summer he was courting me. No, I would n't allow myself to have a bad headache if Colonel Dowe was away. I should feel, Tillie, that I was taking advantage of his absence.

"When I decided to stay at home, Lucile presented me this gold-mounted bottle of smelling-salts. Now, Tillie, was n't that a handsome thing for her to do? and it certainly did ease

the pain some. Then I told Sallie Potts I knew you would run in to surprise me the moment you saw them go. Of course, you and every one else on this street saw them go.

"Well, Tillie, you know what an exciting week it has been. Entertaining nowadays is getting to be mighty complicated—with automobiles likely to stop at the gate any moment with more guests, and special trains, and private cars; and then, Tillie, the telegrams! I do believe the telegrams were the hardest part of it all. You see, it began with Colonel Dowe's telegraphing me from Montgomery that he was bringing Miss Lucile Livingston home with him. He had gone over to Montgomery to see Miss Livingston's father on business. Mr. Livingston is the President of a railroad that owns some land near here, and there is some talk of buying more land, but you know I never do talk about my husband's business. Besides, I have n't had one moment since Jared came home to find out what they are going to do, and naturally you must not expect me to discuss that. Well, Miss Livingston came South with her aunt and Miss Livingston's French maid, and they were going to stay in Montgomery a week, and then go to Pensacola to take a trip on their yacht. After seeing Colonel Dowe, Mr. Livingston decided he must go back to New York for a day, and the aunt wanted to go too. Seeing Lucile did not want to go back, naturally Jared invited her to come here and wait for her father to return. So Jared telegraphed me they were coming.

"She wrote Olive Wilson (Olive went to school with her in New York), and would you believe me, Olive Wilson telegraphed asking her to stay with her. Then Olive came over to see me, to tell me she expected Miss Livingston. I told Olive very courteously that she was to be *my* guest. Then Olive wanted her to divide her time between us. Now, Tillie, can you imagine me dividing a guest with any one—and especially



"I NEVER DID SEE SO MANY ELEGANT THINGS"

with Olive Wilson? Of course, until Jared came I did n't know how it would turn out. Sallie Potts and I certainly were worried. Then when they came and I had talked with Jared, I saw my duty plainly. Mr. Livingston had trusted his only daughter to Jared, and of course Jared could n't allow her to leave his house until her father came for her.

"One thing I am grateful for, Tillie, the French maid went back to New York with Miss Livingston's aunt, so I was spared the embarrassment of having her here too. I have lived through this week in spite of the telegrams and Olive Wilson and her dog, but a French maid, too, would have been a trial. You know, Tillie, what we all know about French maids. It 's true I have n't any sons, and Jared never does even look at any other woman; still it would have been a trial, you know, Tillie, for a woman of my refinement to have had such a person in my house. I am not suspicious, Tillie, you know that; but I should have felt that the creature had her ear to the keyhole

to hear every word I said, or was leaning over the banisters or out of the window, trying to see a man. And even if she can't understand any English, still it would have been very unpleasant to have her turned loose about the place.

"Naturally I do feel it is a distinction to entertain Miss Livingston. You have heard, Tillie, I know, because yesterday I told Mrs. Perkins, confidentially, that Miss Livingston has been visiting the White House. While of course we know the President has entertained one person we could not approve of, yet not even in the South has any one ever said anything uncomplimentary about the ladies who have been his guests. But, Tillie, it has been very trying—you saw her trunks. Three of them. But you could n't know that the big one was full of dresses. The square one had nothing but hats, and the flat one was for the other things. When I think of the way they were packed and the way they are now, I almost think I could stand having the French maid come. Tillie, I never did see so many elegant things.

I do wish I could have let you see them—it certainly would have been a pleasure. But of course you know, Tillie, I could n't have showed them to you. Not even for you could I violate the sacredness of a guest's privacy. No, Tillie, I know even you could not expect me to do that! or to talk about the things I saw. But I will tell you confidentially, Tillie, she had silk petticoats and shoes and silk stockings and hats and gloves to match every costume. It certainly was a revelation of elegance.

than the telephone rang and I knew, of course, it was Olive Wilson. I happened to be in the sewing-room with the door open, and I heard Lucile say: 'Yes, Olive, come over. I am all alone; everyone else is busy.'

"So, as it was such a warm morning, I took my sewing down to the front gallery, and I was no sooner seated than I saw Olive Wilson and that disgusting dog she brought back from California last winter, coming in the gate.

"Well, as I was saying, Olive and



"OLIVE ASKED ME IF I OBJECTED TO HER CLOSING THE WINDOW"

"Yesterday morning Lucile began to get telegrams. Her father was to get here Sunday evening instead of Tuesday morning; and there was Jack Perkins getting up a German for Monday night. It certainly was trying! Sallie Potts telephoned Jack, and he said they could have the German that same night. It being Saturday they could only dance until twelve o'clock. So Sallie Potts invited some of the boys and girls to come here to supper afterwards. Then she and Little Betty went down to help Jack about decorating the hall. They were no sooner gone

Lucile went into the drawing-room and I heard them both making a terrible fuss over the dog. Then Olive came to the window and asked me if I objected to her closing it, because they were chilly. Now, Tillie, how could I object? So I said of course not—that I was just beginning to feel chilly myself; and I went in. In a few minutes Mary sent in some Madeira and fruit-cake. Now, Tillie, you can imagine my feelings when I saw Olive Wilson drinking father's rarest wine; but you can't know—no, nor ever will know—how I felt when she began



"GODFREY LIVINGSTON, FOLLOWED BY OLIVE, STARTED TEARING AROUND MY GARDEN
LIKE MAD"

feeding my best Christmas fruit-cake to that dog! Just as I was wondering how long I could endure it, we heard a horn blow and a noise like a threshing machine coming, and Lucile exclaimed: 'Oh, Mrs. Dowe, there's my brother Geoffrey. I forgot to say I had a telegram saying he would be here to-day instead of to-morrow.' (She always was forgetting to tell about her telegrams.)

"In another moment in came Mr. Geoffrey Livingston, and we were no sooner comfortably seated when, before I knew what had happened, that awful dog grabbed the heel of my slipper and was out of the room. And would you believe me, Tillie, Olive Wilson laughed and asked if he was n't cute. Lucile did look frightened, and Mr. Geoffrey Livingston, followed by Olive, started tearing around my garden like mad. Finally they brought my slipper back with the ribbons all chewed and wet. I certainly was too indignant for words. Of course I knew Lucile's brother would stay all day—and there was the man running the automobile: he was almost as bad as a French maid. In the South it is mighty difficult to know just what to do with white servants, when they come visiting. I was just on the point of making myself ask Olive Wilson to stay to dinner when she

jumped up in that abrupt way of hers, and said she and her naughty dog must go home. She looked at Mr. Livingston when she said it, so he offered to take her in the automobile. Of course he was late to dinner, and then when he came he announced he was taking Miss Wilson to the German—and of course that meant we had to invite her to supper.

"After dinner I went out to speak to Mary about giving the chauffeur his dinner, and, Tillie, I did have a shock. There in my kitchen he, a white man, Tillie, sat at the table with the darkies, eating his dinner with them. I spoke to Mr. Livingston about it, and he laughed and said: 'Mrs. Dowe, he's French, so he did n't worry; he likes niggers.' Well, that's worse than anything I ever had heard about the French, and I certainly did feel Providence had taken care of my feelings when Miss Livingston's aunt took the French maid back to New York.

"Yesterday was a mighty trying day, Tillie. You know I always make the chicken-salad myself, and no one wants to go into a kitchen where a Frenchman is eating with darkies like he was one of them. So I went into the storeroom and Sallie Potts came down to help me. Sallie Potts always does help me, Tillie.

"Of course the German began early, it being Saturday night, so supper had to be early. With dinner late and with that man entertaining the servants, I did think it was as much as I could stand. Just as I was ready to start to the German with the girls—O! I forgot to tell you, Tillie, in New York a girl never goes to a party with a man alone; she must always have a chaperon. Of course I could n't go with Lucile and her escort and leave my own girls unchaperoned. You know, Tillie, I could n't ever allow them to do anything that would seem improper to my guest, even though it is the usual thing for them to do. So I decided to go with the girls and have them meet

their escorts at the hall. Poor Little Betty cried all night because she had to miss the drive with Jack Perkins. It being her first German, Little Betty certainly was disappointed not to go with Jack. Sallie Potts says that just shows how silly Little Betty is. It being her first German ought to have kept her from crying, because there are plenty more to come. If it had been her last, Sallie Potts said, she would have cried with her. Sallie Potts is so sympathetic!

"Well, as I was saying, just as we were starting I smelled something burning, and when I went to see, there was Mammy asleep and all her beaten biscuits ruined; so I told Jared I would have to stay at home to see she made some more, and he must chaperon the girls. It certainly was hard on Jared. The night before he had to bring

them home from Aunt Polly's, where they stayed till one, and to-day he had to drive twenty miles in the country. But naturally, even though he was tired and counting on having a quiet evening, he went with the girls and I stayed at home, and the supper was a great success.

"Everything went off beautifully, even if Little Betty and Jack Perkins did n't make up. You see he was so disappointed on not taking her that he did n't ask her to dance once, and Little Betty naturally resented it. Of course sitting together and not speaking to each other and refusing to talk to anyone else, did make their end of the table quiet. And Olive Wilson talking at the top of her

voice at the other end of the table did prevent conversation there. Then Jared was so tired he went straight to bed, and you know how I always depend upon Jared at my suppers.. He does enjoy talking to young people, and I do think it is a lovely sight to see a whole table listening to Jared's stories. Last night Jared was simply too tired, and I tried to take his place. But the day had been so fatiguing I did n't feel equal to trying to talk. Besides, that's Jared's part of the entertaining. You know, Tillie, listening to my friends' conversation is the part I always take.

"It was two o'clock when the supper was over, and the girls all had escorts to church this morning, so I let them have breakfast in bed. When they were gone, Millie and I packed as much of Lucile's trunk as we could. After church the young



"AS I WAS SAYING TO SALLIE POTTS, LUCILE'S VISIT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A PLEASURE"

men stayed to dinner, and it was five o'clock before Lucile remembered to tell us that her father's last telegram said he wanted Colonel and Mrs. Dowe, their daughters and Miss Wilson to dine with him at six-thirty in his car. He was coming on a special train to Albany, and then his car was to be attached to the regular eight-o'clock train going South. Of course that meant more confusion, and Lucile left two complete suits that I will have to pack and send to her. Yes, Tillie, it certainly has been trying, and tonight I was too tired to think of dining even on a private car with the president of a railroad and tak-

ing any pleasure in it. Then, Tillie, you saw the way my garden is ruined —even Mother's rose-bush broken. I declare it's no wonder I am going to have a headache.

"But, as I was just saying to Salie Potts, Lucile's visit certainly has been a pleasure, even if we did worry about being able to keep her, and if it has ruined the garden. Tillie, I do mourn over the garden. Still, Tillie, you know it has been a comfort to be able to entertain such a distinguished person so easily; it certainly has."

And Mrs. Jared Dowe, taking evident comfort from the gold-mounted smelling-bottle, drifted quietly into one of her rare silences.

ISADORA DUNCAN

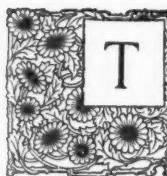
Has Psyche come again upon the earth—
The golden butterfly in human form?
Her wings we cannot see, yet still we know
That they are there though all unseen of man.
Else how could human feet dance with such joy—
So light, so swift and with such rhythmic grace?
Her body lithe revives old Grecian forms,
Until the spirit of that ancient race
Seems born again in this fair dancing maid.
The music thrills; the nymph holds us enthralled,
And draws us back to fairy-lands of Greece.

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD



CALIFORNIA PARADOXES

By FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY



HE stranger in California soon discovers that the difficulty of arriving at the truth about a thing is greater there than in most places. It is to be assumed that the number of constitutional liars does not exceed that of other centres of equal population, but contradictions are inherent to the environment, to the personal hallucinations of pilgrims and health-seekers, to the scenic and climatic phenomena. It must be admitted, however, that a habit of picturesque exaggeration has survived intact from the days of the "Argonauts." The Golden State had so many marvels that the beholder felt an irresistible temptation to enhance the merely commonplace and to represent the exceptional as of daily occurrence. Emerson said that "only the Yosemite justifies its brag." Happily the gigantic redwood trees have been rescued from the axe. Two veteran grapevines are within easier reach of the tourist, at San Gabriel and Carpinteria; but they are not distinctively Californian prodigies, for at Hampton Court in England an equally remarkable vine is on exhibition.

One may travel through California for a year, and outside of Chambers of Commerce see no vegetable product that is more extraordinary than certain picked specimens from farms in the Middle West. Through jars made of magnifying-glass everything assumes mammoth proportions; but huge squashes and grape-fruit stand uncovered in these exhibits as veritable witnesses. The fertility of the soil, with only half a drink, is the

wonder of wonders. Grapevine roots reach down to the subsoil that lies above bedrock and retains moisture. This subsoil is the secret of California crops and the life of her beautiful, stately trees. With a moderate amount of watering the number of blooms on geraniums, heliotropes and rose-bushes in Southern California will double the output of any plant of the same species in the East.

Yet there are always contradictory conditions within a day's journey. A tomato vine may drop its fruit on the roof of a one-storied house on a cultivated slope, while the valley beyond it is bare of everything save yellow stubble, the deserted ranches along the highway showing that produce and available water have been insufficient during the summer to sustain man and beast. A shopper returning from downtown who mops her face and declares that it is "awfully hot," is quite as reliable as the man who sits reading his paper on a shady portico and glances up at the thermometer to confirm his own opinion that it is delightfully cool. Be it noted that the Weather Bureau's thermometers inspire scant respect because of their persistent defiance of public and private illusions.

In a large part of California there are no distinct seasons. This creates confusion in the mind of the newcomer, who is served with canned peas in July and fresh ones in November, and with raspberries and strawberries at Christmas, and finds lilies and roses blooming more luxuriantly in the so-called winter than in the parching summer. Decay and reproduction are seen taking place at the same time, the vegetable organism sloughing off its waste and rebuilding

itself: while one part of a tree is rusty and yellow, another part is fresh and budding. Orange blossoms often shed their perfume from the same bough with ripe oranges. The towering caps of "Old Baldy" and "Grayback" hold a snowfall above them through several days of tropical sunshine. The poet needs to change the time-honored symbolism of the withered leaf and old age, the death of the year and the mortal sleep, the spring awakening and the resurrection; there must be a continual mental readjustment to fit an environment in which the phases of the material world do not correspond with those on the other side of our continent. Even the rainy season is an uncertain proposition; it is supposed to come sometime between October and March, but rarely two years in succession does it fulfil the engagement, merely sending out an occasional showery day to prevent despair.

Whether or not there is a rainy season, there is always that capital stock in trade—the Climate. Somewhere in California magnificent weather can be found in any month of the year, but a person cannot sit in one spot for a twelvemonth and have it on tap. March, April and May are varied by fogs on and near the coast; June, July and August are blazing hot in the foothills and mountain valleys.

Climate is the High Muck-a-Muck, the Grand Panjandrum, the Dalai Lama, foremost in thought and talk on sidewalk and portico, in parlor and bedchamber. But the obvious fact that the idol does not smile with uniform benignity night and day, in the house and out of the house, on both sides of the street and at the corners, causes a loud-voiced dissatisfaction. Savage worshippers berate their god when he fails to fulfil their expectations; and this species of ingratitude is very common in California, where the weather is oftener perfect than in any other of the United States. Visitors, after a few months of surprise at the prolonged stretch of magnificent days, begin to pick flaws in these "Daughters of Time," and end by becoming

weather cranks like the rest, forgetful of what they came away from in the East.

In memory of tornadoes and earthquakes that have occurred, there is a constant tendency to magnify every unpleasant symptom. A slight obscuration of the sun is called "a high fog"—a few extra swirls of dust, a "dust storm,"—a respectable rainfall, a "cloud-burst." The desert is always an unknown quantity, a standing mystery; it figures in the popular mind as a capricious ogre, while the ocean represents a beneficent, life-giving spirit; and yet the extraordinary climate is largely due to the modifying influence of dry desert air upon moist currents of sea air. When, occasionally during a summer, the amenities of this interchange are neglected, human beings become conscious of a peculiar enervation, and delicate women suffer nervous collapse. Many who live in Riverside and Redlands become used to a baking process. Walled in by high mountains, the thermometer easily reaches 110° in the shade during the day; but the refrigeration during the night is dangerous to the sound sleeper who leaves windows and doors open.

Refugees from the heated regions of California and the torrid summer climate of the Middle West usually aim for the Pacific Coast, which is generally comfortable. Camping parties in the mountain country expect to have a rough time, and are not disappointed; they begin with a stage ride of from fifteen to forty miles from the railroad, through dust half a foot deep. A great haziness envelops these high altitudes: the only way to reach the bottom facts about them is to go and see for one's self; for the bronzed, merry campers in khaki suits and divided skirts, who return at the expiration of their holiday, will always declare that "Raspberry Canyon" or "Peri's Gulch" was "just grand!" They will make light of the want of conveniences, of tarantulas, "side-winders" and "whopper-jaws" and even of rattlesnakes; and as for the trail of poison-oak on their hands

and faces, "Why, everybody who goes to the mountains must expect to be poisoned *some*; it is not so very bad after the first few days, and it *may* not break out again next year."

Every California town possessed of climatic advantages has a millionaire clique, sometimes a surprisingly large one. A few wealthy persons have given parks and libraries, opened their own grounds to the public; but in many instances the wonder is how so much money can be represented in a community with so little effect upon general interests. The millionaires buy everything they want elsewhere; their hospitalities are limited to their own set—as is apt to be the case everywhere. As a matter of course they are figureheads to the stranger—merely a feature of the perspective. In no place is the millionaire effect upon the landscape more attractive than in little Santa Barbara. A striking antithesis is here presented: on a hillside near the sea the live-oaks part to reveal velvet terraces, shimmering fountains, bowers of orchids and roses, while on an opposite slope at the other end of the town the belfry tower of the Old Mission is outlined against the sky, and barefooted Franciscans fulfil their vow of poverty, musing over the vanity of worldly pomp and riches by the crucifix in the quaint path to the historic mausoleum.

As the millionaire set monopolizes the "swim," young girls with parents of limited means are apt to have a dull time unless they have the good luck to live in one of the larger cities. Many of them are over-educated for their social opportunities. The standard of schools and colleges is high, but the aim after graduation seems to be to conceal culture, to adapt one's self to the Conglomeration as soon as possible. After spending hundreds of dollars on music, a girl will pack away her symphonies and sonatas to play "Ragtime," and sing the love story of the "sweet little Chimpanzee" and "the King of the Cocoanut Grove." After galloping through French and German at the public

schools, perhaps Latin and Greek at Berkeley or Stanford, she discovers that Pidgin English and Mexican Spanish would be far more useful in her post-marital dealings with petty tradesmen, laundrymen, drivers of vegetable carts and applicants at the back gate in general. But this is the experience of educated folk in all communities where society is not largely leavened by habits and traditions of culture. Only New England women have the everlasting grit and the traditional esteem for learning to keep up mental improvement along with household drudgery; and their bad climate helps them to do it, by removing the temptation to spend much time out of doors. Yet a great deal of reading must be done in California, notwithstanding the temptations to idleness, judging from the library reports.

The most fashionable subject of conversation save the weather is (naturally) Disease, for a great many half-sick people are sitting about with nothing to do but air themselves, and they enjoy airing their ailments as well. All through the State, in the mountains, by the sea, in the small towns, one meets these stranded men and women, wishing time away, and feeling as if a Chinese wall separated them from their distant homes. If in California for their health they are afraid to go back in winter; having stayed over one summer, they must wait until another comes. Those who have fixed no time for their return, who are merely waiting vaguely until they "get better," think longingly of the sleigh rides, the coasting, the merry return to a hot supper, the stories told by the evening fire. The wind howling around the corners of the house would come back like a strain of sweet music, if it brought with it the old independence of weather. The profusion of Gold of Ophir and American Beauty roses cannot begin to compensate for that glorious, lost freedom. The hibiscus flowers open one by one their flaming chalices only to shrivel into the oblivion of withered scrolls to-morrow; others will bloom in their places.

The mocking-bird that nests in the jessamine vine has some ravishing notes; but suddenly his sweet, untrammelled voice awakens an untamable regret in the soul of the stranger, for that "first fine careless rapture" of the young human being, which perished under the discipline of the nursery, never to be revived. The listener feels like running away from the mocking-bird's song, to make somebody happy, for the last stronghold of the fugitive happiness is in the impersonal; but this chance too often eludes the California exile, for there are few abjectly poor people to help: the army of tourists rushes by at a frantic speed and the residents suffice unto themselves. A wistful expression settles upon some faces. The caretaker of a show place commanding a view of the grand San Bernardino chain of mountains and its exquisite valley has grown weary of the vision. "I would n't give two squares of Philadelphia for the whole of it!" he remarked to one enthusiastic visitor among the perfumed bowers and orange groves of his domain.

A bright New England woman of the old stock has lived among the foothills of San Diego County for thirty years. She and her husband were pioneers there, hoping to make a fortune by raising bees. They were disappointed, but she did her part nobly to her family and neighbors. Still keen for books, for ideas, for the exploitation of theories, she feels her limitations, and longs to return to Massachusetts, especially to her early home, Martha's Vineyard. The convenient season for such a visit never offers; perhaps it never will in this phase, for her hair is whitening now, the years are bowing her shoulders. But—who knows? Once her "spirit loosed upon the air," before she hears the summons to "go up higher," it may be endued with the power to seek the twisted pine trees of a wind-swept isle in the Atlantic, dearer than all the fronded palms of the Pacific Coast. The lamp in the lighthouse tower would guide her into

port. No one would see her pass through the apple orchard; she would know where to find the gabled roof, the attic chamber of her dreaming girlhood—become the vestibule of heaven at last, the first of the Father's "many mansions" to receive the long-banished child.

As few statements can be made about California that are not susceptible of direct contradiction from some other standpoint, this is the place to say that this foothill pioneer is exceptional; she has the Puritan tenacity. Discontent, homesickness pertain mostly to the first two or three years. After that term, refugees, whether for health or business, became more or less westernized, made over by degrees into a new spirit: they become rooted like the palms and pepper trees which were foreigners once. California, with her balmy air and warm sunshine, has a more powerful grip than any other State in the Union. Aliens once subjected to it become indistinguishable from natives; in fact, the tourist meets relatively few natives, and almost every printed column descriptive of Californians in reality deals with natives of other States and countries who are residing in California.

Is it worth while to spend several years in California at a pecuniary sacrifice, for the sake of improving the health? Hundreds—nay, thousands—will attest that catarrhal affections are seldom benefited, that the extremely dry climates of the West are almost as unfavorable to them as the damp, rainy ones of the East. Redlands, the dry place *par excellence* in California, has engendered many cases of catarrh of the nose, throat and ears among the public-school children—a fact well-known to specialists in that town. The membrane has to adjust itself to great changes in every twenty-four hours—to the difference between night and day, the house and the street, the sun and the shade. A six months' drought necessarily charges the air with innumerable irritating particles of dust, even where the thoroughfares are sprinkled, or

oiled. Yet, although colds are very prevalent, there are no grippe epidemics; and the catarrhal sensitive gains this much, that the winter will not be spent indoors recovering from the effects of that dangerous disease. Pneumonia, however, is not uncommon. The truth is that California resembles every other region in being better for the healthy than for the delicate; and yet, with the usual paradox, if the visitor has passed the stage of mere delicacy, and is on the awful road to consumptive decay, there is always a chance that the Southern California climate may effect a cure, or at least retard the progress of the disease. The tourist actually meets a few persons who declare themselves "cured," although they can only go East for an occasional summer. The mystery remains unsolved: Why is a climate that is bad for catarrh, good for consumption? This secret is well kept by the germ family.

One thing should never be forgotten—viz., that there is a great dread of consumptives and a marked indisposition to harbor them. Withal, they do get in, not only at hospitals and sanitariums, but at hotels, lodgings and private boarding-houses, money being the "open sesame." The State probably has a larger revenue from the crop of consumptives than from the grape or the orange crop. Sufferers of this kind need to come, not only with an ample bank-account, but in company with a friend or relative who will do the prospecting, board-hunting, etc., keeping them in the background as much as possible. It is supreme folly to go out there poor and alone, obliged to resort to a fifty-cent room at a third-rate hotel, or to go at so late a stage of the disease that a hemorrhage may occur in the railroad station.

No one would take the responsibility of stopping the medical crusade against the *bacillus tuberculosis*, but it becomes apparent to the Western traveller that if the malady were as contagious as modern science declares it, California, Arizona, Texas and Colorado would be decimated every

year, instead of increasing in population all the time. John Chinaman has a terse way of expressing his conclusions: "No catchee consumption. Ev'y man get his own consumption. He take cold: if he lich man he live two or flee year, if he poor man he live one."

However salutary the medical verdict and precautions may be, the most noticeable effect, so far, is the annoyance and inconvenience to persons who have not, and never will have, tuberculosis. In the Western States, the average health-seeker from the East coughs from asthma, bronchitis or catarrh, not from tuberculosis; but the distinction cannot be made in a hurry by observers, hence all who cough are suspects, and most of the better class of boarding-houses close their doors upon them. It is risky to clear one's throat while applying for board in some places.

Both in summer and winter delicate persons will find in the town of San Diego the most equable temperature on the continent. A beautiful view will greet their eyes from the hilltops, a good Carnegie Library will afford material for thought. The San Diegans will discourse eloquently to them about the grandeur of their city *in futuro*, when the present generation will be as silent as the Franciscan Fathers who settled in "Mission Valley" before the river retired six feet below ground. Did ever a fine harbor call to advancing civilization in vain? Once the Panama Canal completed, say they, this port will be nearer the Orient by six hundred miles than any other; great shipyards will be built on the now deserted wharves, and incoming wealth will tap the mountain-sides for an efficient water supply, the crying need of the present. The jealousy of Los Angeles, the neighboring big city, is perfectly natural. Smaller towns have always been proud of San Francisco as the incarnation of far Western enterprise; but the prosperity of Los Angeles, their second city, is viewed with but little sympathy. They will not admit that for an all-the-year residence, in spite of

occasional fogs, Los Angeles has the most enjoyable climate in California, save that of San Diego; it is rarely uncomfortably cold in winter, and only oppressively warm for a few days at a time in summer. But for the disorganized state of domestic service, it would be an elect home for persons of means. Every avenue of trade is open and crowded with competitors; all the material, social and psychic "fads" of the world, from modern New York and London back to ancient India and Egypt, flourish along its highways and byways. Progress nowadays always includes the remote Past. In this brilliant Californian city which has sprung up by magic between the mountains and the sea, a truly progressive and retrogressive woman may have her nose remodelled, if she wishes, her hair blondined, her skin changed, her double chin made single, her bones X-rayed. She can have her palm read by a genuine Gypsy Queen from Spain, her horoscope cast by astrologers, her mind turned inside out by clairvoyants, her grandfather's spook captured by spirit photographers. If Allopathy, Homeopathy and Hydropathy prove ineffectual as a cure, Osteopathy is ready to take their place. If that is rather slow in its effects, there are Static, Sporadic and Galvanic Electricity, the Short Circuit, Naturopathy, Mechanical Vibration, Haemospasia, Helminthology and Chiro-Practice. When all else fails, she can repair to a learned, blue-gowned Chinese practitioner who will prescribe his potent herb teas after a pulse diagnosis, without impertinent questions. Lastly, there is Christian Science—which dispenses with all of the aforesaid. She can pay her money and take her choice.

The Concord sage has reminded us that we must "learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting." A lasting Californian spirit is discoverable through all changes. Let no one infer, because gambling and betting on races are popular in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and because the Sunday theatres are

largely patronized, that the churches have no influence. On the contrary it is as difficult to find a seat in one of the large churches on a festival occasion, as it is to get one at a first-class theatre without engaging it in advance. Clergymen gifted with insight, eloquence and broadness of mind draw large audiences every Sunday; they are valued not because of their cloth, but in spite of it. Men and women are not weary of being lifted out of their material selves to a recognition of higher potencies: they are only weary of dogmatism and theology. There is less patience with the hidebound and the outworn in California than there is in the Eastern States. The moral standard impresses a newcomer as being lower, but there is less pretension, less hypocrisy, the public is truer to what it professes to believe. There is a strong appetite for the scandalous: one millionaire or another has a suit on hand to determine the status and assort the claims of his various wives and children, and the papers reek with testimony that to say the least is unfavorable to human nature; but it is a noticeable fact that public sentiment keeps on the side of inherent justice. The rich but guilty defendant finds no apologists for ill-treating a good, faithful wife. He is called "an old rip," "a close-fisted cuss," "a great scamp," and his opinions in the neighborhood of his residence are counted of less value than those of an honest rancher who may be working the adjoining acres in shirt-sleeves, and washing his hands at the kitchen sink.

In the East, money is a quality in itself—one that lends a roseate glow to its possessor; his virtues are magnified, his faults condoned: whatever he may be intrinsically, he is admired and courted. It is not so in California; there, too, wealth is regarded as the highest earthly good, and the multitude is eager in the chase for it; but the winner is merely a "lucky fellow," his "find" of gold remains outside of his personality. This estimate is another survival from the standards of

the first settlers. Along with the undisguised contempt for a bad rich man there is a spirit of toleration for delinquents who are honestly trying to rise again after a serious fall, a deviation from the path of honor. In the early days of the State, if an offender against the common sense of justice was not shot, strung up or stabbed on the spot, if he was allowed another chance, the probability was that a few years of decent behavior on his part, an evident intention to amend his ways, would gradually restore him to public favor, until finally he was considered as good as anybody. Resolute manhood conquers in California, which is still the most favorable place for outliving a mistaken

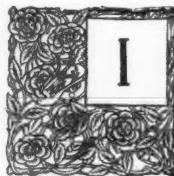
past, the point that offers the least resistance. We recognize something great in this spirit of generosity when seen in frail humanity.

Travellers may leave California with a feeling of dissatisfaction, disappointment, for one reason or another, but its grip is upon them nevertheless; some day they will return, if they can, and meanwhile they will look back regretfully to features of its life and climate that cannot be enjoyed in the East. Primeval man knew nothing of houses; and his descendants retain subjectively a leaning towards an out-of-door life and a climate that permits it. The artificial charms of civilization never wholly counteract this bias.



EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR

By H. W. BOYNTON



IN the Preface of his *Life of Keats** Mr. Hancock asserts: "It is possible for biography sometimes to attain the dramatic vitality of fiction."

He has evidently tried to realize this possibility, and to that end he has employed a style of conscious vividness and picturesqueness. His horror of being academic leads him in the direction of a journalistic terseness and brusqueness. He has an admirable sense of what may be left out; but the pithiness of his narrative does not really consist in the brevity of his sentences. He has tried "to conceive of Keats as the protagonist of a domestic drama, . . .

to select the significant moments, to reproduce the authentic local color of his daily life and to make him live, in a world of good cheer and vexation, as a vivid reality." Keats yet stands in special need of this kind of interpretation; for the common impression that he was a poet of languid sensuousness, and a man of weak and effeminate nature, yet persists. The testimony of critics like Lord Houghton, Arnold and Lowell—has scotched, not killed it. Gifford's politically inspired flaying of the poet, Byron's brutal sneer at the weakling who could be "snuffed out by an article," the famous whining inscription on his tombstone, have kept alive the unworthy tradition of him. Even Arnold cheerfully passes on Haydon's canard that Keats was once drunk for six weeks at a stretch. Mr. Hancock's evidence as a whole

* John Keats. By Albert E. Hancock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

obviously justifies the indignation with which his pen is tipped in the discussion of these matters. He does not try to make Keats out a marvel of staidness and consistency in the conduct of that youthful experience which alone was vouchsafed him, but he makes clear that in the ordinary relations he was a normal and healthy member of society. Though a little man, he once thrashed a butcher in a blind alley, after a tussle of an hour. He had a strong family affection, and was especially devoted to his little sister. His nickname among his friends was "Junkets." He was as fond of nonsense as a healthy boy ought to be. "The Keats that Hunt and Brown and Severn knew was a gifted young man who jested, drank claret, cut cards for half-guineas, accompanied them to the theatre. Usually he was gracious and sweet-tempered, sometimes tempestuous. Occasionally he went off by himself and wrote verses." Of the Fanny Brawne relation Mr. Hancock writes with a good deal of warmth. He calls attention to the indisputable fact that Keats wrote much of his best poetry while in the toils of this "enervating" passion. As it happens, an interesting document in this connection is forthcoming. That famous love-letter from which Matthew Arnold quoted is, it seems, in the possession of Haverford College, and is reproduced in this book facsimile. Arnold's judgment of it is perhaps too well-known. It had "the abandonment of all reticence and of all dignity, of the merely sensuous man, of the man who 'is passion's slave'." Nay, it was "the sort of love-letter of a surgeon's apprentice which one might hear read out in a breach-of-promise case or in the Divorce Court." Mr. Hancock indignantly denies the allegation and is pretty sharp with "the critic of the academic gown." But it must be admitted that the document here placed in evidence will seem to most readers to bear out Arnold's opinion. It is absurd to compare its abandonment with that

of the "Vita Nuova." Enervation is expressed here, not as a total condition, but certainly as a familiar mood. Mr. Hancock himself says: "He was yielding to love in life just as he yielded to love in poetry. It was 'an ardent listlessness,' a luxury of enjoyment in repose." The truth is Keats's mind had its common side, and his spirit had its flaccid moments. Voluptuous self-abandonment to sleep or death or love is a favorite theme. However, Arnold recognized in him not only sensuousness, but "elements of high character." He was not made for domestic life, and loved his Fanny better at a distance: he could then fancy her the perfect being of his romantic dream. It is well that they could not marry; well in particular that she—poor worldly commonplace little Fanny—did not have to pay the full price of her limitations. She seems to have had, at all events, a faithful heart.

But this is quite as much a book of criticism as of biography, and it is criticism of unusual quality. Mr. Hancock's discussion of the Keats philosophy and his analyses of the longer poems strongly urge the acceptance of the later poetry as a mature achievement, and not merely a promise. After Arnold he uses the word "Shakespearean" to suggest the quality of Keats's highest performance: its "natural magic." But it is not suggested that he would ever have achieved anything like the Shakespearean breadth of power. He was a dreamer, not a maker: "He stands somewhere in remote space delivering oracular images of beauty; an intermediary between us and the invisible beyond."

On the whole it seems that Keats's lapses of taste—there are more of them in the letters than in the poems—were due less to lack of breeding than to lack of humor. For instance, here is a passage from one of his letters which is quoted neither by Arnold nor the present critic: "Talking of Pleasure, this moment I was writing with one hand, and with the

other holding to my mouth a Nectarine—Good God how fine! It went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy—all its delicious embonpoint melted down my throat like a large beatified strawberry." This is like a child who gulps and smacks his lips, not yet having learned the absurdity of bad manners. In his lack of humor as in several other respects, Keats was more Miltonic than Shakespearean.

No more delightful letters than these of Lear's* have been published for a long time. It is pleasant to know that they are only an instalment of what we may expect; they end with the year 1864, and the painter-humorist lived nearly a quarter-century after that. Indeed, Lady Strachey intimates that more may be looked for, "should this series be found of interest to the public." The cautious form of this promise seems rather amusingly unnecessary. Surely these letters will be received with joy by the considerable remnant of "the reading public" which does not absolutely confine itself to fiction. In one library, at least, this portly volume has made its way at once to the shelf which holds Walpole and Gray and Cowper and Lamb and Fitzgerald.

The book will perform an important minor office by, in a sense, clearing the memory of Edward Lear. The general impression of him (if there is any general impression) would be of a good-natured but somewhat fatuous Britisher who spent most of his time inventing absurd limericks and illustrating them with conscious but by no means deliberate crudeness. But Edward Lear was an almost incredibly hard-working and more than ordinarily successful landscape painter, who led a most interesting life, and was the intimate of many of the most distinguished persons of his day. That day was the day which we now incline to dispose of with a slight smile as

"mid-Victorian." The situation of Lear giving drawing-lessons to the Queen (as he did at one time) and being blandly patronized by her, has a humorous aspect not recorded by him. But if evidence were needed to prove that that was not an age altogether compact of middle-class taste overlaid with a feeble romanticism, these letters would supply it. Lear's humor is of that riper sort which is allied to sadness; but there is not a trace of sentimentalism in him. Complaints of his own lot or momentary experience always end in outbursts of good-humored self-ridicule; there was not a particle of bitterness in him toward himself or others. And yet he was not at all what is known as a "good-natured" man. He was of the irritable tribe, and he was obviously not of the enviable few who find their work and their play the same thing. "No life," he wrote at fifty, "is more shocking to me than the sitting motionless like a petrified gorilla as to my body and limbs hour after hour—my hand meanwhile peck, peck, pecking at billions of little dots and lines, while my mind is fretting and fuming through every minute of the weary day's work." The truth seems to be that painting, although it was his life-work, and although it was successful, was less a product of his inspiration than his byplay of humor was. By way of offset, his humor was free from the danger of the overstrain to which professional humorists are liable. His letters are better fun than his nonsense books. His system of perverting and misspelling words is an art in itself: "Go and see the Flower-show, delilahs, high-derangers, and what not." He has a habit of giving the most incongruous bits of news in the same breath, with an air of perfect ingenuousness which is perhaps not wholly feigned. "The religious world bubbles and frizzes, and it is now said that the Athanasian Creed is to be repeated always before dinner in all godly houses—and sometimes afterwards also. One of the Hyenas

*The Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey. Duffield & Co.

at the Zoological is dead, and one of the Giraffes has brought forth a puppy, I mean a calf, that is a giraf-fino. . . . A large and unpleasantly odorous black cat has adorned our doorsteps for five days, but that is not wonderful, only sad. Thomas Woolner has taken a house in Welbeck St. and Palgrave the poet has gone to live with him." Lear and Tennyson were very great friends, and Lear had a strong regard for Lady Tennyson. After one of his visits at Farringford he writes: "I should think, computing moderately, that fifteen angels, several hundred of ordinary women, many philosophers, a heap of truly wise and kind mothers, three or four minor prophets, and a lot of doctors and school-mistresses might all be boiled down, and yet their combined essence falls short of what Emily Tennyson really is." His letters to Fortescue ("40 scue") are full of such bulletins as: "A. Tennyson has written two more poems, one I hear is a dialogue between a gent and a lady." Or: "A. Tennyson has written an im: & also a small pome." It was his ambition for years to illustrate Tennyson's poems, and he actually thought of a series of two hundred and fifty pictures. A good many of them he actually drew, and Tennyson eventually caused to be printed a small edition of a volume called "Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Illustrated by Edward Lear," which contains twenty-two illustrations. Two of them are reproduced in this book.

There is a quality in the intimate letters of Britons like Cowper and FitzGerald and Lear which we must admit to be almost or quite undiscoverable in similar work of our own—an overflow of humor without self-consciousness. Lear's facetiousness does not obscure this quality in him; it is the mere froth upon the bubbling stream of his humorous fancy, and his fancy seeks to please itself. Now whatever may be said for American humor, unconsciousness of the gallery is not one of its virtues. Lowell always sparkled from a platform,

and even Holmes, spontaneous and unquenchable as his humorous impulse was, had always a twinkling eye upon the pleased faces of his constituency. Aldrich's earlier letters, though always amusing, often strike one as a little labored and facetious. Later, with the refining and mellowing of his nature, most of this self-consciousness seems to drop away, and the humor to well up from some kindly spring without the services of any sort of pump. "I was fifty-nine yesterday. It is unpleasant to be fifty-nine; but it would be unpleasanter not to be, having got started." And a year later: "Who but Wordsworth could have taught Watson [William Watson] such a word as 'prehensile'? That's Wordsworth down to the very roots. I can fancy the old gentleman saying it, his face beaming with that expression of yearning for milk which one finds in all his portraits." The body of letters included in Mr. Greenslet's Life of Aldrich do not suggest, as Lear's do, the emergence of a new classic among letter-writers, but they are of sufficient intrinsic charm to inspire the hope that more of them may be printed in due time.

There are few tasks more delicate than the writing of an "official biography." The distinguished man is recently dead. Persons survive him whose sensibilities are raw to the least touch of adverse opinion. The public in general cherishes that *nil nisi bonum* sentiment which is its easy tribute to the recently departed. Yet the recency of the bereavement is the publisher's opportunity. He must take his tide at the flood like other people. From his point of view the most acceptable thing would be a sort of extended obituary, adorned by such letters to and from the deceased as might enhance the impression of his merit. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Greenslet has had the free hand which mere lapse of time will give the possible biographer of Aldrich* a decade or two hence.

*The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. By Ferris Greenslet. Houghton, Mifflin.

Such a book as this must be occasional rather than final. All the more credit to the pioneer biographer for having steered clear of fatuity. Whatever suggestion of obituary amenity there may be in his presentation of the man, there is no gingerliness in his critical attitude toward the writer. The final chapter (like the final chapter of his *Life of Lowell*) presents an extraordinarily acute and just estimate of the actual literary achievement to be considered. "He was of the Flauberts, not of the Balzacs; his prose was the prose of talent rather than of genius; but it would be hard to find an English author who has made more of his native endowment." He was of those who practise and exalt the labor of the file, writing laboriously and revising endlessly. The end of it all, so far as his prose is concerned, can only be considered a partial payment for the labor involved. Mr. Greenslet has an interesting theory that the merit of Aldrich's prose, apart from its purity of form, lies in its poetic inspiration. His best prose, in short, "is touched with the breath of poesy." This is not, after all, much of a recommendation for prose, and the critic owns that in writing of Aldrich's, "however one may admire it, one is always a little conscious of putting one's best foot foremost." He passes with obvious relief to the discussion of Aldrich's poetry. Here, however, his attitude is equally discriminating, unless it be in his commendation of a blank verse hopelessly damned, as blank verse must be, by its lack of supreme merit. Blank verse is everything or nothing—and Aldrich's is not everything. Otherwise the biographer is safe in recognizing Aldrich's own self-criticism as well-nigh infallible. He gives some interesting data in connection with the poet's habit of revision and excision, and cites the "*Poems and Sonnets*" as of 1906 as containing the pure virtues of the poet. Those virtues are melody, gaiety, fancy. "For those who love poetry as a fine art," concludes Mr.

Greenslet, "who read it for pure delight, his place in our literature is unique and secure."

Another new biography which has naturally something of the memorial or obituary character is Dr. Nicoll's *Life of John Watson ("Ian Maclaren")*.^{*} It will be recalled that Dr. Watson died in America less than two years ago. The circumstances of his presence here were characteristic. He was then in his fifty-seventh year. He had recently resigned from an important Presbyterian pastorate in Liverpool, which he had held for a quarter-century. He was then apparently at the prime of his power, but felt his strength flagging, and chose to give up his charge rather than take the chance of becoming a burden upon it. He planned a long rest, but before long had been persuaded to accept the Presidency of the National Free Church Council, and the Principalship of Westminster College, Cambridge. He had already lectured in America with great success, and now undertook another tour by way of rest before assuming his new duties. His first tour here had been made in the rôle of literary lion, in the early furor of his popularity as author of "*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*." But the figure that confronted his American audiences was not that of the complacent and beaming author who has made a hit, but of the sturdy divine, a little amused, a little impatient even, at the fuss made over a mere by-product of his busy hand. Dr. Nicoll makes it very clear that John Watson had no ambition for the career of a man of letters. Early in life he had become familiar with the rustic types which he loved to describe and imitate for the amusement of his friends. It was Dr. Nicoll himself who urged him to put them in black and white. Watson finally set himself to it, and after one or two unsuccessful experiments, which were

*A. *Life of Ian Maclaren*. By W. Robertson Nicoll. Dodd, Mead & Co.

promptly condemned by his adviser, fairly "struck his gait," and the result was "The Bonnie Brier Bush." The book was by no means "flung off," but, according to his own account, was written with a care not to be exceeded by a Stevenson or an Aldrich. Of his early stories he says: "Each one was turned over in my mind for months before I put pen to paper. It took a prodigious amount of labor before I even had a story formed in my head. Then I blocked it out at one sitting. Then the thing was put aside while I went over and over in my mind each detail, each line of dialogue, each touch of description, determining on the proper place, attitude, share, color and quality of each bit, so that the whole might in the end be a unit, and not a bundle of parts. By and by came the actual writing with the revision and the correction which accompanies and follows. The actual composition of the 'Brier Bush' occupied fifteen months."

This is the method of a full-fledged literary artist; but his huge success apparently did not tempt him in the least to devote himself to writing as a profession. He did not find time or impulse to write with the same pains in his later work, and it showed a gradual wanining in freshness and power. So he wrote no more stories; his life-work was that of a speaker and a doer. It is interesting to know, on the biographer's authority, that in his fiction Watson was a conscious sentimentalist. He admitted to a friend "that if he were to depict some phases of rural life, as he had known it, 'The House with the Green Shutters' would have been considered, in comparison, a flattering portrait." "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The House with the Green Shutters" certainly represent the two sides of the shield; there is truth in each, but the whole truth in neither; but it is good for the world, on the whole, that it finds a more profitable art in "The Vicar of Wakefield" than in the most skilfully worded police report.

One cannot, at all events, quite imagine John Watson, even in his "state" of Ian Maclaren, becoming hysterical over his own pathos. The sentimentalism of Dickens seems to have been less a matter of method than of instinct. This fact is made particularly clear in the course of the latest biography of him.* Mr. Kitton is an enthusiast; he could not be more offensively panegyrical if Dickens had died last week. Unfortunately he has very little humor, and a great knack at quoting the passages from Dickens's letters, and dwelling upon the incidents of his career, which idolaters might choose to ignore. Among such data are a series of passages in which Dickens describes with gusto the dolorous symptoms with which his own pathos afflicts him. He was the first to weep over the death of Little Nell (who was slain for literary considerations at the suggestion of Forster). He spent the night after Paul Dombey's death wandering "desolate and sad" about the streets of Paris. As he is finishing "The Chimes," he writes to Forster: "This book . . . has made my face white in a foreign land. My cheeks, which were beginning to fill out, have sunk again; my eyes have grown immensely large; my hair is very lank, and the head inside the hair is hot and giddy. Read the scene at the end of the third part, twice. I would n't write it twice, for something." When he has finished the story, he has "what women call a real good cry"; and has to keep himself locked up for a while, as his face "was swollen for a time to twice its proper size, and was hugely ridiculous." But he really does not think the situation ridiculous. This is the very luxury of grief: he is proud of his sensibility, and does not perceive that to be able to lift oneself emotionally by one's own bootstraps is not a lofty achievement. However, he lifted the rest of the world also. That grim censor, Lord Jeffrey, waxes almost hysterical in

* Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings and Personality. By Frederick G. Kitton. D. Appleton & Co.

his praises: "Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! what a No. 5 you have given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning; and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I can never bless and love you enough. Since the divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room." And Thackeray, Dickens's great fellow-sentimentalist, exclaimed: "There's no writing

against such power as this—one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous." It was some years later that Thackeray produced his own death-bed masterpiece in the passing of Colonel Newcome. Pathos stood at a high figure in that day. Ah, well, it is not to be proved that our own habitual dryness of the eye is matter for congratulation: no doubt it is due to a changed taste, rather than to fact, that our thoughts or our natures are too deep for tears.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader

I HAVE found considerable entertainment, lately, in looking through certain books previously Mr. Benson's "At Large" read in another form—books already familiar to the readers of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, though unknown to the rest of the world till they reappeared in the dignity of larger type and stouter covers. There is getting to be a brave array of them—some grave, some gay, some combining gaiety and gravity in reasonable proportions. In the latter category first place should perhaps be given to Mr. Arthur C. Benson's "At Large"—a dozen informal discourses much in the manner of the "Roundabout Papers." It is a long while since I last read Thackeray's random talks from the *Cornhill*, but my recollection is that a playful note is struck in them oftener than the deeper chords, though these are sounded not infrequently. In Mr. Benson's essays, the prevalent tone is serious, though now and then the page is enlivened by a delicately humorous observation, or an amusing anecdote well told. On the whole, they stand very well

the test of consecutive and continuous reading, though primarily intended to be taken up at monthly intervals. The range is wide, but the essayist keeps well on his feet even when treading difficult if not dangerous ground.

Forty-five years after the appearance of the "Roundabout Papers," Lady Ritchie's "Blackstick Papers" prints from the same magazine (and in part from the CRITIC and PUTNAM's) a collection of disconnected essays called "The Blackstick Papers." To the old readers of this magazine, it is unnecessary to speak of the charm of her occasional papers, which reflect on every page the grace of the author's personality. To no recent volume of the same general character could the term machine-made be less appropriately applied than to this; for Lady Ritchie writes only when the spirit moves, and revises all her work with painstaking and artistic care. Since the first appearance,

in periodical form, of the earliest of the essays in this by no means bulky volume, long years have elapsed. One can only hope that the interval between this and her next book will be much briefer.

Essays of a very different character are to be found in Miss Lillie Hamill's "House Dignified"; for the author's purpose is neither moral suasion nor intellectual amusement, but practical instruction. Her motive, positively stated, is to teach the rich what to do, in building and decorating their houses in town or country,—to show them what the desirable possibilities are, by showing them what others have done. Negatively stated, it is to reveal to the wealthy the pitfalls that infest their path, by holding up warning examples of the atrocities committed in the names of Architecture and Art. But the good and the beautiful are dwelt upon with far more emphasis than the bad and the ugly; and the author shows a rare capacity for waxing enthusiastic, not to say dithyrambic, over the results achieved by home-makers with fathomless purses, who have turned their sordid cash into objects, large or small, that command the approval of a cultivated taste. Midas cannot go far wrong in building his Golden House, so long as he has the text and illustrations of this handsome book to guide him.

Miss MacGowan's story of the Tennessee hills, in which she has had the collaboration of her sister **A Mountain Romance** Mrs. Cooke, is a powerful tale of one of those backwaters of civilization that abound in the region where she lays her scene. Her heroine is a handsome, full-blooded child of nature, largely a law unto herself; and the other characters, male and female, young and old and middle-aged, are equally typical of the time and place—even the cool-headed hero, with his fan-cied call to civilize his atavistic, feud-

loving neighbors. Though the dominant note in this story is profoundly serious, the author's sense of humor is too keen and strong to be wholly subdued by what it works in—if, indeed, any story worth telling be really free from amusing adjunct or impediment; hence, there are lighter touches here as good in their way as the most dramatic scenes.

In strong contrast to this wholly American story is Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Heart of a Geisha." **The Heart of a Woman** That the author knows Japan at first hand is obvious to any reader of this novelette. That she knows the heart of a woman is equally obvious, and more to the point. Her heroine saves the life of her lover by a bewildering, maddening dance, and so vividly is the scene described that one is convinced of its possibility, if not its actuality. That the aristocratic hero—one of the pioneers in the modern regeneration of his country—should afterwards marry the dancing-girl was a foregone conclusion, anomalous as the situation seemed to outsiders unacquainted with the facts. Mrs. Fraser has done no better work in fiction than this moving and dramatic little tale; nor, be it said in passing, one more daintily printed and bound.

These five works, with Mr. Lighton's Western romance, "The Shadow of a Great Rock," Jennette Lee's "The Ibsen Secret" and "The Emily Emmins Papers" of Miss Carolyn Wells, constitute this magazine's contribution to the book literature of the past year or so. Other volumes, as varied in character, derived from the same source, will follow at no long interval.

On picking up a new book containing reproductions of a number of Blake's pictures, one **The Art of William Blake** almost inevitably reflects on the desirability that there should be published some work containing each and all of them. With this thought in mind, the reader

is interested to find in the opening paragraph of Elisabeth Luther Cary's "Art of William Blake" an emphatic statement that such a work is of prime importance—coupled with an expression of the writer's assurance that it is bound to appear in time, under the auspices of some society of art-lovers. In the meantime we welcome Miss Cary's interesting contribution to the ever-growing library of books about Blake. That she is an admirer of the poet-painter's genius need not be stated. The book's existence sufficiently attests the fact. That she is a sound and accomplished critic is well-known. It remains only to add that she has made a very discriminating selection from the great mass of material available for reproduction in illustration of her commentary.

Josiah Flynt's Confession When he was writing the story of his life, Josiah Flynt always spoke of it as his "confession"; and such it truly is. Nothing, seemingly, is exaggerated, and naught set down in malice—even against himself. It is not a formal autobiography, but a setting-forth of such incidents and experiences as best revealed the writer to himself. These are such as best reveal him to the reader also, for the author of "Tramping with Tramps" was able to regard himself with notable detachment. His faults, his failings, even his offences against the law, when the law was wholly right and he himself utterly in the wrong, are set down coolly and deliberately, without giving the impression that the "confessor" is writing for effect. Let no one gather that the book is gloomy or morbid reading. Far from it. In his brief and unique career, Flynt (whose real name was Willard) became acquainted with more than one phase of life, and saw much of Europe as well as of his own country. His story is of unusual interest as a human document (though the phrase itself is getting to be rather over-worked); and it is most interestingly supplemented by "appreciations"

from such intimate friends and accomplished writers as Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Alfred Hodder (who died only a few weeks after Flynt himself passed away) and Miss Emily M. Burbank, and "a final word" of biography by the autobiographer's cousin, Mr. Bannister Merwin.

Flynt's life was spent in a futile quest for the Beyond, and he warns all his readers against engaging in a similar pursuit. The warning will be heeded only by those who do not need it. It will pass by all who, like Flynt himself, are born with the *Wanderlust* tingling in their blood. "He was born," says Mr. Symons, "with the soul of a vagabond, into a family of gentle, exquisitely refined people: he was born so, that is all." "I fancy he never read [books] except when he was ill," writes Mr. Hodder. "His book was the man in the street; any man, in any street; policeman, cabby, convict, or man of gentle breeding." "He knew and understood the ways of men," Miss Burbank tells us, "and had the gift of words; but when he wrote for publication his imagination seemed chained to earth. . . . Then, too, it must be remembered that Flynt was the tramp writing, not the writer tramping." Mr. Symons describes his style as "too literal for art, and not quite literal enough for science." He wrote a good pedestrian prose, however, and contrived to turn out a number of books essentially different from other people's.

Flynt's face fitted his character and habits far better than his Christian name: he was the last man that one would think of calling Josiah. His eyes had a noticeably furtive expression. He was well aware of the fact, and explained it by pointing out that in his tramp days he had had to watch policemen and constables without letting them know it, while later in life he had been compelled to watch tramps and crooks without letting them suspect he was observing them.



The Lounger



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD assures me that he was not murdered by hostile Indians in the wilderness north of Winnipeg, as reported some weeks ago. Some of his Indian guides got in a "mix-up" and one of them came within an ace of being gathered to his fathers, and the rumor of Mr. Curwood's own death was based upon this fact; so, after all, it had a more substantial basis than half the rumors that are circulated nowadays. Had the report been correct, it would have meant a very untimely end, as Mr. Curwood is still a young man. Since he gave up local newspaper work in Detroit, his home city, he has been a very industrious contributor to the magazines, and will have a long list of books to his credit before he is many years older. His eye-opening series

of papers on the Great Lakes, which ran serially in *PUTNAM'S AND THE READER*, will appear in permanent form in the near future; and he has already brought out "The Courage of Captain Plum," a novel more or less in the Rex Beach manner, in which he makes use of the incidents in a curious Mormon chapter of Michigan history; and

"The Wolf-Hunters," the first of a series of Hudson Bay stories of adventure for boys.



Mr. John Fox, Jr., has been a successful writer ever since he began his literary career, but nothing that he has ever written has met with the instantaneous success of his latest book, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The first edition numbered 100,000 copies. There are not more than half a dozen writers in the English-speaking world who have had such first editions. Mr. Fox is to be congratulated; and so is the reading public, for knowing a good story when it sees it.



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD IN THE WILDERNESS

Ethel Barrymore washed her hands of American society, and set it down as a foolish and frivolous thing, I said to myself: "There is no truth in this. We shall have the denial within a few days." The denial came the next day. Miss Barrymore had said nothing of the sort. I knew she had not. Why should she? Is she not the favorite act-

ress of the fashionable world? Is she not at home in the houses of the rich and great on both sides of the water? Are not the leaders of the Four Hundred her intimates here, and countesses and duchesses her chums across sea? and

might wonder, considering that she has one of the most charming homes with which any living author is blessed. The house is one of the handsomest of the old ones at Stratford-on-Avon (the buildings seen beyond it are quite modern affairs),



"MASON CROFT," MISS MARIE CORELLI'S HOME AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

is she not playing the part of a titled woman, "Lady Frederick," at the present time? and has she not made a success of it?

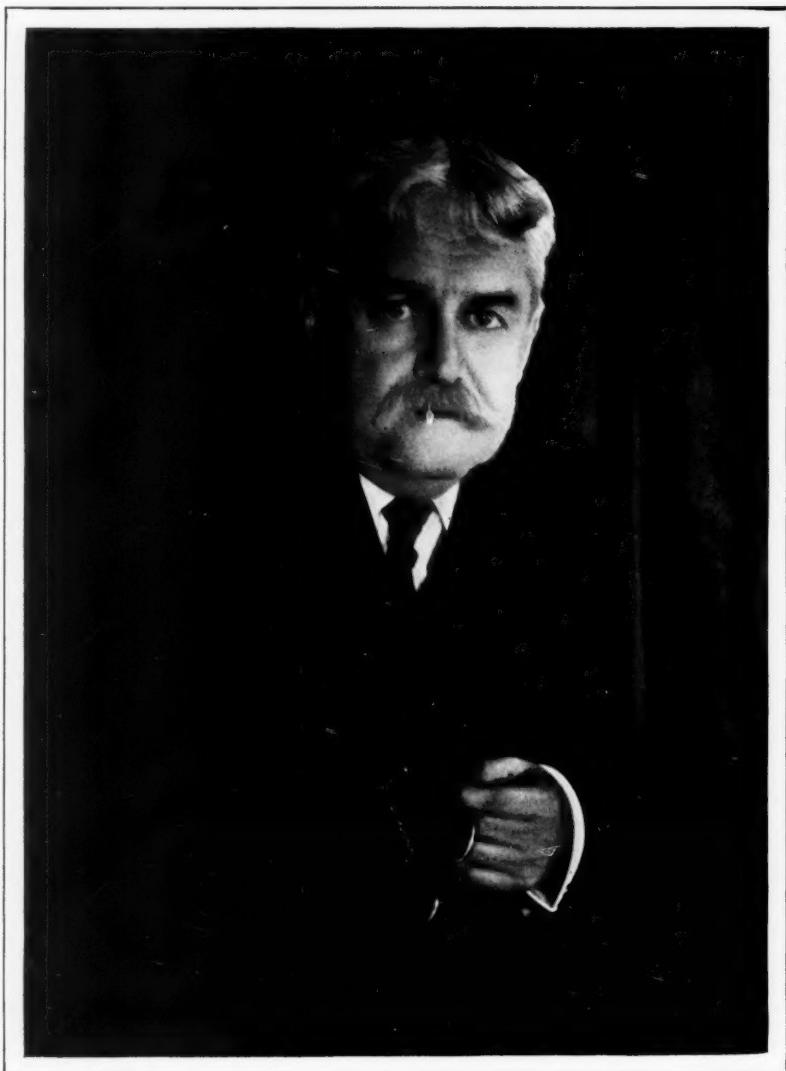


The photographer who furnishes me with the accompanying photograph of Miss Marie Corelli tells me that it is the only one for which she has ever sat. It possesses therefore the quality of rareness which pertains to the portraits of so few celebrities. In its simple, natural attitude, also, there is a refreshing novelty about it. The famous novelist was presumably seated in her own house when the picture was taken. How she can ever go anywhere else one well

and Miss Corelli has fitted up the interior with excellent taste and an eye to solid comfort. There is a garden at the rear, in which, at some distance from the house, stands a tiny tower. In an upper room thereof the novelist has fitted up a cozy little den, in which she does the greater part of her writing. This tower dates back to the spacious times of great Elizabeth. Miss Corelli has a host of readers in this country as well as in England, and it is no exaggeration to say that the writings of no other Stratford author (with the exception of Shakespeare) have ever reached so wide a public, nor the writings of any other author whose name is identified with the town, save Washington Irving.



MISS MARIE CORELLI



From a photograph by W. H. Van der Weyde

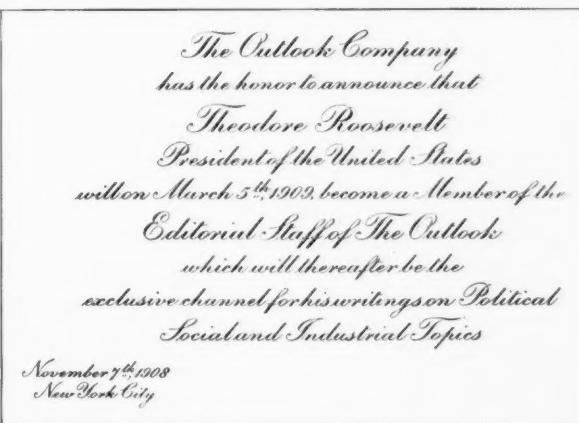
WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, PUBLISHER OF THE *Outlook*

Mr. F. N. Doubleday did a big thing when he engaged Mr. Rockefeller as his star contributor; but Mr. William B. Howland did a bigger one in securing the services of President Roosevelt as "Contributing Editor." The title is, so far as I

know, a new one; but the combination is not unusual, and is eminently natural in the case of a man who has for so long been a prolific contributor to the periodical press, and who for the past seven years has been editing the United States. This photograph

of Mr. Howland, the *Outlook's* publisher, is an excellent likeness, though the expression habitual to his face is rather more cheerful than the one the photographer has caught. This may be due to the fact that, having seldom sat for a photograph, he felt a little trepidation on confronting the camera. Or it may be he has been figuring up the expenses involved in the big "deal" he has just

of the girl; indeed, she has virtually taken the story merely as a suggestion, and has made a play which, I will venture to say, will have as much success, if not more, than "*The Servant in the House*." Mrs. Burnett has been intending to make a play from this story ever since it was written, and while she had it sketched out in her mind, she did not begin writing until some time last



made. But whatever those expenses are, there can be no doubt about his recouping himself from the increased circulation. No periodical in the country, by the way, has more consistently supported the President in the carrying out of his policies than has the *Outlook*. Indeed, it might almost be said that Mr. Roosevelt, as President, has been a consistent supporter of the *Outlook's* policies.

22

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has founded a play on her story "*The Dawn of a To-morrow*." This story, if I remember rightly, appeared in only one number of *Scribner's Magazine*, but it was afterwards made into a book and had a remarkable success. It was not only read widely, but widely discussed. In her play, Mrs. Burnett has not followed the book exactly. She has made more

winter, and then she wrote it very much as she wrote the story, under the influence of what, for want of a better word, we call inspiration. Miss Eleanor Robson will, I believe, play the leading part in this drama of modern thought.

23

It is interesting to know the views of Mr. John D. Rockefeller on the subject of money-making. These views have not reached us second-hand, but are from his written word, reproduced in facsimile of his handwriting on the front cover of the *World's Work*. Says Mr. Rockefeller, in bold red ink: "I know of nothing more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the waking hours of the day to making money for the money's sake." Coming from such a source, this statement is interesting—if true.



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

SARA JEANNETTE COTES

No one can accuse Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) of crowding her books upon the public. Her first published volume, "A Social Departure," was, as every one knows,

a great success. In the course of time she wrote another book; then she let more time slip by before a third appeared. It has been several years since we have had a new book

from her pen. Mrs. Cotes has a bright and breezy style, which makes her writings particularly welcome in these days of "problem novels" and "problem plays." Her latest story, "Cousin Cinderella," is in her usual happy vein—as the title indicates.



Miss Anna Bartlett Warner, who has recently sold Constitution Island in the Hudson River at West Point, to Mrs. Russell Sage, at a price far below its market value, as the purchaser bought it for presentation to the United States Military Academy, has been much amused by some of the accounts of herself and her sister which have appeared in the newspapers since the sale was made. Even my own paragraph, in November, was not free from error. Miss Warner was not "born in 1820." While she will be eighty-eight some day, if she lives long enough, she is still well this side of that patriarchal age. One paper has given the date of her birth as 1802—which is obviously an exaggeration! The description, in another periodical, of Miss Susan Warner sitting "in a chair piled up with cushions," while instructing a Sunday-school class, and of her sister serving the students afterwards with "hot gingerbread," is equally amusing in its departure from the facts, though the surviving Miss Warner is delighted to find that members of the class still remember their old teacher.



As Mr. Taft received 322 electoral votes, it is fortunate that Mr. Bryan

captured only 162. Had the Republican candidate received the 325 votes we were assured he would, and his Democratic rival 333, as we were told with equal confidence would be the case, both candidates would have received more than the number necessary to a choice, and we should have had two Presidents-elect on our hands until the fourth of March and two Presidents thereafter. The fact that we are not now confronted



From a cartoon by Bowers in the Indianapolis *News*

IF CERTAIN ANTE-ELECTION PREDICTIONS HAD BEEN VERIFIED

by such an *impasse* proves anew that Providence has a weak spot for the American people.



Mr. John G. Neihardt, the Nebraskan poet, finished early in the autumn his eighteen-hundred-mile trip down the Missouri River. He started in a gasoline canoe, but after two hundred miles the power gave out, and the remainder of the long trail was made in an open boat, fighting continual head winds and low water with oars and paddles. For the last fourteen hundred miles he had only a boy

to help him. This was a strenuous life indeed; but the young poet thoroughly enjoyed it, though seventy-two nights in a blanket under the stars almost permanently disqualifies him for sleeping in a bed. He found PUTNAM's in some very wild places and the references to him and his work in the July number made him wel-

idea. The next thing would be for Mr. Edison to invent moulded servants. It would be such a capital thing if we could have our household work done by some trick of mechanism. We could then live anywhere we liked, and be sure of good service. I cannot see that this idea is as preposterous as it looks upon the



From a recent photograph by Otto Sarony Co.
Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE

come, he says, at several ranches, and at a very isolated government post—up among the Mandan Indians.

22

I am very much taken by what I have read about the Edison houses. The idea of running a house in a mould—bath-tubs, sinks and all other modern conveniences, at the same time—is most interesting. A house built and equipped for one thousand dollars, is an attractive thought, and at the earliest opportunity I intend to make a pilgrimage to Long Island to see the practical workings of this

face of it. Do we not have machines into which, or at which, we can toss manuscripts, and have them come out bound magazines?

23

Perhaps because so much of her time is passed in fairy-land, Mlle. Genée, the Danish dancer, appears to believe in the magic circle and other mystic signs and tokens. Friends and admirers of her art, who know of this vein of superstition, are constantly sending her mascots. On being presented to this happy fam-

Homage of the penny dolls to the illustrious lady, Adeline Genée.

We are penny dolls : we bring
To fair Genée welcoming.
Venice made us of its earth,
We are but of humble birth,
But we can crow and — grunt and sing
For fair Genée's welcoming.

*Written down at the dictation
of the penny dolls
by Arthur Symons*

VERSES TO MME. GENÉE DICTATED TO ARTHUR SYMONS BY THE PENNY DOLLS

ily, in London, recently, Mr. Arthur Symons, the poet and critic, asked and received permission to contribute to the collection. The following day a messenger arrived with a whole menagerie of clay animals, primitive —nay, even elemental—as to forms and colors; and with them, in lieu of a card, the verses here reproduced.

22

Several books recently published have a peculiar interest for me—Mr. William Winter's "Other Days," Mr. Will H. Low's "Chronicle of Friendships" and Mr. Paul Wilstach's "Richard Mansfield." Mr. Winter I have known, by sight or personally, for more than thirty years. I have sat behind him at the theatre, night after night, and seen his brown hair gradually sprinkle with gray and then turn to snowy white. He was not very young when I first saw him, but it was not long after his early manhood, when he was one of the

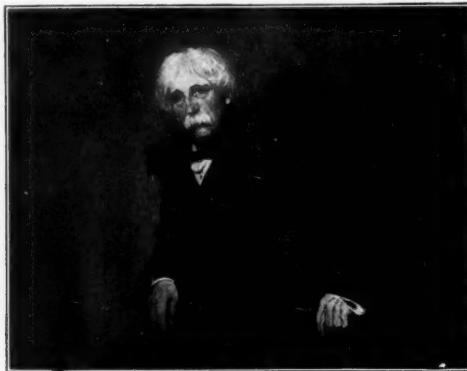
group of poets, painters and journalists who formed the first real Bohemia that New York knew. In this group, among a few men still living, were E. C. Stedman, R. H. Stoddard, T. B. Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, George Arnold, and a few others whose names I cannot recall at the moment, and one woman—Ada Danforth. Occasionally Walt Whitman joined this circle, but he was not a regular member of it. It had no club-house, but met at a famous restaurant, long since passed away, known as Pfaff's. I do not know whether Mr. Winter was a critic in those days, but he certainly was a poet, for he was born one.

23

Nothing could be more fitting than that Mr. Winter should write a book of stage recollections. It is often argued that a dramatic critic should not be the friend of actors or actresses, lest his criticisms should be affected by personal feeling. It is, however,

almost impossible to prevent such acquaintance, or even friendship; for if a man writes about acting, he usually likes actors, and Mr. Winter's friendships with men and women of the stage have been many and close.

her beauty, I think it was even more remarkable at close range than across the footlights. Mr. Winter speaks of her last performance at Booth's Theatre in this city, in a bill made up of acts from the various plays



From the painting by Frank D. Millet

WILLIAM WINTER

One of his lifelong friends was Edwin Booth; yet the club that Booth founded and endowed, The Players, does not include Mr. Winter among its members, owing to a by-law ruling out dramatic critics. Mr. Winter does not give a whole chapter to his friend Booth; but the few pages that he devotes to that great actor show his devotion to the man and appreciation of his art.

I was particularly interested in the chapter devoted to Adelaide Neilson, for whom Mr. Winter had a deep personal regard, as well as admiration for her wonderful talents. He does not, however, place her in the list of great actresses, but says that she would undoubtedly have been one had she lived a little longer. (She died at the early age of thirty-three.) I have the most vivid recollections of this actress, having seen her in all her parts from the time she made her first appearance in this country. It was not until her last visit to New York, however, that I met her face to face. I was thrown with her in a personal way, and I can only say that I found her as marvellous off as on the stage. As for

in which she was most famous. I was present on that occasion and sat in the front row of orchestra seats. The house was crowded from pit to dome; not only every seat but every inch of standing room was filled. The applause almost shook the rafters. At the end of the performance, when she was finally called before the curtain, the enthusiasm was so tremendous that the actress was genuinely moved. After the performance I went around to her dressing-room, as she had asked me to do, and found her sitting in a chair with a far-away expression in her eyes and tears rolling down her cheeks. She looked up at me and put out her hand without speaking. I stood by her for a few moments, and when she could command her voice, she said: "I cannot speak now; come to the hotel." When Miss Neilson arrived at the hotel—the Clarendon—most of her company were with her, and she had recovered her composure, though there was still a touch of melancholy in her manner. We had supper together, and the party broke up some time after midnight. Three weeks from that night she lay dead in Paris.

The "Life of Richard Mansfield" is as interesting as one might expect from its subject. Mr. Wilstach has done his work well and apparently with the co-operation of the player's widow, for he gives letters and documents and endorsements that could only have come through her consent; and yet Mr. Winter says, in the preface to "Other Days," that he has reserved his sketch of Mansfield for a life of "that honored and lamented actor, a work on which, with his sanction, I have for several years been engaged, and which, under the title of the 'Life and Art of Richard Mansfield,' will presently be published as a companion to my biographies of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson." This looks very much as though there

were to be two Richards in the field. Mr. Winter claims the sanction of the dead actor, while Mr. Wilstach's narrative is "based first of all on the confidences of his wife, and secondarily on his own intimate acquaintance extending over the last ten years." Mr. Wilstach unquestionably had access to abundant material, and he has performed his task with taste and discretion. He does not pretend to gloss over certain of Mansfield's eccentricities, his extravagances and his self-confidence, though he does not go into the details of his occasional high tempers, which would, after all, be unnecessary.



The story of Richard Mansfield's life is an inspiring one. It shows



From the collection of Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell

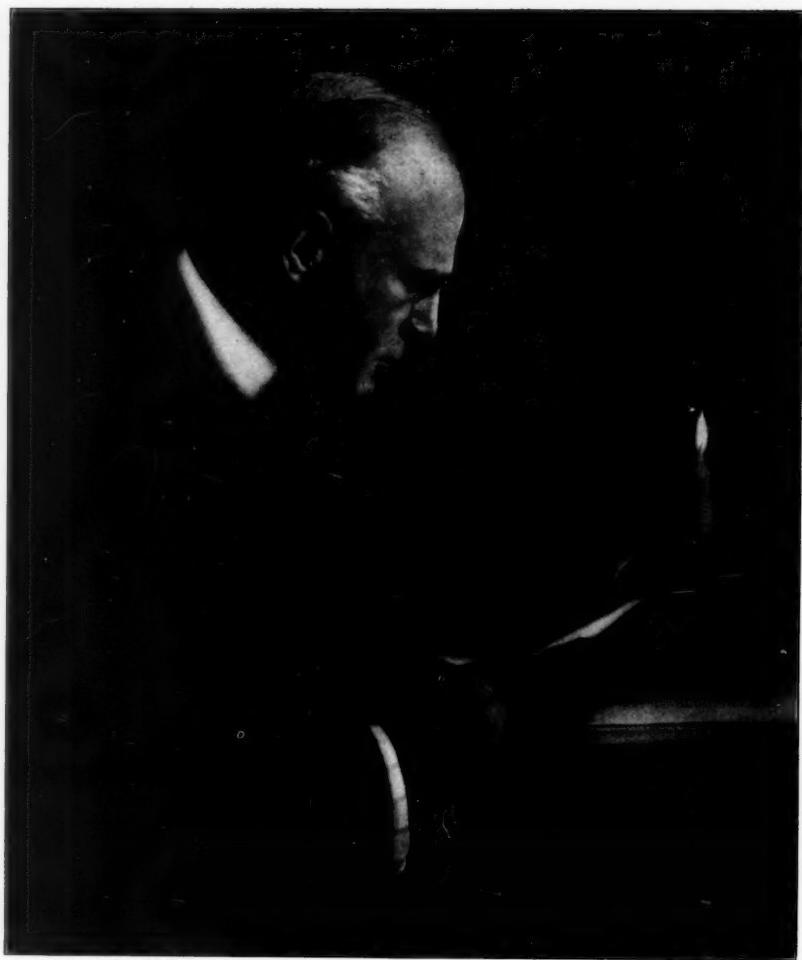
ADELAIDE NEILSON

what a man of genius can do even when he seems to be held down by every cruel circumstance. Mansfield inherited most of his gifts from his mother, the well-known Mme. Rudersdorff; from her, too, came much of his eccentricity of temper. As a young man, he had the advantage of receiving a much better education than most actors get. As a matter of fact, he was not only educated but cultivated. As a boy, he studied in Germany, Switzerland—where education oozes from the valleys and mountain-tops,—France and England. He had a positive gift for languages. His mother being German it was not unnatural that he took kindly to that tongue; but he took equally kindly to French

and he had a comprehensive acquaintance with Italian, Spanish, Latin and even Russian. As a musician—musical talent being another gift inherited from his mother—he was exceptionally accomplished. As a matter of fact, he made his first appearance on the stage in musical parts. His mother cut off his allowance because she heard he was singing for pay in English country houses. That a son of hers should earn his living in this way infuriated her, and caused a breach between them that was never altogether healed.



Mansfield's first appearance in London was made in connection with the German Reeds. It ended disastrously, for when he sat down at the piano to do his "turn," he fell



From a photograph by Histed

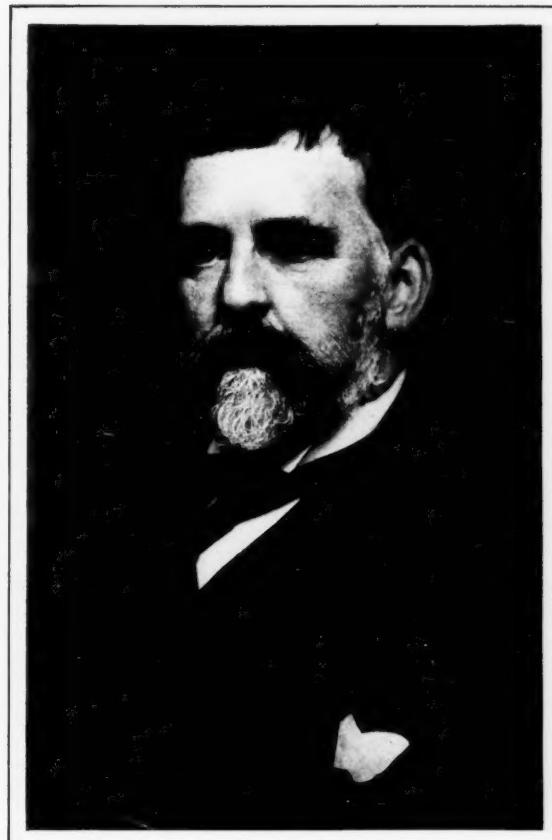
Soon expect to command

Richard Wanefield.

fainting on the floor. The manager thought it was from nervousness, but it was not. It was from want of food. After playing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas in England, Mr. Mansfield finally came to America; but he did not make any marked success here until he appeared as Baron Chevrial, in "A Parisian Romance." I was present on that memorable first night at the old Union Square Theatre, of which Mr. A. M. Palmer was the manager. I have seen many successes on the stage, many notable first nights, but I do not think that I have ever seen one comparable to this. No one knew much about Mansfield, whether good or bad, before the curtain went up, but they knew a lot, though not all, when it went down. If I live to be a hundred, which calamity I hope I may escape, I shall never forget that performance, for it was as great a surprise to me as it was to everyone else in the audience. Mansfield had his ups and downs after that, but the ups predominated.



I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Mansfield slightly. He was an appreciative man, and every kind word I wrote of him was always followed by a letter of grateful acknowledgment. He sent me a photograph of himself once, on which he had inscribed himself my "servant to command"; and when he wrote a little



From a photograph for "Putnam's Monthly" by Hollinger

WILL H. LOW

book called "Blown Away," he sent me a copy with a most friendly letter. But something happened. To this day I do not know what. I sent him a manuscript of a play written by two clever young men, which I thought would suit him, and asked his opinion of it. He returned it with a short note in which he said that as I did not consider him an actor, I could not consider his opinion in such a matter of any value. Where he got the impression that I did not consider him an actor, I do not know. I have racked my brain, and I have searched the files of the periodical for which I wrote; but I



MME. CHAMINADE, THE FRENCH COMPOSER AND PIANIST

can find nothing expressing any such view. I not only thought Mr. Mansfield an actor, but I thought him a great actor. I thought him such the night he first played Baron Chevrial, and I thought him such to the end.



I congratulate the John Church Company on having brought Mme. Cécile Chaminade to this country. I have long been an admirer of Mme. Chaminade's compositions, and it has been a disappointment that, on my visits to Paris, I have not been able to hear her perform them. Her music shows temperament in its every note. In this respect she reminds me strongly of her compatriot,

the late Augusta Holmes. I sincerely hope that Mme. Chaminade's visit to this country will prove so successful that she will come again, not only once but often.



Mr. Will H. Low's "Chronicle of Friendships" is devoted almost entirely to Robert Louis Stevenson. The artist and the author were young together in Paris and at Barbizon, and it is of those early days that he writes. R. A. M. Stevenson, a cousin of "R. L. S.," introduced Mr. Low to the latter, and before the day was out their friendship was begun on a firm and lasting foundation. Finally Low left Paris to return to New York, and the

Stevensons went their various ways. It was not until Stevenson came to America that he and Low met again after those early days in the ever-young city by the Seine. It so happened that I was present at the re-union of the two friends after all these years, and such a meeting! It was in New York, at the St. Stephen. Both men were now married, Low to a French wife and Stevenson to an American. When the door of the room was opened and the two friends saw each other for the first time after so long a separation, they hugged each other like two girls. Whether they kissed I do not remember, but it would not surprise me if they did, for they were just as full of enthusiasm and youthful

spirits as in the old days. Then there was a great meeting between the wives. I did not intrude longer upon this reunion, but I was glad that I had seen it. The two Stevensons are dead. St Gaudens, who was one of the little band in Paris, is also dead; but Low still lives, and long may he live, and write other chronicles of friendship, of youth and of art.



Mr. Hammerstein was not slow to learn the lesson of his first season of grand opera, and no complaint is heard nowadays that his company is weak in prima-donnas. This year's novelty among his female singers is the Contessa Maria Labia, who opened the third season at the Manhattan as *La Tosca* in Puccini's opera of that name, based on Sardou's play. Admirable as she is, as singer and actress both, her greatest achievements are yet to come; for she is still in her early twenties, and this is her third season only. Until last November she had never faced such an audience as gathered in the Thirty-fourth Street opera-house to welcome her to America. In Philadelphia at the opera-house which Mr. Hammerstein has built with amazing pluck and Aladdin-like rapidity, she has had an equally cordial greeting. Signora Labia excels in dramatic rôles, and has won special praise in "*Carmen*," in which part she is here shown.



CONTESSA MARIA LABIA, THE NEW PRIMA-DONNA AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, AS CARMEN

It is curious that the best recent books about Alaska should be written by women — two, "The Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me" (both novels), by Elizabeth Robins, and "Alaska, the Great Country," by Ella Higginson, which is all fact. One cannot read Mrs. Higginson's book, even in winter, without wanting to pack one's bag and start off immediately for the frozen North. Every year thousands of people "go to Alaska," which means that they "take passage at Seattle on the most luxurious steamers that run up the famed 'inside passage.'" The country seems to cast a spell over every one who visits it; and it is something more than the gold fever that draws them back again.



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

Barrows, David P.
Cheetham, F. H.

Gairdner, James.

Hill, Frederick Trevor.

Welch, Catherine.

A History of the Philippines.
Louis Napoleon and the Genesis
of the Second Empire.

Lollardy and the Reformation in
England.

The Story of a Street: A Narrative
History of Wall Street from
1644 to 1908.

The Little Dauphin.

Bobbs, Merrill.
Lane.

Macmillan.

Harper.
Scribner.

Travel and Description

Farrer, Reginald.
Gadow, Hans.

Grimshaw, Beatrice.
Harrison, Alfred H.
Mummery, A. F.

In Old Ceylon.
Through Southern Mexico: Being
an Account of the Travels of a
Naturalist.

In the Strange South Seas.

In Search of a Polar Continent.

My Climbs in the Alps and Cau-
casus.

Longmans.

Scribner.
Lippincott.
Longmans.

Scribner.

Fiction

Andrews, Mary Raymond Shipman.
Bailey, H. C.
Barnes-Grundy, Mabel.
Bindloss, Harold.
Booth, Edward C.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend.
Cable, George W.
Craddock, Charles Egbert.
Daskam, Josephine Dodge.
Escott-Inman, H.
Foster, Maximilian.
Gorky, Maxim.
Grahame, Kenneth.
Harraden, Beatrice.
Payson, William Farquhar.
Pyle, Howard.

The Better Treasure.
Colonel Greathearth.
Hilary on Her Own.
Long Odds.
The Post Girl.
The Adventures of Lady Susan.
Kinkaid's Battery.
The Fair Mississippian.
An Idyll of All Fools' Day.
Wulnoth the Wanderer.
Corrie Who?
The Spy.
The Wind in the Willows.
Interplay.
Barry Gordon.
The Ruby of Kishmoor.

Bobbs, Merrill.
Bobbs, Merrill.
Baker & Taylor.
Small, Maynard.
Century.
Moffat, Yard.
Scribner.
Houghton.
Dodd, Mead.
McClurg.
Small, Maynard.
B. W. Huebsch.
Scribner.
Stokes.
McClure.
Harper.

Miscellaneous

Binyon, Laurence.

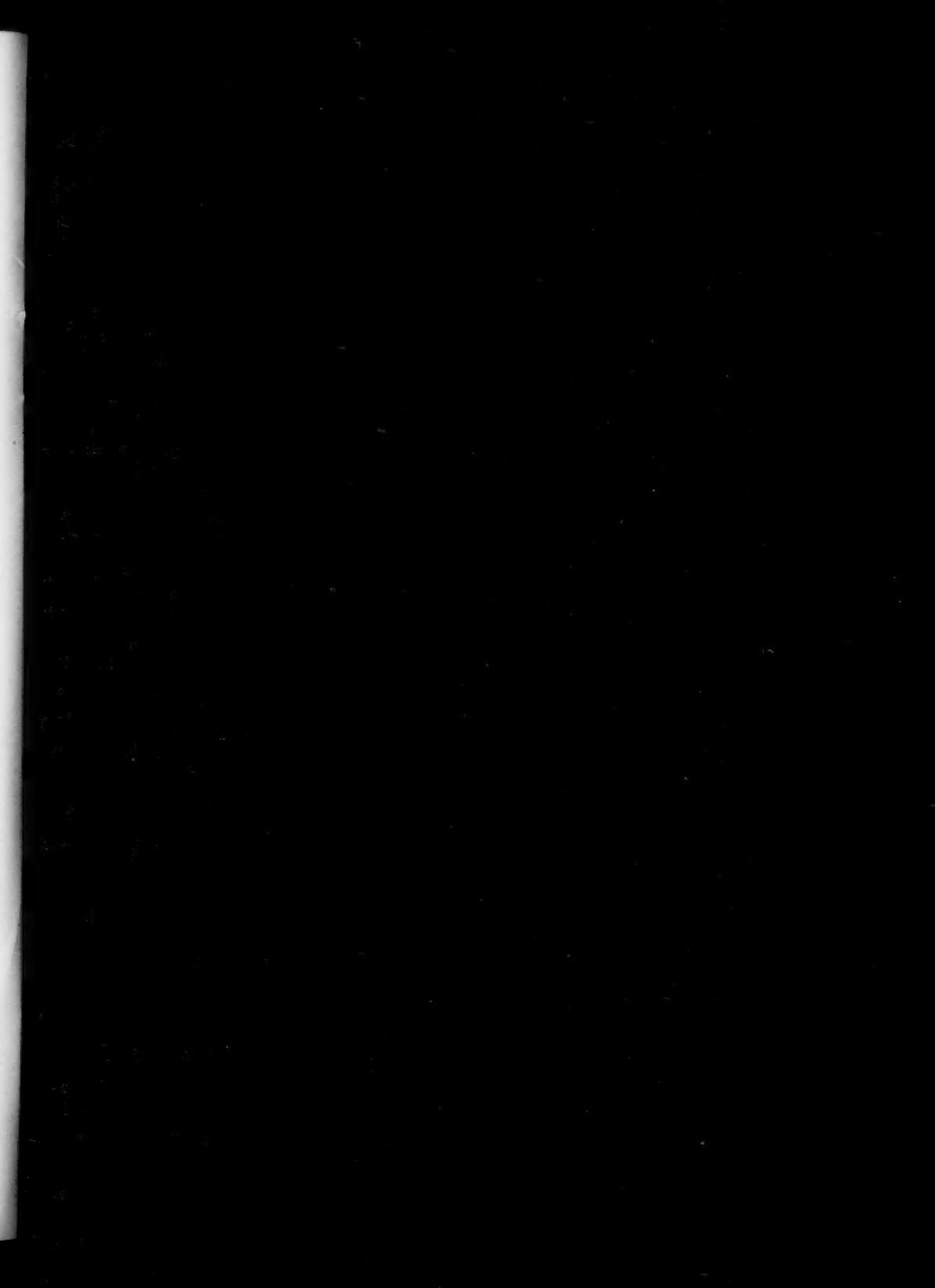
Cundall, H. M.

Painting in the Far East: An In-
troduction to the History of
Pictorial Art in Asia, especially
China and Japan.

A History of British Water-Color
Painting.

Longmans.
Dutton.

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.



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